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Bernstein

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Theatricality

Elias Canetti
Voices of Marrakesh

Richard Lowenthal
Kennan, Yes & No

Edited by Melvin J Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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Encounter

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"ENCOUNTER has made up more minds than any other intellectual journal of our time . . ."

A reader writes

". . . We are a polyglot bunch here at the Common Market headquarters. We read *Le Monde, The Times,* the *Herald-Tribune,* the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung,* the *Corriere,* and what-not every day. We look at *Der Spiegel,* and *L'Express,* and leaf through *Time/Newsweek,* etc., etc. . . . But may I tell you that nothing on any day or in any week gives many of us so much pleasure—and so much instruction—as the monthly copy of the new ENCOUNTER. That it comes from England, so often taken to be provincial and 'off-shore', gives us special cosmopolitan pleasure. . . . It is the one journal that gives us the feeling that we are indeed in touch with the main intellectual currents of European—no, I should say Western—civilisation. . . ."

L.C. (Brussels)

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Dominic Cooper

Jack Fletcher

FOR SOME REASON which I've never discovered, the fact that I was christened William has never stopped people calling me Jack. That's queer, you might say, and what's wrong with William as a name? God knows . . . I've always liked it well enough myself, I'd answer. And then perhaps straightaway we'd fall silent for a while and listen to the wind ripping about on the edge of the wood by the house. Maybe you have a brother or some close friend who's also named William—and so you were nicknamed Jack to avoid confusion. But no, not at all, I'd say to this, no, I don't even have a brother . . . and as for having a close friend, well. . . . Hmm! you might then say after staring down at your feet for a time, then it must be your father who was called William. But at this I'd probably just smile a bit sourly to myself and look away into the fire. Then of course it's more than likely that this little look of secrecy and my unexplained smile would irritate you so that you'd begin to make some excuse and rise to go, thinking—like all the others—that I was a bit too pleased with myself. But I'd reach out and touch you on the arm and tell you that no, it's really nothing to do with that. You mustn't think that I was trying to make a fool of you . . . far from it, in fact. It's just one of those little things that amuses me, you see, your thinking that he might have been called William; for in fact his name was Jack. Stupid, isn't it? Of course nowadays it's of no importance one way or another. It's just something I think of from time to time.

And then again when we'd sat quiet for a while and I had poked away at the fire, I might start off again. Do you know something? I'd say. Though I've been here all these years, they'll still have little to do with me. Now what do you think of that? It's not as if I'm that ugly that I'd frighten their infants nor that the price of my shafts is too high. Nor do I swear and curse or look up from under my eyebrows with a scowl when they come in. Not a bit of it. Would you yourself not describe me as a reasonable sort of man . . .? Something to which you'd most probably answer with raised eyebrows and a quick nod which is all that a stranger can do in reply to a fool's question like that. . . .

Anyway when I first arrived they wanted to drive me away and said that they already had a perfectly good fletcher. But he's not a young man, I would say to them, and what'll happen when he's too old to go on with his fletching? But they didn't want to hear about this and just told me that I ought to go back where I had come from. At which I would purse my lips and look about just as if I hadn't heard and was checking to see how the weather was turning, making them throw back their heads in annoyance and wander off. Well, what would you have had me do then? I couldn't explain to them why I had left and that a wild boar wouldn't get me to go back. But occasionally I'd do them the honour of nodding thoughtfully at their suggestions to give them the impression that I was considering the whole matter very seriously. And then I'd come back up here from the village and get on with my fletching and wait for them to come to their senses. What did I care for these small-minded people? In any case I had my bowman's tackle and my hound and there were hare and duck and the odd deer or two when it was safe—so I was prepared to wait. Both ash and birch were plentiful in the wood so I was well supplied for my work, having come with a quantity of goose feather and a great number

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of heads—target piles, broadheads in all sizes and bodkin-points. So I would just get on and build up my stock and wait for them to come to me.

Now if you were to ask me how I managed to get through those long months of that first spring and summer with only my hound for company and with only the occasional passer-by buying my shafts, well it'd be simple enough to shrug my shoulders in a semblance of wisdom and say with a wry smile that I had managed well enough. But you'd know for sure that I was lying, so what point would there be in it?

Well . . . day after day I would sit there fletching the shafts and fixing the heads while I thought again and again about my life down south. Sometimes the hound would prick up its ears and whine and bark so that I imagined that somebody was approaching. But as often as not nobody appeared: though once when I sprang to the door in anger I saw two figures running away through the trees. What would you say if I told you that as the summer wore on and the occasions on which my hound woke me at night increased, I began to get so uneasy that when the weather was good enough I would often take a blanket and sleep out in the wood rather than lie sweating indoors while the hound barked and barked at the closed door?

But if I'd told you all this, I'm sure that you'd be sitting there eyeing me and thinking to yourself that I was only telling you half of the true story. And I, seeing you looking like that and guessing your thoughts, would pause and say, Well, just wait a bit, at which you, who'd actually not opened your mouth, would frown and come to the conclusion that these long years spent alone up here by the wood had turned my head. Well, of course, of course you'd think this—everybody thinks this and, God knows, it may be true for all I know. But there's no point in my thinking about it, is there? I mean . . . either I am or I'm not and there'll never be much I can do about it one way or another, so. . . . But do you know how it is to come to a place like this, remote and rarely visited, and to find that the people on whose company you must depend are scarcely prepared to address a civil word to you? Do you? I don't suppose so for a moment. . . . But, my God, I wasn't going to let them see the way their coldness was playing havoc with my peace of mind—my God, no! So whenever I had to go down to the village I'd take my hound and go down the hill, smiling and whistling and calling to him, my one friend, Hey, Grigour, friend, what a day it is, eh? while he would leap and bound about me, completely infected with this sudden show of spirits on my part. And I'd keep this up all the time that I was down there, talking and smiling, talking and smiling just as if I hadn't noticed that nobody was interested in me. People just looked at me strangely and exchanged knowing glances; but I paid no attention to them. And even when I was on the way back I'd still not let my true feelings show, just in case anyone was still watching me. Yes, I'd whistle and kick at stones and throw sticks for Grigour. . . . And then I'd be over the top and in sight of the house and I'd slump down on a rock, overcome with dejection, while Grigour would lick my hands and whine a bit, not understanding the sudden change in me.

OH, I KNOW just what you'd say to all this. . . . You'd say nothing, absolutely nothing, that's what you'd do. Not that I'd blame you for sitting there and, say, scratching your chin and staring hard at the shelf so as to make sure that you didn't catch my eye. What else could you do? I'd ask myself, trying to be as reasonable as possible. But all the time I'd be searching around wildly for some really spiteful remark to make that would sting you. For wouldn't you be able to see that I had tried to let you into the secrets of my true life and that by reacting with silence and a look of distraction you had done the cruellest thing possible? Anything would have been better than nothing . . . anything! God in heaven, just you try and see the way it was. My whole life destroyed when she ran off with. . . . Ah! Well there, now I've gone and let the cat out of the bag, haven't I? Oh well, what does it matter? I'd have had to tell you about my wife sooner or later. . . .

Well, as I've said, there I was those first months trying to start a new life and to forget what had gone before. But by the end of the summer I was beginning to be worried. Just think of it! Six months there and

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virtually no business. And I thought of the long winter ahead and trembled. But what could I do? Soon I had sunk into a state of apathy and was sometimes unable to get out of my bed in the morning, at other times forgetting to feed myself for long hours until my growling guts reminded me and sent me out to find some food. Even Grigour fell foul of this lethargy and no longer came to nudge and lick me when I forgot about our daily expedition into the wood.

Then, in the middle of September, the air thickened and the clouds came down on the hill. A few hundred feet lower, just above the village, it was quite clear but for several days on end Grigour and I lay caught in this dripping half-light. Each morning I would wax and rub my bows against the damp but otherwise I did little and spent hour upon hour sitting on the bed with Grigour's head on my knees. But for all that I sat around listlessly, I did a good deal of thinking in those days—both about the past and about what was to come.

The clouds lifted as suddenly as they had come down. The following morning, under a sky broken with rain clouds, I was outside splitting logs on the block. Grigour lay lazily on the grass by the house. All of a sudden he raises his head and pricks up his ears. A rabbit, I think to myself and swing the axe again. But then he gets to his feet and freezes. I turn and see a man slowly riding towards the house. And what does the sheriff's bailiff want up here? He's never come to me for shafts before now. . . . I brought the axe down fiercely, making the two halves of the log spring into the air. Down, Grigour, down! I hissed.

Jack the Fletcher? said the bailiff from his horse. Yes, that's me. I split two logs without turning, waiting for him to speak. It had begun to rain. Grigour growled. Down, boy, down! Are you something of a bowman or do you just stick to the fletching? I put down the axe. I can shoot, I answered. Yes, I'm sure you can. He said this slowly, meaningfully but I ignored his tone of voice and started to carry some logs into the house. I have a feeling you could split the wand with a bearing arrow at a hundred paces or more, he called after me. I turned and looked over the armful of logs at him. That's good shooting, I said and went in. He was still there when I came out again. Is this one of yours? he asked, holding out a heavy, bearing arrow of birch that had been broken in two. I fitted the pieces together. Are you asking if I own it or I made it? Both, he replied with his eyes on me. Well, I said, looking back at him, I certainly made it. That's my cresting on the shaftment. He nodded. And a bearing arrow with a four-barbed bodkin-point head half-a-span long like this one is only used for one thing. . . . Are you asking me or telling me? I said angrily, I'm wanting to get on with the wood. He leaned forward and took back the broken shaft. We stood there for a while in the drizzle. Then he drew in a deep breath, looked around a bit and smiled at me. Do you know where it was found? No, I didn't suppose you would. . . . Well, let me tell you. You know old Tom, the fletcher who lives at the far end of the village? Why yes, of course, you would. . . . Stupid of me! Well, it was found sticking in his door—or rather, sticking through his door for that bodkin-point had gone clean through two thumb-lengths of oak . . . that is after it had passed through old Tom's neck. I bent down and patted Grigour's head. Eh, what about that then, old friend? Not bad, as you say, agreed the bailiff, especially from a little over one hundred paces. How's that? I asked, not looking up. From the way it had struck the door, it was clear that it must have been loosed from up at the corner of the wood—along the hill from here—since any nearer and the bowman would have been seen. . . .

Oh and so he went on, thinking to make me tell him something about it all and thereby save him some work. Well, of course, I didn't mind helping him a bit. I told him that of the shafts I had sold in the past months quite a few had been bearing arrows armed with bodkin-point heads like the one he had shown me. And I also told him, in case he was interested, that all the shafts I made for my own use bore a different cresting. Eventually he rode away but he came back later with two other men and told me that I was to appear in court and answer certain charges. I shrugged and laughed and told them that they were wasting their time and then I went along with them.

A week later I was back. Insufficient evidence, the court had decided. Well, what

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do you think of that then? Insufficient evidence to prove what, when I had been minding my own business and sitting indoors with Grigour all the time? But being acquitted like that wasn't enough, you know. . . . The village people had seen me being taken off to the court and on my way back they spat and closed their doors on me and one hag—perhaps a relation of the old fletcher—shouted abuse at me. Let them think what they want, I said to myself as I got back home and closed the door. Anyway, they'd be needing me soon enough. . . .

I TOOK TO HUNTING a lot during those first days of autumn. It was a good way to the marshes and wet flatlands over towards the coast but I was now filled with tremendous energy and enjoyed the long journey out that way and so often went there after the geese and duck. The geese were mostly newly arrived greylag and pink-foot—though I once brought down one of the rarer white-fronts—but it was the duck that interested me most. For there were large numbers of teal there and these small, fast fliers are a challenge to even the best of marksmen.

One afternoon I was on my way home from the marshes. I had hunted well and was in good spirits. Grigour trotted by my side. Along the hill from my house I passed a thicket of gorse where I saw a girl sitting on a rock watching me. I greeted her in a friendly fashion and walked on. She continued to stare but did not answer. I didn't recognise her. She can't have been more than seventeen or eighteen.

I had been back home a while and was lighting the fire when Grigour began to bark. It was the girl. She was standing some way off, near the trees. What do you want? I said. She came over and looked closely at me. She was pale in the weak light, her hair dark, her eyes large. Yes, I'm sure of it—I'm sure that now you'd ask me if this creature was pretty. Well, I'd consider the point for a second and then answer. No, in all honesty, I can't say that she was. There, you'd have had a straight answer. But then I'd have to make myself look you in the face and admit in all fairness that I found her attractive. Oh yes, of course you'd laugh out loud at this and ask what man in his right senses who hadn't been near a woman in six months and more wouldn't find a young girl who'd pursued him to his home attractive? Ha, ha! you'd laugh. Yes, this one's really naïve . . . ! Well, damn you for laughing at me over such a sore subject! And then all of a sudden you'd stop laughing and start fiddling with your jacket, realising that you'd gone too far and hurt me. While I, still angry and miserable but also embarrassed by my own touchiness, would go very quiet—in fact, I'd not say a word more until you'd begged me, yes begged me to go on with my story.

Well, anyway—I'd continue, though now feeling completely drained of my energy—anyway, she slipped past me and into the house where she started looking round and taking in all the details of my home. Who cooks for you? she says in a quiet voice. Who mends your clothes and keeps the place warm when you're out in the wood or on the hill? I didn't know what to answer. I suddenly felt ashamed of my being alone. And, glancing round, I saw that the room was indeed in a dreadful condition. Why hadn't I got round to mending that shelf so that it didn't hang drunkenly on the wall? I asked myself. What's your name, girl? Rue. And why do you come up here and trouble me? Don't they give you enough to do at home? And, for that matter, who do you think you are, pushing your way in here like this? Hearing my voice rise, Grigour began to bark. I tried to calm him, worried that he would scare the girl but she had already put down the bowl she had been fingering and was leaving. Look, I didn't mean to shout like that, I said. She stopped and turned. It's all right, she said, I was just going anyway. There was the beginning of a smile on her face but I couldn't decide whether it was one of sarcasm or. . . . No, I don't know. But once she had gone I was so angry and on edge that I threw Grigour out of the house. When I let him in again, much later, he was soaking wet from the rain and looked dejected.

BUT AFTER THAT first evening I didn't give the girl another thought. No, really—I mean it—in spite of my loneliness, I just didn't think about her. I did some more work and kept on with my hunting and once even, when the weather was good, I spent a

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night away out on the furthest edge of the marshes where I found an old shack for shelter. But about a week later I was far out in the wood, looking for new trees to provide me with material for arrow-staves. I was standing staring upwards, craning my neck to get a sight of the upper branches of an ash when, from just by my shoulder, a voice said, An archer is known by his aim, not by his arrows. God in heaven, woman! I cried, leaping round. What a fright you gave me! But isn't that what they say? she pursued, ignoring the reproach but never taking her eyes off me. Yes, they do, I said glowering, but so what? It's all the same to me. I'm a fletcher, remember—I just provide the shafts. I looked away. Yes but you'll still be no mean shot. . . . I can shoot, I said and then paused, remembering. Rue smiled. She stepped towards me and whispered. They also say that the arrow often hits the shooter. Oh, enough of your stupid proverbs! I cried, all of a sudden wishing her gone. I thought of turning away and getting on with cutting the wood I wanted. That would leave it up to her as to whether she stayed or went. But somehow I just remained where I was, standing there and staring vacantly over her shoulder. Look! she said, look at the sky! It'll not be long before that breaks, will it? Her voice was that of an excited child. No, you're right enough. It certainly won't be long.

We began to walk back along the path side by side. She kept looking up at the black-rimmed clouds. We didn't speak until we were almost out of the wood and in sight of the house. Oh! she said, haven't you left the axe and the ropes behind? Yes, I said. At that moment the rain began to fall in fat, heavy drops. She took my hand and started to run towards the house from where I could hear Grigour barking frenziedly at my return.

Well, it rained in torrents for several hours and it was already beginning to get dark before it let up enough for Rue to start off home. Oh yes . . . I know what you'd be thinking by now. Well . . . in fact, you'd be right. But, mind you, it wasn't me who started it all—though, at the same time, I shouldn't pretend that the idea hadn't crossed my mind. . . . As soon as we got inside, I told her to take a seat while I saw to the fire. So there I was down on my hands and knees and puffing away at the embers in an attempt to bring them back to life while she was moving about behind me and talking in a gentle voice to Grigour. Well, at last the flames began to spring and I was just thinking how there'd soon be some heat in the room when I heard her speak. Jack! she says softly and I turn round to find her without a stitch on, sitting demurely on the end of the bed with one hand on my Grigour's head. Why, that's some way for a mere girl to behave, you might well say, and indeed you'd be right when you consider her age and how little she knew me; and yet, if you can believe me, there was absolutely nothing brazen in the way she spoke. Still crouched down in front of the fire, I stared at her and listened to the rain pummelling the roof. She shivered under my gaze and looked away. I drummed nervously with my fingers on the floor for a moment and remembered a spring day, a few years back, when the sun had shone down through the branches of the big oak tree at home. Jack! she whispered—and, getting up, I began to undress.

She came up from the village twice the following week. She was quiet but friendly and spent much of the time cleaning the house and mending my clothes. On the second occasion, however, she was a bit—how shall I put it?—wary when I tried to kiss her just as if I had never touched her before. So I left her alone for a while, pretending that I hadn't noticed her coolness towards me. I sat at my bench paring some vanes from the pinion feathers of a greylag I had brought down a few days before. Now and then I looked up but she kept herself busy, ceaselessly moving about the room, and never so much as casting a glance in my direction. When she went past me and out of the house I imagined she had gone to fetch some logs or some water from the stream. But as she had still not returned by the time I had finished matching the feathers for a complete flight of arrows, I got up and peered out of the door. No sign of her. I searched everywhere and even went and stood by the edge of the wood and called her name for some time—but all to no avail. She had gone. I went back to the house and sullenly set about my work again. I worked in a desultory fashion for a while and then threw down the feathers in exasperation. I sat there with my hands on my knees and stared at the bench. It was only when

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Grigour trotted over and sat down by my leg that I came back to my senses. I was in no mood for fletching. On a sudden impulse I seized my tackle and went out on to the hill.

DO YOU KNOW the joys of shooting? No, I suspect not. No, no—I don't mean the mawkish pleasures of the compulsory afternoons in the village butts, either at prick-shooting or in the clouts for that matter. . . . No, I mean the joy of shooting alone and unobserved, with the only competition being that between yourself and the imperfections of your skills. How precise it is to describe the bowman's action as "shooting in a bow"! For in that moment before he looses his shaft, when the bow is at full draw, the bowman feels himself framed in the weapon and becomes part of it. . . . Well now, the bow I normally used for hunting was, for convenience, on the short side, a trifle high-stacked, with a buckskin arrow-plate and strung with waxed hemp. It was nothing special but suited me well enough. But I had another bow, one which my father had given me, a bearing bow of yew, about eight spans in length and heavy, with a bone arrow-plate and a string of fine silk. To give it the full benefit of its long cast, I had half a dozen flights of clothyard shafts—that is to say shafts of three Rhineland feet or just over four spans in length—feathered with the best goose and armed with bodkin-point heads. This, as you'll know, is just the sort of bearing gear that makes the English bowman the terror of all Europe. And it was this battle tackle that I now seized in my mood of cold rage.

I went up and over the hill to a place I knew where a small valley lies hidden beneath the open sky. At one end this valley is closed by a steep slope of smooth, short grass and on this I fixed myself a mark, a small square of white cloth. Then, retiring two hundred and fifty paces, I began to shoot. The sun shone high up on my right and a light breeze blew on my back. For the rest of that afternoon there was no sound in the valley other than the whip of the silk and the long breathing of the shafts in flight. And I would tell you that there was more in my heart than the simple satisfaction of the bowman who sees his shafts flying true to the mark. There was a savageness, a rapacious joy that leaped angrily inside me each time that the mark was hit, as if that small white rag had been. . . . Could I begin to tell you how it was, this anger which drove my shooting in the bow that afternoon? Was it merely the anger over a woman's deceit? Or was it more? The anger of a man against an unjust world? Well, I cannot truly say. But as the hours passed and the old skills started to return to me, the mark gradually disintegrated. Only when the light began to fail did I gather up my tackle and make my way home.

I went often to that valley in the weeks that followed. Would you even begin to understand me if I were to tell you that I came to depend on my hours up there? That those few hours spent shooting at the mark made the difference between. . . . Between what? you'd want to know. Between . . . between . . . well, damn it, I don't know—but it brought me some peace of mind at least! And I shot at every distance from three hundred paces down to the bow's point-blank range in order to get the better of them all and so approach the state where I could truly call myself a marksman. No, I can't say that I had any particular purpose in mind that occasioned such determined practice . . . no, it was just the satisfaction of achieving an excellence that I sought.

As the early weeks of the autumn went by, my life began to change. Slowly but surely the people of the village and the neighbourhood started to come to me for my shafts or for the re-fletching of their old ones. Of course it had been plain enough to me—as it must also have been to them—that, since old Tom's death, anybody in need of such work being done would have to come to me unless they cared to go all the way round the hills to where the next fletcher lived. Yet plain as it all was, they still chose to come to me as it were, in secret. Some did so by coming up one way and returning another; some came through the wood; some came more directly but did so at dusk; while others merely sent their children with a length of sacking to conceal the evidence of where they had been. . . . Oh how I despised them! The weakness of people who cannot admit that they have made a mistake! But, be that as it may, I now at least had a living to secure me through the winter months: and

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so I kept my feelings to myself.

Of the people who came to me in those weeks there was one youth, no more than fifteen years of age I suppose, who was uncommonly talkative. I realised straightaway that he was something of a simpleton—not truly simple but just with that gentle aimlessness of thought which makes for an untroubled, smiling inconsequence in a person's speaking. While I finished off the job which he had been sent to collect, he stood kicking his heels and chattering away. . . . How his father did this and his mother said that and would the weather hold for them to finish the lifting of the cabbages and did I know where the best hazel nuts were and how that devil of a girl Rue had spited him. . . . Rue? says I not looking up from the vane I am trimming. Who's Rue? Oh, you know—Rue. Everybody knows Rue—that devil of a girl with long hair and those eyes that make you shiver. . . . You know, the one who's to be married to Dan Fleming the Sunday after Martinmas. . . . I slice a little bit more off the cock feather, my hand trembling slightly. Oh . . . and who's Dan Fleming? Why, Dan Fleming the carpenter! Do you not know him either? He's a hard-looking one but he's said to be the wealthiest man in the village.

WHEN THE LAD had gone, I closed up the house and went into the wood. The wind was wild, roughing in from the west and keeping the trees bent and lashing beneath the clouds that drove tumbled overhead. I stood there sunk in thought. I suddenly felt very cold. Slowly I made my way down towards the village, avoiding the paths and pushing through the brambles and dense undergrowth. When I reached the lower edge of the wood, at the back of the village, I hid myself in the bushes and settled down to wait. Here below the hill the wind was less though the noise of the gale in the upper wood still rose and fell like the sound of breakers muffled by an overhanging cliff. I waited there for the rest of the daylight hours, waited till I was chilled to the marrow. Then, sick with despair, I climbed up through the wood into my other world where the wind boomed and everything was lost in confusion as the clouds streamed across the moon.

I was down again the following afternoon. . . . Yes, yes, I know, I know! I was behaving like a child, you'd say. Well, if you look at it detachedly I'm sure it would seem so but I can tell you that there was absolutely nothing detached about my thinking . . . I was more like a beast, wild and petulant with pain. I waited there behind the bushes, plucking nervously at the leaves, and thought and thought about the way she had left so strangely that day so many weeks ago. And about the words the youth had used to describe her—"that devil of a girl with long hair and those eyes that make you shiver." What rubbish! I told myself time and again.

But that second bleak afternoon had a sobering effect on me and as I climbed up towards the house I told myself that I was a fool, that she was no more than a wild-headed girl who had taken a passing fancy to me, that she'd long ago forgotten my very existence, that . . . oh God! I cursed into the wind and struck my head against a tree. What a child I was indeed! As if I hadn't already had opportunity enough to learn about such things!

When I came out of the wood the wind was still blowing hard but the sky was clear. The hill was milky bright under the moon and the house stood out boldly with exaggerated and mysterious shadows. In my state of exhaustion, the sight of my home filled me with a longing to be finished with the whole thing, to concern myself with being warm and shut away and no more. I smiled as I heard Grigour scuffling on the inside of the door. But at that moment I happened to glance sideways, down the hill, and stopped with my hand on the door for there by the trees, half in their shadow and half in the moonlight, was a figure. As I watched, the figure began to walk towards me.

Hello, Jack, she says. The wind and moon fill her face as she looks up at me. Can I come in for a moment? Oh yes, I've no doubt that you'll come in all right, just as you seem to get your way wherever you go, I reply, unable to contain my bitterness in this moment of relief at her return. She smiles at me. She knows her hold over me, damn her! When she enters the house Grigour greets her like a long-lost friend which irritates me. I bite my tongue and walk about humming to

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myself while she pats and fondles my friend. Then . . . Jack, she says, you mustn't think badly of me. I wave this aside magnanimously and scratch my thigh. And damn her again! I am longing for her to explain it all away. You see, she continues tentatively, there's this man in the village. . . . Dan Fleming, you mean? I interrupt. Who told you about him? she asks sharply. I wrinkle my nose and look away. Grigour shifted and the wind rose violently over the roof. I suppose they told you that I am to. Yes, I cut in, they did. Oh, she said. And so we didn't talk for a while. I stole a glance at her and saw that her face was beginning to twist. Oh but you don't understand! she finally blurted out. It's no idea of mine, I swear to you! He's a well-to-do man and he's asked for me—that's all there is to it. Ralph—that's my guardian—is only too pleased. . . . She buried her face in her sleeve. No doubt he'll make you happy enough, I said, and then turned my attention to Grigour. She sobbed quietly for a while. I took to drumming with my finger-nails on my teeth. God in heaven, why didn't I just send her away? What was I waiting for? I don't know; but I was waiting. . . .

And then in the moment of backwash of a great gust of wind, she looked up. Her eyes were hard and quite dry. Well, Jack, are you going to help me? she said in a low but steady voice. Me? How? And anyway, why should I? My heart was clattering. Because you want me, she said softly, and well. . . . I started clicking my tongue against the roof of my mouth, keeping my hands in front of my chest in case she saw the state of my heart. Supposing . . . , I started to say but she interrupted me. Oh, there'd be no bother nor danger in it if you were careful, she said lightly, without taking her dark eyes off me. I nodded slowly and went on clicking my tongue, feeling stupid and nervous for I had no clear idea of what she meant.

Well, she said, breaking the silence that had fallen between us, I must be going. I got to my feet and stood with my hands behind my back, waiting. She got up, smiling, stretched and gave a little laugh. Goodbye, Jack! She stepped over and reached up and grazed my lips with a kiss. But what . . . when . . .? I stammered as she hurried away to the door. She turned and frowned at me in exasperation. What about two nights from now? she asked. Her voice was flat and dull. The moon will be full. He'll be meeting me in the big glade at the other end of the wood. And I'll be late. A bleak smile marked her face for a moment and then the door had closed behind her.

THAT NIGHT I awoke in the small hours. The sky had clouded over but the wind still battered around the house, rattling the door and filling the half-light with whinings and muted rumblings. I lay there, cold with sweat, trying to rid myself of the terrible dream from which I had just woken. But oh! Oh, sweet Jesu, it was no dream! Rigid, I clutched at the blanket. Oh, I saw it now—I had been snared by my own pride. She had seen how it was too, my pride, that knot of pride which lives at the centre of all humiliation. Yes, she had seen it and touched upon it to make me rise in bitter determination. And now? No . . . not again! It must be done. . . . So now, these long years after that dreadful night, I'd lean forward and say to you, quietly but still with the fierceness of anguish, what a terrible thing is pride in the solitary man. For he knows his solitude to be a mark of failure, knows himself an outcast; and yet the pride in him will not let him bend to accept this but drives him on to go here, there and everywhere caught up in great games of pretence. . . . For his pride's sake he must be for the world a man of easy spirits and deep thought, of charm and calm philosophy—he must be this person at all costs since he sees others to have families and friends and warmth and joy in their hearts. And even if he knows this joy in others to be in part a delusion, even so he must suffer the lack of it. And woe to this lone man, this solitary, if his black secret is uncovered, if it be discovered that his life is a lie, that he lives his days clawed and torn by despair: then he will be in service to his unmasker—though she may be but a young girl—for fear that the truth be passed on to all and sundry. Yes, I tell you, pride and solitude together summon up the very devil himself.

I worked little those following two days, having no thought but for what I had undertaken to do. Don't misunderstand me, though! It was not that I was troubled by

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fear of the deed for I knew myself easily capable of such a thing. On this score, just as before, it was merely a matter of necessity, of survival. No, it was the cause, the dream-like reasoning of the whole thing which left me confused and tremulous, which kept me seated as if paralysed through long hours with my mind racing and my consciousness bounded by the fluctuations of the wind. What, I asked myself, what is this? A girl of whom I know but little, whose feelings for me are open to every kind of doubt, yet for whom I crave—for this girl I am to . . . to kill. Unquestioning, ruthlessly to kill a man on whom I have never set eyes. . . . Yes, I thought and thought about it all, asking myself over and again whether it was my passion or the mere distortions of my existence that had drawn me to this point. Where was I going? Would it all be different when I had her to myself . . . ? Yes, that was it! Once she was mine, there'd be an end to this fear and madness. It was just a question of a few minutes in a dark wood one night, a week or two's wait and then there'd be no more need to keep up the pretences. No longer would I need to smile and whistle.

I climbed up to the valley one afternoon, the strong wind squeezing tears from my eyes and endeavouring to knock me about the slope. Once in the valley itself the wind was less but it came in ferocious gusts that caused sudden up-draughts and such unpredictable turbulence that it was impossible to shoot accurately. I realised this yet perversely continued shooting and so allowed my spirits to be dragged downwards as shaft after shaft drifted and missed the mark. Although I didn't stay up there long, I walked home morose and querulous, dejected because I now no longer believed myself capable of the insanity that I was to commit.

BUT BY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT the wind had blown itself out and the full moon stood high in a clear, star-stippled sky. Though it was bitterly cold I was still hot when I arrived back at the house. No, don't ask me for details of what had taken place for even now, all these years later, it still makes me shudder to think of the ease and efficiency with which I accomplished my task. As is so often the case, it had been the days of waiting that had been the most difficult. . . . Now, with my breath pluming about my head, I kicked the shovel free of earth and went in. I unbraced the bow and, putting aside my other tackle, settled down to deal with what remained of the shaft. I had come back with two pieces, the foreshaft with the bodkin-point attached and another length, being the end part of the shaftment, the vanes and the heel. These two pieces I had managed to cut away from his head. The central section I had been unable to retrieve and had had to leave in him when I buried his corpse in the undergrowth beneath the great ash tree. I stripped off the vanes and filed away the rivet that secured the arrowhead. Throwing the two discarded pieces of the shaft into the fire, I set about making a new bearing arrow with the old head and vanes so that I should still have my full half a dozen flights as before.

If I were to pause at this point and glance across at you, I'm sure I'd be able to tell what was passing through your mind. You'd have sensed that perhaps my story was drawing to a close and would be racking your brains trying to think of something suitable to say at the end. But no! I'd exclaim, throwing back my head with a laugh and making you jump, don't think of it, just don't concern yourself with such things! When it comes to men like me who are their own worst enemies, there's really no point in trying to get it right. For if you were to try and say something compassionate, I'd be bound to feel put out, thinking that you were being patronising; while if you made some more commonplace remark, I'd be equally sure to understand by it that I'd bored you and so would become silent and angry. You see, because this wretched business of living seems so painful and because we are so totally lost and confused by it all, we really don't care for it too much if people appear to understand our problems and miseries. Well, I must say! you'd think to yourself. And, to be truthful, I'd be the first to agree. But anyway that's another matter altogether. . . .

That night, after I'd finished the new shaft, I sat by the window and watched the moon climbing across the sky. Ah, it all seemed so simple then! I was filled with a calmness such as I had not known in many months.

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The deed, black as it had been, was already a thing of the past. I had simply done what had to be done if my life was to follow its appointed course—there was no more to it than that. And now, with everything else put behind me, now I looked forward to the warmth and peace of mind which she was to bring me and which I knew to be my due. . . . I climbed on to my bed and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Of course, I realised that I should have to be patient. It would take some time before it was generally accepted that he had come by some accident, that he wasn't going to come back. Until that time arrived, I knew that I would not be seeing her. So I got on with my life as if nothing had happened, making sure that I still presented the same face to the people who came to me and studiously avoiding making any inquisitive remarks about life in the village—yet all the time buoyed up inside by my secret, by the knowledge that each hour brought me nearer to the end of my trials. It was a good time in my life, good indeed. . . .

THREE WEEKS passed. The weather held between hard frost and cold mistiness. I relied greatly on Grigour for company during those weeks for, after a while, the silence of the chill, deadened hillside began gradually to unnerve me so that the least sound would make me jump, though whether from anticipation or apprehension it would be hard to say. It was in the week following the new moon, on a bleak day of frost and short, coiling wind, that the young lad from the village, the simple one, arrived at my door to leave some shafts to be repaired. He was cold in his threadbare clothes and being as garrulous as ever, did not need much pressing to come in and warm himself by my fire. As he knelt there, with his raw face thrust as near the flames as he dared, I looked at him and knew that I was going to have to ask him.

What's new in the village? he replied. Let's think. . . . Well, most folk are waiting to hear what happens at John the thatcher's trial. What's he up for, did you say? Oh but they say that he's the one who did in Dan. . . . I waited for him to go on. Yes, well you see Dan Fleming lived with his brother and the night he vanished he went out latish, saying to his brother that as it was such a good night—it was the night of the full moon—he was going to take a wander over to see John about the business over old Meg's roof. Well, John happened to be by himself that night, his woman being away somewhere to the east seeing her folks, and swears that Dan never even reached him. But it was known that there was bad blood between John and Dan—Dan claiming that John owed him money over old Meg's roof, you see—and as the carpenter's never so much as been heard of again . . . well, they all reckon that John did him in. True, they raked around John's house without finding anything but they've taken him away all the same.

That sounds like a bad business to me, I said but paused before going on. And wasn't the carpenter to have been married? Yes he was that—and that's another thing that's had everyone talking. Because the girl he was marrying, that's Rue . . . but you won't know her of course . . . well, as soon as it's been decided that Dan's done for and won't be coming back, do you know what she goes and does? No, said I, what? Why she tells the old man, Ralph, her guardian, that she's had enough and that she's off. Off? But how do you mean? I exclaimed. Why . . . off! Away! And sure enough the bitch ups and away and has gone and got herself married to some young stag whom it now turns out she's been seeing on the quiet these six months past. Ralph says that she'd asked to marry this lad a while back but that he'd refused to let her, thinking Dan a better offer. Which, of course, we all know also means that Dan was to pay him a bit for his troubles. . . .

The boy left soon afterwards. He had gone on talking for a while and then, catching sight of the way I looked, he had let the words die on his lips. I didn't try and stop him when he suddenly said that he ought to be getting back but as he opened the door I asked him if he happened to know of the whereabouts of this young man whom she'd gone and married. He didn't know his name but told me which village he lived in and that he had heard that he was a forester in the great wood beyond the hills.

Within a short while of his leaving, I was ready. I had checked the sharpness of my bodkin-points, filled a hunting quiver with two flights of the shafts and had got together

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what I would need for a night in the open. I closed up the house and set out northwards over the hills. By mid-afternoon I had crossed the highest point where a dusting of snow covered the ground and where a steel-edged wind rose fiercely from the east. I walked hard and without resting and by the time the sun was beginning to set I was down in the beech woods by the village. I dug a rough shelter in a bank of dead leaves, wrapped myself in my blanket and prepared to sit out the night.

By the time the first light began to break up the long darkness I was already pacing about trying to get some life into my limbs. Some hours later, the bell in the village church broke out ringing and reminded me that it was Sunday. I climbed a tree and watched the people walking to church but still I caught no sight of her. The sun continued to rise into a clear, cold sky. Pigeons clattered high above me. I looked up and a strange lightness grew in my head so that I had to lean back against the trunk of the tree and close my eyes. I was suddenly assailed by fear that I had come to the wrong village. Then I climbed down and sat on a mound of grass and waited for the mass to finish.

IT WAS the blackbird passing overhead and piping wildly that woke me. One glance at the sun told me that I must have been asleep for some time. I picked up my tackle and went up through the wood to a prow of rock from where I could see all the village and much of the surrounding countryside. As I stood there my resolution began to sag. But only a short while later, as I was staring moodily down into the trees, a soft peal of laughter rose from somewhere in the wood below me. I had heard her laugh like that only once before and my heart hardened at the sound.

Slipping down through the trees, I saw her walking slowly along a path arm in arm with a young man. He was tall and well built. I fingered my bow nervously but there was no chance of a clear shot at her from where I was so as they passed out of sight I turned and raced uphill. With my head and throat bursting, I crossed over the ridge and ran on till I came to the edge of the wood. Four hundred paces lower down I could see the path emerging from the trees and running upwards across a small, grassy valley. I found myself a vantage point, nocked a shaft on the string and sat down to wait.

I watched a small flock of redpolls feeding along the edge of the wood. My head was suddenly cool and clear. I smiled as I watched the small birds and found myself thinking back to the time when she and I had run for my house in the rain. I started humming gently as I thought about it all and tapped out a steady rhythm on the bow's handgrip. Ah yes, I thought, ah yes, indeed. . . . And perhaps you would say that it was strange how, in that moment of moments, my mind should have drifted off like that. Well maybe, maybe. . . . But anyway when I next looked down they had come out of the wood and were already halfway across the valley. I leapt to my feet in anger. However, almost immediately, they left the path and climbed across the hillside until they were opposite me on the other side of the valley. They sat down and stretched themselves out in the sun.

Two hundred and thirty, two hundred and forty paces. No wind. The sun behind me. Breathing deeply, I began to draw. But as I did so a tremor of laughter carried across to me through the still air and I saw her turn and roll on top of him. My mind blurred as I saw them like this and, for a moment, I was seized by the idea of a shot that would transfix them both and pin them to the ground as they lay there in each other's arms. My head knocked and pumped with the savage horror of it all. And yet . . . and yet. . . .

I let my mind clear and then, drawing to the full, loosed the shaft on its way. The shot was perfect. The shaft flew as true as any shaft I've ever shot. It carried cleanly and silently across the valley and shivered deep into the earth, two or three spans from their heads. They literally sprang apart, he almost throwing her off in his surprise and fear. She must have seen my cresting on the shaft for a moment later she turned in my direction, crouching down in terror. Jack? she called incredulously and I smiled to hear her say my name again. Jack . . . please! she cried, her small voice filling the air.

I had five more shafts in my quiver. Oh yes, I thought about them quite a bit just as I thought about her and the past as I listened to her singing out my name time and again. But now that I had put things right between her

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and me, was I really going to spoil it all by playing the marksman? Would I never learn . . . ?

I unbraced my bow and stood there, staring at the ground and imagining how pleased Grigour would be to see me.

Three Definitions of Death

I knew the farmer bred the pigs for slaughter
but like a dreamer who must push his dream
right to the brink of consciousness
I had to stay and see it through. The farmer said
"The pigs are small, but they're table size."
So I purchased two, one all white
and one all black with a face half white.
"Here, you can hold them." They put their forelegs
round my neck and snuffled my face
like two warm puppies. "They don't have names."
Their anonymity was itself
a preparation for the death to come.

"It's totally painless", the farmer said.
I didn't believe him, his tone of voice
was too assured. My blood pumped faster.
"It doesn't hurt. It's a special gun.
Put them against the wall of the barn."
Unsuspicious, they sat like dogs
slightly squinting into the sunlight.
He took his stand in front of them.
He formed a gun with his right hand,
closed one eye, aimed his fingers between the pigs,
and clicked his tongue.

The pigs did not move. Their eyelids dropped
slowly, drowsily. "There. They're dead."
Nothing had happened. No gun. No shot.
They were still alive, just going to sleep.
"I said it was painless." He picked them up,
swinging them each by the tail. Already
blood was trickling out of their throats
from small incisions. It steadily dripped
all the way to the hanging room.
"It's painless. They're dead. Can't feel a thing."
Under their eyelids
the pigs were squealing like dreamers' eyes.

Cal Clothier

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Elias Canetti

Voices of Marrakesh

Encounters with Camels

I CAME INTO CONTACT with camels on three occasions, and each occasion ended tragically.

"I must show you the camel market", said my friend soon after my arrival in Marrakesh. "It's held every Thursday morning by the wall near the Bab-el-Khemis. That's right on the other side of the city—I'd better drive you there."

Thursday came and we drove there. We had started late, and by the time we reached the large open square by the city wall it was already noon. The square was almost empty. At the far end, about two hundred yards from us, stood a group of people, but we could see no camels. The little animals these people were occupied with were donkeys, and the city was full of donkeys anyway; they carried all the burdens and were so badly treated we certainly had no desire to see any more of it. "We're too late", said my friend. "The camel market's over." He drove into the middle of the square to convince me that there was really nothing more to be seen.

But before he stopped we saw a knot of people scatter. In their midst, balanced on three legs, its fourth having been bound up, stood a camel. It was wearing a red muzzle. A rope had been threaded through its nostrils and a man standing at some distance was trying to pull the animal away. It ran forwards a little way, stopped, and then made a surprising leap into the air on its three legs. Its movements were as unexpected as they were uncanny. The man who was supposed to be leading it gave way every time; he was afraid to approach too close to the animal, never quite sure what it would get up to next. But he drew the rope tight again after each surprise, and he did manage very slowly to drag the animal in a particular direction.

We stopped and wound down the windows of the car; begging children surrounded us, and above their voices as they asked for alms we could hear the camel shrieking. Once it jumped so violently to one side that the man who was leading it lost his hold on the rope. The onlookers, who were standing at some distance, ran off even farther. The air around the camel was charged with fear, most of it coming from the camel itself. The drover ran with it for a bit and snatched up the rope as it trailed along the ground. The camel leaped sideways into the air with an undulating movement but did not break loose again; it was dragged along farther.

A man we had not noticed appeared behind the children standing around our car, pushed them aside, and explained to us in broken French: "The camel has rabies. It is dangerous. It is being taken to the slaughterhouse. One has to be very careful." He pulled a serious face. Between each of his sentences we could hear the animal's shrieks.

We thanked him and drove away saddened. We often spoke of the rabid camel during the next few days; its despairing movements had made a deep impression on us. We had gone to the market expecting to see hundreds of these gentle, curvaceous beasts. But in that huge square we had found only one, on three legs, captive, living its last hour, and as it fought for its life we had driven away.

SOME DAYS LATER we were passing another part of the city wall. It was evening; the red glow on the wall was beginning to fade. I kept the wall in view for as long as I could, delighting in the way its colouring gradually changed. Then, in the shadow of the wall, I saw a large caravan of camels. Most of them had lowered themselves to their knees; others were still standing. Men with turbans on their heads went busily and yet quietly about among them. It was a picture of peace and twilight. The camels' colouring blended with that of the wall. We got out of the car and walked among the animals ourselves. They knelt in rings of a dozen or more around

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mountainous piles of fodder. They stretched their necks out, drew the fodder into their mouths, threw their heads back, and calmly worked their jaws. We looked at them closely and I tell you they had faces. They all looked alike and yet they were so different. They put one in mind of elderly English ladies taking tea together, dignified and apparently bored but unable entirely to conceal the malice with which they observe everything around them: "That one's my aunt, honestly", said my English friend when I tactfully pointed out this resemblance to his countrywomen, and we soon spotted other acquaintances. We were proud of having come across this caravan that no one had told us about, and we counted 107 camels.

A young lad approached us and asked us for a coin. His face was dark blue in colour, as was his robe; he was a drover and, to judge from his appearance, one of the so-called "blue men" who live to the south of the Atlas. The dye in their clothing, we had been told, comes off on their skin, making them all, men and women, blue—the only blue race. Our young drover was grateful for the coin and we tried to find out from him something about the caravan. He knew only a few words of French, however: they were from Goulimime and they had been on the road for 25 days. That was all we understood. Goulimime was in the desert away down to the south, and we wondered whether the camel caravan had crossed the Atlas. We would also have liked to know where it was going, because here beneath the walls of the city could hardly be its journey's end and the animals appeared to be fortifying themselves for exertions to come.

The dark-blue lad, unable to tell us any more, went out of his way to be helpful by leading us to a tall, slender old man who wore a white turban and was treated with respect. He spoke French well and answered our questions fluently. The caravan was from Goulimime and really had been on the road for 25 days.

"And where is it going from here?"

"Nowhere", he said. "They will be sold here for slaughter."

"For slaughter?"

We were both of us shocked—even my friend, who at home is an enthusiastic hunter. We thought of the long journey the animals had behind them; of their beauty in the dusk; of their ignorance of what lay in store for them; of their peaceful meal; and perhaps, too, of the people they had reminded us of.

"Yes, for slaughter", the old man repeated. His voice had a jagged quality, like the edge of a blunted knife.

"Do people eat a lot of camel meat here then?" I asked, trying with matter-of-fact questions to conceal how shocked I was.

"Masses of it!"

"What does it taste like? I've never had any."

"You've never had camel meat?" He broke into a thin, derisive chuckle and said again, "You've never had camel meat?" Clearly he believed we were given nothing but camel meat, and he put on a very superior air as if we were eating it at his bidding. "It's very good", he said.

"What does a camel cost?"

"It varies a great deal. Anything from 30,000 to 70,000 francs. Here—I can show you. You have to know what you're doing." He led us over to a very beautiful, light-coloured animal and touched it with his stick, which I noticed now for for the first time. "This is a good animal. This one is worth 70,000 francs. The owner rode it himself. He could have gone on using it for years. But he preferred to sell it. With the money, you see. he can buy two young animals."

We saw. "Are you from Goulimime—did you come with the caravan?" I asked.

He rejected this suggestion in some annoyance. "I am from Marrakesh", he said proudly. "I buy animals and sell them to the butchers." He had nothing but scorn for the men who had come all that way, and our young drover he dismissed with the words: "He doesn't know a thing."

But he wanted to know where we were from, and we told him for the sake of simplicity that we were both "from London." He smiled and appeared to be slightly nettled. "I was in France during the War", he said. His age made it plain he was talking of the First World War. "I was with Englishmen. I didn't get on with them", he added quickly, dropping his voice a little. "But war isn't war any more. It's not the man that counts nowadays—it's the machine." He said some more things about war that sounded very resigned. "It isn't war any more." We agreed with him on this point and it seemed to help him get over the fact that we were from England.

"Are all the animals sold already?" I asked.

"No. They can't sell them all. The rest stay with them and go on to Settat. Do you know Settat? It's on the way to Casablanca, 160 kilometres from here. That's the last camel market. The rest will be sold there."

We thanked him and he dismissed us without ceremony. We stopped walking round among

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the camels; we did not feel like it any more. It was almost dark when we left the caravan.

BUT THE SIGHT of those camels would not leave me. I thought of them with aversion, yet it was as if they were something I had long been familiar with. The memory of their last meal merged with that conversation about war. The idea of visiting the next camel market remained with us till the Thursday. We determined to set out early in the morning, and possibly we hoped to gain a less sombre impression of camel existence this time.

We came to the El-Khemis Gate. The number of animals we found there was none too great; they were lost in the expanse of the square, which would have been difficult to fill. On one side were the donkeys again. We did not go over to them but stayed with the camels. There were never more than three or four of them together at a time; sometimes there was just one young animal standing beside its mother. At first they all seemed to be quiet. The only sound came from small groups of men haggling fiercely. Yet it struck me that the men apparently did not trust certain of the animals; these they avoided approaching too closely except when they absolutely had to.

It was not long before our attention was drawn to a camel that appeared to be putting up some kind of resistance; it was grunting and growling and flinging its head about in all directions. A man was trying to force it to its knees, and because it would not obey he was backing up his efforts with blows of his stick. Of the two or three other people busying themselves at the animal's head one stood out particularly: a powerful, stocky man with a dark, cruel face. His stance was solid, his legs as if rooted in the ground. With brisk movements of his arms he was drawing a rope through a hole he had bored in the animal's septum. Nose and rope were red with blood. The camel flinched and shrieked, now and then uttering a great roar; finally it leaped to its feet again, having by now knelt down, and tried to tug itself free, while the man pulled the rope tighter and tighter. The others made a supreme effort to control the animal, and they were still at it when some one came up to us and said in broken French:

"It smells. It can smell the butcher. It has been sold for slaughter. It is going now to the slaughterhouse."

"But how can it smell that?" asked my friend, incredulous.

"That is the butcher standing in front of him", and he pointed to the burly, dark fellow who had caught our eye. "The butcher has come from the slaughterhouse and smells of camel blood. The camel does not like that. A camel can be very dangerous. When one has rabies it comes in the night and kills people in their sleep."

"How can it kill people?" I asked.

"When they are asleep the camel comes and kneels on them and suffocates them in their sleep. One has to be very careful. Before the people wake up they have suffocated. Oh yes, the camel has a very good nose. It lies beside its master at night and scents thieves and wakes its master up. The meat is good. One should eat camel meat. *Ca donne du courage*. A camel does not like to be alone. It will go nowhere alone. If a man wants to drive his camel to the city he must find another one to go with it. He must borrow one, otherwise he will never get his camel to the city. It does not want to be alone. I was in the war. I was wounded. Look—here", and he pointed to his chest.

The camel had calmed down a little and I turned to look at the speaker for the first time. His chest had a caved-in look and his left arm was stiff. The man struck me as familiar. He was small, thin and very earnest. I wondered where I had seen him before.

"How are camels killed?"

"You sever the jugular vein. They have to bleed to death. Otherwise one is not allowed to eat them. A Moslem is not allowed to eat them unless they have bled to death. I cannot work because of this wound, so I do a bit of guiding here. I spoke to you last Thursday—do you remember the camel with rabies? I was in Safi when the Americans landed. We fought a bit against the Americans, but not much, and then I was taken into the American army. There were a lot of Moroccans in the American army. I was in Corsica and in Italy with the Americans. I went all over the place. The Germans are good soldiers. The Casino was worst. It was really bad there. That's where I got my wound. Do you know the Casino?"

It dawned on me that he meant Monte Cassino. He gave me an account of the fierce fighting there, and in doing so this otherwise calm and self-possessed man became as excited as if it had been a question of the murderous cravings of maddened camels. He was an honest fellow and believed what he said. But he had spotted a

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group of Americans in among the animals, and he very quickly switched his attentions to them. He disappeared as swiftly as he had appeared, and I had no objections; I had lost sight and sound of the camel, which had now stopped its roaring, and I wanted to see it again.

I soon found it. The butcher had left it where it was. It was kneeling again, still tossing its head from time to time. The blood from its nostrils had spread further. I felt something akin to gratitude for the few illusory moments for which it had been left alone. But I could not look at it for long; I knew its fate and stole away.

My friend had wandered off during the guide's recital in search of some English people he knew. I went looking for him and found him over on the other side of the square, back among the donkeys. Perhaps he felt less uncomfortable there.

During the rest of our stay in the "red city" we did not mention camels once.

The Souks

IT IS SPICY in the souks, and cool and colourful. The smell, always pleasant, changes gradually with the nature of the merchandise. There are no names or signs; there is no glass. Everything for sale is on display. You never know what things will cost; they are neither impaled with their prices, nor are the prices themselves fixed.

All the booths and stalls selling the same thing are close together—twenty or thirty or more of them. There is a bazaar for spices and another for leather goods. The ropemakers have their place and the basketweavers have theirs. Some of the carpet dealers have large, spacious vaults; you stride past them as past a separate city and are meaningly invited inside. The jewellers are grouped round a courtyard of their own, and in many of their narrow booths you can see men at work. You find everything—but you always find it many times over.

The leather handbag you want is on display in twenty different shops, one immediately adjoining another. A man squats among his wares. There is not much room and he has them all close around him. He need hardly stretch to reach every one of his leather handbags, and it is only out of courtesy that, if he is not a very old man, he rises. But the man in the next booth, who looks quite different, sits among the same wares. And it is like that for perhaps a hundred yards, down both sides of the covered passage. It is as if you were being offered all at once everything that this largest and most famous bazaar in the city, indeed in the whole of southern Morocco, possesses in the way of leather goods. There is a great deal of pride in this exhibition. They are showing what they can produce, but they are also showing how much of it there is. The effect is as if the bags themselves knew that they were wealth and were flaunting themselves in their excellence before the eyes of the passers-by. It would come as no surprise if the bags were suddenly to begin moving rhythmically, all of them together, displaying in a gaily-coloured, orgiastic dance all the seductiveness of which they were capable.

The guild feeling of these objects, their being together in their separation from everything different, is re-created by the passer-by according to his mood on each stroll through the souks. "Today I'd like to explore the spices", he says to himself, and the wonderful blend of smells is already in his nostrils and the great baskets of red peppers before his eyes. "Today I feel like some dyed wools", and there they hang, crimson, deep blue, bright yellow, and black, all around him. "Today I want to see the baskets and watch them being woven."

IT IS ASTOUNDING what dignity they achieve, these things that men have made. They are not always beautiful; more and more trash of dubious origin finds its way in here, machine-made imports from the Northern countries. But they still present themselves in the old way. In addition to the booths that are only for selling there are many where you can stand and watch the things being manufactured. You are in on the process from the start, and seeing it makes you feel good. Because part of the desolation of our modern life is the fact that we get everything delivered to the door ready for consumption as if it came out of some horrid conjuring device. But here you can see the rope-maker busy at his work, and his stock of finished ropes hangs beside him. In tiny booths hordes of small boys, six or seven of them at a time, operate lathes while youths assemble the pieces the boys have turned for them into little low tables. The wool with its wonderful, glowing colours is dyed before your eyes, and there are boys sitting about everywhere knitting caps in gay, attractive patterns.

Their activity is public, *displaying* itself in the same way as the finished goods. In a society that conceals so much, that keeps the interior of its

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houses, the figures and faces of its women, and even its places of worship jealously hidden from foreigners, this greater openness with regard to what is manufactured and sold is doubly seductive.

What I really wanted to do was to find out how bargaining worked, but whenever I entered the souks I temporarily lost sight of the bargaining for the things that were its object. To the naive observer there seems to be no reason why a person should turn to one morocco merchant in particular when there are twenty others beside him whose wares hardly differ from his own. You can go from one to another and back again to the first. Which stall you will buy from is never certain in advance, Even if, say, you have made up your mind to this or that, you have every opportunity of changing it.

NOTHING, neither doors nor windows, separates the passer-by from the merchandise. The merchant, sitting among the latter, has no name on display and is able, as I have said, to reach everything with ease. The passer-by finds each object obligingly held out to him. He may hold it in his hand for a long time, discuss it thoroughly, ask questions, express doubts, and, if he likes, tell his life story or the history of his tribe or the history of the whole world without making a purchase. The man among his wares has one quality above all else: he is composed. There he sits. He has little room or opportunity for expansive gestures. He belongs to his wares as much as they to him. They are not packed away somewhere; he always has his hands or his eyes on them. There is an intimacy, an alluring intimacy between him and his things. He watches over them and keeps them in order as if they were his enormous family.

It neither bothers nor embarrasses him that he knows their precise value, because he keeps it a secret and you will never discover it. This lends a touch of heady mystery to the bargaining process. Only he can tell how close you come to his secret, and he is an expert at vigorously parrying every thrust so that the protective distance to that value is never threatened. It is considered honourable in the purchaser not to let himself be cheated, but this is no easy undertaking for him because he is always groping in the dark. In countries where the price ethic prevails, where fixed prices are the rule, there is nothing to going shopping. Any fool can go out and find what he needs. Any fool who can read figures can contrive not to get swindled.

In the souks, however, the price that is named first is an unfathomable riddle. No one knows in advance what it will be, not even the merchant, because in any case there are many prices. Each one relates to a different situation, a different customer, a different time of day, a different day of the week. There are prices for single objects and prices for two or more together. There are prices for foreigners visiting the city for a day and prices for foreigners who have been here for three weeks. There are prices for the poor and prices for the rich, those for the poor of course being the highest. One is tempted to think that there are more kinds of prices than there are kinds of people in the world.

Yet that is only the beginning of a complicated affair regarding the outcome of which nothing is known in advance. It is said that you should get down to about a third of the original price, but this is nothing but a rough estimate and one of these vapid generalisations with which people are brushed off who are either unwilling or unable to go into the finer points of this age-old ritual.

It is desirable that the to-ing and fro-ing of negotiations should last a miniature, incident-packed eternity. The merchant is delighted at the time you take over your purchase. Arguments aimed at making the other give ground should be far-fetched, involved, emphatic, and stimulating. You can be dignified or eloquent, but you will do best to be both. Dignity is employed by both parties to show that they do not attach too much importance to either sale or purchase. Eloquence serves to soften the opponent's resolution. Some arguments merely arouse scorn; others cut to the quick. You must try everything before you surrender. But even when the time has come to surrender it must happen suddenly and unexpectedly so that your opponent is thrown into confusion and for a moment lets you see into his heart. Some disarm you with arrogance, others with charm. Every trick is admissible, any slackening of attention inconceivable.

In the booths that are large enough to walk around in the vendor very often takes a second opinion before yielding. The man he consults, a kind of spiritual head as regards prices, stands in the background and takes no part in the proceedings; he is there, but he does not bargain himself. He is simply turned to for final decisions. He is able, as it were against the vendor's will, to sanction fantastic deviations in the price. But because it is done by *him*, who has not been involved in the bargaining, no one has lost face.

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The Cries of the Blind

HERE I AM, trying to give an account of something, and as soon as I pause I realise that I have not yet said anything at all. A marvellously luminous, viscid substance is left behind in me, defying words. Is it the language I did not understand there, and that must now gradually find its translation in me? There were incidents, images, sounds, the meaning of which is only now emerging; that words neither recorded nor edited; that are beyond words, deeper and more equivocal than words.

A dream: a man who unlearns the world's languages until nowhere on earth does he understand what people are saying.

What is there in language? What does it conceal? What does it rob one of? During the weeks I spent in Morocco I made no attempt to acquire either Arabic or any of the Berber languages. I wanted to lose none of the force of those foreign-sounding cries. I wanted sounds to affect me as much as lay in their power, unmitigated by deficient and artificial knowledge on my part. I had not read a thing about the country. Its customs were as unknown to me as its people. The little that one picks up in the course of one's life about every country and every people fell away in the first few hours.

But the word *Alláh* remained; there was no getting round that. With it I was equipped for that part of my experience that was most ubiquitous and insistent, and most persistent: the blind. Travelling, one accepts everything; indignation stays at home. One looks, one listens, one is roused to enthusiasm by the most dreadful things because they are new. Good travellers are heartless.

Last year, approaching Vienna after a fifteen-year absence, I passed through *Blindenmarkt*—in English "Blind Market", as one might say "Slave Market"—a place whose existence I had never previously suspected. The name struck me like a whiplash, and it has stayed with me since. This year, arriving in Marrakesh, I suddenly found myself among the blind. There were hundreds of them, more than one could count, most of them beggars. A group of them, sometimes eight, sometimes ten, stood close together in a row in the market, and their hoarse, endlessly repeated chant was audible a long way off. I stood in front of them, as still as they were, and was never quite sure whether they sensed my presence. Each man held out a wooden alms dish, and when someone tossed something in the proffered coin passed from hand to hand, each man feeling it, each man testing it, before one of them, whose office it was, finally put it into a pouch. They *felt* together, just as they murmured and called together.

All the blind offer one the name of God, and by giving alms one can acquire a claim on him. They begin with God, they end with God, they repeat God's name ten thousand times a day. All their cries contain a declension of his name, but the call they have once settled on always remains the same. The calls are acoustical arabesques around God, but how much more impressive than optical ones. Some rely on his name alone and cry nothing else. There is a terrible defiance in this; God seemed to me like a wall that they were always storming in the same place. I believe those beggars keep themselves alive more by their formulas than by the yield of their begging.

Repetition of the same cry characterises the crier. You commit him to memory, you know him, from now on he is there; and he is there in a sharply defined capacity: in his cry. You will learn no more from him; he shields himself, his cry being also his border. In this one place he is precisely what he cries, no more, no less: a beggar, blind. But the cry is also a multiplication; the rapid, regular repetition makes of him a group. There is a peculiar energy of asking in it; he is asking on behalf of many and collecting for them all. "Consider all beggars! Consider all beggars! God will bless you for every beggar you give to."

It is said that the poor will enter paradise 500 years before the rich. By giving alms you buy a bit of paradise from the poor. When someone has died you "follow on foot, with or without trilling mourners, swiftly to the grave, in order that the dead shall soon achieve bliss. *Blind men sing the creed.*"

BACK FROM MOROCCO, I once sat down with eyes closed and legs crossed in a corner of my room and tried to say "*Alláh! Alláh! Alláh!*" over and over again, for half an hour at the right speed and volume. I tried to imagine myself going on saying it for a whole day and a large part of the night; taking a short sleep and then beginning again; doing the same thing for days and weeks, months and years; growing old and older and living like that, and clinging tenaciously to that life; flying into a fury if something disturbed me in that life; wanting nothing else, sticking to it utterly.

I understood the seduction there is in a life that

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reduces everything to the simplest kind of repetition. How much or how little variety was there in the activities of the craftsmen I had watched at work in their little booths? In the haggling of the merchant? In the steps of the dancer? In the countless cups of peppermint tea that all the visitors here take? How much variety is there in money? How much in hunger?

I understood what those blind beggars really are: the saints of repetition. Most of what for us still eludes repetition is eradicated from their lives. There is the spot where they squat or stand. There is the unchanging cry. There is the limited number of coins they can hope for: three or four different denominations. There are the givers, of course, who are different, but blind men do not see them, and their way of expressing their thanks makes sure that the givers too are all made the same.

The Marabout's Saliva

I HAD TURNED AWAY from the group of eight blind beggars, their litany still in my ear, and gone only a few steps farther when my attention was caught by a white-haired old man standing quite alone with his legs slightly apart; he held his head a little on one side and he was chewing. He too was blind and, to judge from the rags he was dressed in, a beggar. But his cheeks were full and red, his lips healthy and moist. He was chewing slowly with his mouth closed and the expression on his face was a cheerful one. He chewed thoroughly, as if following instructions. It evidently gave him much pleasure, and watching him I was put in mind of his saliva and the fact that he must have a great deal of it. He was standing in front of a row of stalls on which mountains of oranges were banked up for sale; I said to myself that one of the stall-keepers must have given him an orange and that he was chewing that. His right hand stood a little way away from his body. The fingers of that hand were all widely splayed. It looked as if they were paralysed and he could not close them.

There was quite a lot of free space around the old man, which in this busy spot I found surprising. He gave the impression that he was always alone and did not wish it otherwise. I resolutely watched him chewing, intending to wait and see what happened when he had finished. It took a very long time; I had never seen a man chew so heartily and so exhaustively. I felt my own mouth begin to move slightly although it contained nothing that it could have chewed. I experienced something akin to awe at his enjoyment, which struck me as being more conspicuous than anything I had ever seen in association with a human mouth. His blindness failed to fill me with compassion. He seemed collected and content. Not *once* did he interrupt himself to ask for alms as the others all did. Perhaps he had what he wanted. Perhaps he did not need anything else.

When he had finished he licked his lips a few times; stretched his right hand with the splayed fingers a little farther forward, and in a hoarse voice said his piece. I went up to him rather shyly and laid a coin on his palm. The fingers remained stretched; he really could not close them. Slowly he raised the hand towards his face. He pressed the coin to his protruding lips and took it into his mouth. Hardly was it inside before he began chewing again. He pushed the coin this way and that in his mouth and it seemed to me I could follow its movements: now it was on the left, now on the right, and he was chewing as exhaustively as before.

I was amazed and I was dubious. I wondered whether I was not mistaken. Perhaps the coin had meanwhile disappeared somewhere else and I had not noticed. I waited again. When he had chewed with the same enjoyment and was finished, the coin appeared between his lips. He spat it into his left hand, which he had raised. A great deal of saliva streamed out with it. Then he slipped the coin into a pouch that he wore on his left.

I tried to dissolve my disgust at this proceeding in its outlandishness. What could be filthier than money? But this old man was not I; what caused me disgust gave him enjoyment and had I not sometimes seen people kissing coins? The copious saliva undoubtedly had a role to play here, and he was clearly distinguished from other beggars by his ample generation of saliva. He had put in long practice before ever asking for alms; whatever he had eaten before, no one else would have taken so long over it. There was some kind of meaning in the motions of his mouth.

Or had he only taken *my* coin in his mouth? Had he felt in the palm of his hand that it was of a higher denomination than he was usually given and wanted to express his special thanks? I waited to see what would happen next, and I did not find waiting difficult. I was bewildered and intrigued and would certainly not have been able

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to give my attention to anything but the old man. He repeated his formula a few times. An Arab came past and laid a much smaller coin on his palm. He lifted it to his mouth without hesitating, put it in, and began chewing exactly as before. Possibly he did not chew quite as long this time. He spat the coin out, again with a great deal of saliva, and slipped it into his pouch. He was given other coins, some of them quite small, and the same proceeding was repeated several times. I became more and more perplexed; the longer I looked on, the less I understood why he did it. But one thing there was no doubting any more: he always did it, it was his habit, his particular way of begging, and the people who gave him something expected this expression of interest on the part of his mouth, which seemed to me redder every time he opened it.

I DID NOT NOTICE that people were also looking at me, and I must have presented a ridiculous spectacle. Possibly, who knows, I was even gaping open-mouthed. Then suddenly a man came out from behind his oranges, took a few steps towards me, and said soothingly: "That's a marabout." I knew that marabouts were holy men and that special powers were attributed to them. The word aroused awe in me and I felt my disgust immediately dwindle. I asked diffidently: "But why does he put the coins in his mouth?" "He always does that", said the man, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. He turned away from me and resumed his post behind his oranges. Only now did I notice that behind every stall there were two or three pairs of eyes trained on me. The astonishing creature was myself, who stood so long incomprehending.

With this information I felt I had been dismissed and stayed no longer. The marabout is a holy man, I told myself, and everything about this holy man is holy, even his saliva. In bringing the givers' coins in contact with his saliva he confers a special blessing on them and thus enhances the merit they have acquired in heaven through their almsgiving. He was sure of paradise, and himself had something to give away that men needed much more than he needed their coins. Now I understood the cheerfulness that was in his blind face and that distinguished him from the other beggars I had seen hitherto.

I WENT AWAY, but with him so much in mind that I talked about him to all my friends. None of them had ever noticed him and I sensed that they doubted the truth of my words. The next day I went back to the same spot but he was not there. I looked everywhere; he was not to be found. I looked every day; he did not come again. Perhaps he lived alone somewhere in the mountains and only rarely came to the city. I could have asked the orange vendors about him but I was ashamed to face them. He did not mean the same to them as he did to me, and whereas I was not in the least averse to talking about him to friends who had never seen him I tried to keep him separate from people who knew him well and to whom he was a familiar and natural figure. He knew nothing of me and they might perhaps have talked to him about me.

I saw him once more, exactly a week later, again on a Saturday evening. He was standing in front of the same stall, but he had nothing in his mouth and was not chewing. He said his piece. I gave him a coin and waited to see what would happen to it. He was soon chewing it assiduously again, but while he was still busy doing so a man came up to me and said his nonsense: "That's a marabout. He's blind. He puts the coin in his mouth to feel how much you've given him." Then he said something to the marabout in Arabic and pointed to me. The old man, his chewing finished, had spat the coin out again. He turned to me, his face shining. He said a blessing for me, which he repeated six times. The friendliness and warmth that passed across to me as he spoke were such as I had never had a person bestow on me before.

Storytellers and Scribes

THE LARGEST CROWDS are drawn by the storytellers. It is around them that people throng most densely and stay longest. Their performances are lengthy; an inner ring of listeners squat on the ground and it is some time before they get up again. Others, standing, form an outer ring; they, too, hardly move, spellbound by the storyteller's words and gestures. Sometimes two of them recite in turn. Their words come from farther off and hang longer in the air than those of ordinary people. I understand nothing and yet whenever I came within hearing I was rooted to the spot by the same fascination. They were words that held no meaning for me, hammered out with fire and impact: to the man who spoke them they were precious and he was proud of them. He arranged them in a rhythm

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that always struck me as highly personal. If he paused, what followed came out all the more forceful and exalted. I sensed the solemnity of certain words and the devious intentions of others. Flattering compliments affected me as if they had been directed at myself; in perilous situations I was afraid. Everything was under control; the most powerful words flew precisely as far as the storyteller wished them to. The air above the listeners' heads was full of movement, and one who understood as little as I felt great things going on there.

In honour of their words the storytellers wore striking clothes. They were always dressed differently from their listeners. They favoured the more splendid materials; one or other of them always appeared in blue or brown velvet. They gave the impression of exalted yet somehow fairytale personages. They spared few glances for the people by whom they were surrounded. Their gaze was on their heroes, their characters. If their eye did fall on someone who just happened to be there it surely gave him an obscure feeling of being someone else. Foreigners were simply not there as far as they were concerned, did not belong in the world of their words. At first I refused to believe I was of so little interest to them; this was too unfamiliar to be true. So I stood there more than usually long, though I already felt the tug of other sounds in that place so replete with sounds—but they were still taking no notice of me when I was beginning to feel almost at home in the group of listeners. The storyteller had seen me, of course, but to him I was and remained an intruder in his magic circle: I did not understand him.

There were times when I would have given a great deal to be able to, and I hope the day will come when I can appreciate these itinerant storytellers as they deserve to be appreciated. But I was also glad I could not understand them. For me they remained an enclave of ancient, untouched existence. Their language was as important to them as mine to me. Words were their nourishment, and they let no one seduce them into exchanging it for a better form of nourishment. I was proud of the power of storytelling that I witnessed them wielding over their linguistic fellows. I saw them as elder and better brothers to myself. In happy moments I told myself: I too can gather people round me to whom I tell stories; and they too listen to me. But instead of roaming from place to place never knowing whom I will find, whose ears will receive my story, instead of living in utter dependence on my story itself I have dedicated myself to paper. I live now behind the protection of desk and door, a craven dreamer, and they in the bustle of the marketplace, among a hundred strange faces that are different every day, unburdened by cold, superfluous knowledge, without books, ambition, or empty respectability. Having seldom felt at ease among the people of our zones whose life is literature—despising them because I despise something about myself, and I think that something is paper—I suddenly found myself here among authors I could look up to since there was not a line of theirs to be *read.*

BUT A LITTLE FARTHER ON in the same square I had to admit how seriously I had blasphemed against paper. Only a few steps from the storytellers the scribes had their pitch. It was very quiet here, the quietest part of the Djema el Fna. The scribes did nothing to recommend their skill. Delicate little men, they sat there in silence, their writing things in front of them, and never once gave you the impression they were waiting for clients. When they looked up they considered you with no particular curiosity, and their eyes soon travelled on to something else. Their benches were set up some distance apart, far enough for it to be impossible to hear from one to another. The more modest or possibly more conservative among them squatted on the ground. Here they cogitated or wrote in a confidential world apart, surrounded by the tumultuous din of the square and yet cut off from it. It was as if they were used to being consulted about secret complaints and, since this took place in public, had got into a certain habit of effacement. They themselves were barely present; all that counted here was the silent dignity of paper.

People came up to them singly or in pairs. Once I saw two veiled young women sitting on the bench before a scribe, moving their lips almost imperceptibly as he nodded and almost as imperceptibly wrote. Another time I noticed a whole family, extremely proud and respectable. It consisted of four people, who had arranged themselves on two benches at right angles with the scribe between them. The father was an elderly, powerful-looking, magnificently handsome Berber, experience and wisdom plainly legible in his face. I tried to imagine a situation in which he would be inadequate and could think of none. Here he was, in his one and only inadequacy, his wife beside him; her bearing was

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as impressive as his, for the veil over her face left only the enormous dark eyes exposed, and beside her on the bench sat two similarly-veiled daughters. All four sat erect and extremely solemn.

The scribe, who was very much smaller, accepted their respect. His features evinced a keen attentiveness, which was as palpable as the prosperity and beauty of the family. I watched them from only a short distance away without hearing a sound or observing a single movement. The scribe had not yet begun his actual business. He had probably asked for and received an account of the matter and was now considering how this could best be encompassed in terms of the written word. The group gave such an impression of unity that its members might have known one another for ever and occupied the same positions since the beginning of time.

So intimately did they belong together that I did not even ask myself what they had all come for, and it was not until much later, when I had long left the square, that I began to think about it. What on earth could it have been that had required the whole family's attendance before the scribe?

Spring-clean

You and I know why I bring
so many things home: black rivers,
green tree trunks, sad mothers
and any old storm I've found
blowing itself out in the sky—

we are civilised, do not camp out
and have to fill the room with something.
And yet you object: it offends
your décor when I suggest
the wet bottom of a reed bed.

"Find me!" you shout from some
peasoup fog I've arranged so nicely
"Let me back to the innocence
of a bedroom with a mountain view!"
I know that bed: it is Platonic
and the sheets have never smelled.

But if you insist we will clear
the room, air the beds, dump
all my junk in the cellar.
Then, you believe, we will have
dreamless sleep and wake to
children who have never cried.

Houseflies must understand this
when they find their whole world
on our ceiling; soon I will try
to catch one at the end of his
frenzied copulation and enquire where
he and his wife spend their winter.

Edwin Brock

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James P. O'Donnell

Charlie Chaplin, Adolf Hitler & Napoleon

When we really hate someone we cannot find him comic; there are no genuinely funny stories about Hitler.

W. H. AUDEN

HAVING LIVED in Berlin and having written a longish study of *der Führer* only a stone's throw away from his old *Reichskanzlei*, I have often been tempted to think of Adolf Hitler as a malignant Charlot, as Chaplin's little fellow with a toothbrush moustache who almost conquered the world. Bizarre, far-fetched? And yet, at least for those who have a sneaking feeling that world history, all too often, seems theatre-of-the-absurd writ large, there is curious and cumulative evidence of an intimate connection between the career of Charlie Chaplin and that of Adolf Hitler.

In his 1940 film, *The Great Dictator*, Chaplin's spoof on *der Führer*, there are several scenes that, as we now know— from the memoirs of Albert Speer and other inside sources—only truly took place *after* Chaplin the artist had recorded them on celluloid! Yet another case of nature imitating art? In the film, for example, the dictator Adenoid Hynkel was finally overthrown by a revolt of his army officers. Just such a revolt against Hitler took place in July 1944. In another scene, Chaplin as Hynkel danced a ballet in his chancellery, spinning a blue balloon-atlas on his fingertips, "the great globe itself." I once asked Albert Speer about this, and he told me:

> "Imagine my embarrassment when, just a few years ago (1972) I at long last got to see Mr Chaplin's classic film. His globe, which finally blew up in his face, was actually 20 centimetres *smaller* in diameter than the real globe I had installed in Hitler's private study when I built the New Reich Chancellery in 1938."

As far as I can corroborate the timing of the coincidence, Chaplin in his Hollywood studio was already working on this scene in 1938— which is to say, simultaneously with Speer who was then at work in his Berlin studio (the old Academy of Arts next to the Brandenburg Gate). Speer built the New Reich Chancellery, then the tenth largest building in Europe, in an eleven-month crash programme.

CHAPLIN FANS, TOO, will never forget the slap-stick scene of the first meeting between Hynkel (Hitler) and the Dictator of Bacteria, Benzino Napaloni (Mussolini, played by Jack Oakie), "from two imaginary countries which lie just north and just south of the Alps." I have often felt that Chaplin went wrong here. Adolf Hitler had often expressed a real admiration for the *Duce*, "a man who is in several respects my equal, and in some perhaps my superior." As Adolf Hitler saw it, Mussolini was a great man stuck with the wrong nation, "degenerate Romans." On this Albert Speer recently corrected me.

> "While it is true that, for many years, Hitler did express a genuine respect for his Italian fellow-dictator—and, later, a far greater respect for Stalin—still, Hitler was not above ridiculing

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Il Duce in private, to the delight of all of us in his sycophant court. . . .

"Hitler was a very good mimic. Just as in the Chaplin film, where the two dictators try to upstage each other at their first meeting—the barber-chair scene—the same thing happened in real life. Mussolini, on his home ground in Venice, had tried to steal the scene on the occasion of their first meeting in 1935, and again when *Il Duce* payed his return visit to Berlin in 1939. One night in the Reich Chancellery, soon after Mussolini had left with his entourage, Hitler in his small circle gave a clowning imitation of Mussolini's mock heroics. The *Führer*, in best grand-opera, strutting style, stuck his chin way out, spread his arms akimbo, raised his right hand in the Fascist salute, and spluttered a short speech in Italianised gibberish: something like '*Macaroni, giovanezza, basta, ciao, Italia, andante, arrivederci, così fan tutte, bambino.*' "

The Chaplinesque aspect here is that Hitler really knew no Italian. These are all Italian words that have filtered into the German language, or words which Hitler had picked up from restaurant menus or musical scores. In *The Great Dictator* Chaplin, who speaks no German, gave a similar nonsense-speech which sounded very much like fluent German—to all those who speak no German — "*Verboten — Donnerwetter — Katzenjammer—kaputt—auf Wiedersehen.* . . ."

Once, at one of his private Hollywood parties, Chaplin pleasantly astonished his guests by singing the familiar "La ci darem la mano" from *Don Giovanni*. One of the delighted guests, a musician friend of Chaplin, gushed: "Charlie, we never knew you could sing so well!" To which Chaplin: "Oh gosh, I can't really sing. No voice, no voice at all. You see, I was just imitating Caruso!"

TO COME TO STILL ANOTHER curious matter, utterly unknown to Hitler scholars, unknown in fact to Albert Speer until after Speer had completed the second (Spandau) volume of his memoirs in which the Mussolini skit is recorded. In a little-noticed book (it appeared in the spring of 1975 in Bavaria), the posthumous diary of the German actor Maurice Devenant was published by his nephew and Professor Werner Maser.

This memoir reveals that Devenant, then a well-known actor, had secretly given Adolf Hitler acting and elocution instruction throughout the critical year 1932. Critical, since Hitler the orator was engaged in five different national-level elections and suddenly felt his voice failing. Panicked by his raw vocal chords, Hitler, after a day of hectic political barn-storming, flew into Munich many evenings for these top-secret sessions. From 1932 to 1975, no reporter, no historian, was aware of this. What *had* been noted was that Adolf Hitler's oratorical and platform style did improve tremendously during this climactic last year of the Weimar Republic.[1] Hitler's personal pilot, Hans Baur, was sworn to secrecy. He says today that these sessions took place in Hitler's apartment in Munich's Prinzregentenstrasse. These seances were usually very late in the evening. Hitler and Baur would fly back to the political campaign early the next morning. Hitler, that year, was the first air-borne candidate. After a while, these constant trips to Munich became awkward, so Hitler talked Devenant into coming aboard the plane as a "blind passenger"—hidden from the press and public. The voice-and-acting sessions now took place in back rooms of restaurants, in theatres, in hotels.

Devenant, a popular talented actor and an ardent admirer of Hitler, was sworn to secrecy concerning his nocturnal elocution and histrionic sessions with Hitler. After 1945, he had added reasons for keeping mum. The Munich actor died in 1971, while writing his memoirs.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1970, in the first of many Heidelberg interviews with Albert Speer, just before the US publication of the first volume of his memoirs, Hitler's former architect recounted to me the incredible boredom and turgidity of the average evening in Hitler's "crony court." From 1933 to 1939, whether on the Obersalzberg above Berchtesgaden, or in the Chancellery in Berlin, every social evening with Hitler called for a double-feature film show (with newsreel). Both Eva Braun and her *Führer*-lover were passionate film fans, and Eva had a distinct preference for Hollywood movies, above all romantic musicals. Hitler also enjoyed gangster films. For Goebbels,

[1] One of the most memorable performances of Bertolt Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* (*Der Aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui*) was given by Leonard Rossiter in the 1969 London production, with a remarkable interpretation of how Ui (i.e. Hitler) developed his oratorical style, almost as if Rossiter knew its theatrical origins.

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over in the Propaganda Ministry, this created something of a technical supply problem. The German film industry was able to turn out only about 100 features a year, or less, and this simply could not fill the two-a-night demand from on high. One ironic result was that the Hitler court saw many foreign films that were either banned, or simply never exhibited publicly in Germany.

This prompted me to ask Speer: "By the way, up there on the Obersalzberg, did anybody have the irreverent idea of showing any Chaplin films—*The Great Dictator*, for example?"

Speer replied, "No. Like many of my generation I was a real Chaplin and Buster Keaton fan. So too, as I remember it, was Eva Braun. But of course all Chaplin films were instantly banned in Germany, from 1933 on. Goebbels claimed, and most Germans believed, that Chaplin was Jewish. I have not yet seen *The Great Dictator*, although I intend to as soon as it is shown in Heidelberg again. But I think I have a pretty good idea of the plot."

It was on this occasion that I told Speer that, to the best of my knowledge and researches, Chaplin was not Jewish, nor was his bitter-sweet misanthropic humour in the long tradition of true Jewish humour. I also remember telling Speer that the origin of Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* was an earlier Napoleon script on which Chaplin had been working—and brooding—for at least twenty years.

When Adolf Hitler became a menace to the peace of the world, Chaplin in Hollywood did what he called a quick and inspired "switcheroo." In both films, the gimmick on which the plot turns is the *Doppelgänger* role, both roles to be played by Chaplin.

ALISTAIR COOKE, who worked with Chaplin in Hollywood during 1933–34, recalls (in connection with the question of whether "the trouble with Chaplin was a Napoleonic complex") that "Chaplin had been thinking for some time of doing a film about Napoleon on St Helena. . . ." Cooke started on the research, giving Chaplin Las Cases's *Memorial of Saint Helena* as "the principal source book", and helped with the writing of a script.

". . . Chaplin suddenly asked me to take some photographs, both still and in motion, of himself as Napoleon. He pulled his hair down into a ropy forelock, slipped one hand into his breast pocket and slumped into a wistful emperor. He started to talk to himself, tossing in names strange to me—Bertrand, Montholon—and then took umbrage, flung an accusing finger at me and, having transformed his dreamy eyes into icicles, delivered a tirade against the British treatment of him on 'the little island'. His face was now a hewn rock of defiance. I have it still on film, and it is still a chilling thing to see."

Some time later, when they were "coming along well with the Napoleon script", Chaplin told Cooke: "By the way, the Napoleon thing. It's a beautiful idea—for somebody else. . . ." He said no more, and they never wrote another word or referred to the project again.[2]

ON THIS OCCASION in 1970 I said to Speer, "You were one of the few people, some dozen or so, who were with Adolf Hitler on that memorable Sunday morning, 26 June 1940, when the *Führer* as conqueror made his first—and last—visit to Paris. Can you possibly recall, today, what the great man said while standing at Napoleon's Tomb in Les Invalides?"

Speer replied, "The *Führer* stood, we all stood, for some minutes in reverent silence. For us it was a memorable historic moment, a moment of giddy triumph. I simply cannot recall what he said. . . ." But another member of the party told me: "Hitler's words? As I remember it, after long silence he turned to Hans Speidel, who was then our military attaché in Paris, and asked 'Colonel, what time is it?' "

So much for the immortal words of the provincial from Linz who had just conquered the city of light. The Hitler cavalcade then roared off to Montmartre, the Sacré Coeur, the Opera House, the Arc de Triomphe. The standard three-hour Cook's Tour, with Baedeker (but no Place des Vosges, no Saint-Chapelle, not even the Louvre). At nine a.m. that next June morning Hitler left Paris forever.

WHAT HAD PROMPTED my question about Hitler's remarks in Les Invalides was the possible comparison with Napoleon when, in 1806, Bonaparte had just entered Berlin as conqueror and paid a visit to the tomb of Frederick the Great in nearby Potsdam. The French conqueror's words to his entourage were:

[2] Alistair Cooke, "Charlie Chaplin" (Ch. I) in *Six Men* (1977), pp. 37–43.

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"Gentlemen, if this great king were still alive, *we* would not be here!"

But then, Napoleon as victor was magnanimous; or, at least, he played the game of magnanimity with style and classic French flair. Even at a moment of seeming total victory, Hitler did not have a magnanimous bone in his body. "Colonel Speidel, what time is it? (*Wie spät ist es?*) . . ."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, NAPOLEON, HITLER. These parallel themes, Hitler the consummate actor, Hitler and the Napoleon legend, come out very strongly in the second volume of the Speer memoirs. In my several interviews and discussions with Albert Speer in the past five years our only serious intellectual dispute, pleasant but rather vehement, concerned what he called my "Napoleon tic." I had been reasoning with him that the fear he occasionally expressed—of a "Hitler legend", paralleling the Napoleon legend—was almost surely groundless.

"Herr Speer, I can understand your having had those doubts and worries in Spandau prison, where you were cut off from all that has been happening in Germany since 1945. After all, what is really left over of *l'expérience Hitler*?—a few old Volkswagens, a few even older autobahns—and the odour of Auschwitz, which is all that may really last for a thousand years. Whereas, wherever Napoleon marched with the *Grande Armée*, he bequeathed to Europe, among other positive reforms, the *Code Napoléon*. It is still the basis of your continental civil law today. As Tocqueville pointed out, 'Napoleon was as great as a man without morality can be.' "

Speer said,

"Ah, you Anglo-Saxons! Born in freedom, never having lived under the heel of dictatorship, you Americans and British can perhaps afford the luxury of idolising or at least idealising Napoleon Bonaparte. After twelve years of Hitler, and twenty years in Spandau, I am utterly allergic to any government based on bayonets, the repugnancy of brute force. It is the old question of ends and means. Even if some of Napoleon's aims may have been noble—and I am by no means sure—the means were bloody, tyrannical, and hence to be deplored. In terms of today, for us Europeans on the continent, better no United Europe than a Europe united by military force. In my reading of history, even the most benevolent of tyrants, in the end, always turns out to be rather more tyrannical than benevolent. . . ." "All power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." "Yes", said Speer, "Lord Acton, and, in our present day, Alexander Solzhenitsyn."

EARLY ONE SUMMER EVENING, while walking up the Heidelberg road to meet Speer, I was reminded of an uphill trudge to another lonely man whose villa, Manoir de Ban, was his castle—Charlie Chaplin in Vevey, Switzerland, above the northern shores of Lac Léman. This in turn led me to muse that, in my thirty years of journeyman journalism, if Speer had been one of the most genial and easy-going of interviewees, Chaplin, the late Sir Charles Chaplin, had been far and away the most difficult subject I had ever asked to sit for an interview-profile.

In June 1957, in Vevey, the exclusive spa town between Lausanne and Montreux, the Rousseau countryside, Chaplin was in residence on a high, rounded hill. I was down nearer the lake, in the Trois Coronnes hotel. I had written Chaplin, and then telephoned him, to the effect that my editors at the *Saturday Evening Post* were planning a five-part serial on his life, and that I had been asked to write it. I was looking forward to a pleasant if busy summer, despite a harsh deadline. The series was scheduled to begin in October; it had already been announced.

Then the Keystone-comedy, hilarious run-around began, although it did not strike me as so very funny at the time. Chaplin was engaged, that summer, in a somehow ridiculous, disagreeable row with the Vevey local authorities. The Swiss, as is the custom of the land, had located a citizen-soldier rifle-range fairly close to the Chaplin mansion—close at least when the east wind was blowing. Chaplin, in one of his ill-tempered outbursts, which often mounted to monumental rage, was trying to get the "militarist Swiss" to close down this national-service rifle-range. (This picayune dispute was taking place at the very moment that Red Army tanks were rolling into Budapest.) It was pure Chaplinesque farce. He had about as much chance of winning in the land of William Tell as he did of shooting an apple off his own head. Mack Sennett would have loved the situation: "Always keep your comic at the wrong end of the gun! . . ."

There was a frustrating irony in this awkward situation. As a reporter, my original intention had been to give Chaplin an honest count,

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something he had not always got in the American press. This was also the wish of my editors at the *Post,* in their conservative, avuncular way. We were all still living in the aftermath of the Senator McCarthy era. In 1952, Charles Chaplin had left the United States in a lurid, utterly confusing Hollywood *brouhaha.* As the Income Tax revenuers moved in upon him, Charlie decamped. The former uncrowned King of Hollywood made a truly triumphant, almost royal tour of Europe. With Uncle Sam in the role of a rather flat-footed Keystone cop, and Chaplin as the persecuted little fellow on the run, this was one the little fellow couldn't lose. David was thumbing his nose at Goliath—from a safe distance.

In 1957 in Vevey, Chaplin (he was then 68) was busy at work on a satirical anti-American film, *The King in New York.* The plot: King Boris loses his Balkan throne, and his country is taken over by the Communists. The King flies off by plane to the USA, land of the free and home of the brave. In the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, while giving his prepared "freedom forever" speech, he is promptly fingerprinted. From this opening scene, which was great, the film went steadily downhill.

THIS WAS WHERE I came into the picture. Chaplin, during my first fortnight in Vevey, had refused to see me—"I have broken my relations with the FBI, the CIA, and the Bureau of Internal Revenue." We did however, continue to communicate by letter. We also had a mutual friend, a British journalist who lived nearby, who was doing his best to bring actor and reporter together. He advised me to be patient:

"Charlie really wants to tell his side of the story. We just have to wait until he mellows into his philosophical mood. Just yesterday, he asked me: 'How much is a four-page colour-spread in the *Saturday Evening Post* really worth?' " When Charlie philosophised, it was invariably about money. (One of the songs from *The King in New York,* composed and sung by Chaplin, had the lines, "When I think of a million dollars, tears come to my eyes.") The answer to this question was: about $90,000.

The real difficulty was that Chaplin, just as in Hollywood, had surrounded himself with a court of sycophants chorusing that the little fellow was always right, that he was being persecuted by the vested interests and that he should never talk to journalists. In my third or fourth tread-water week, down-town in Vevey, I finally met The Great Man, briefly, in a hotel restaurant—Les Trois Rois. He gave it to me with both barrels.

"You're hounding me, dogging my footsteps! Bloodhounds, capitalist press, stooges! Things haven't been so bad since the Inquisition. The *Saturday Evening Post*—ugh!—simply wants to make money out of me, smear me with my fans. *You* want to make money out of me. Well, I won't play. *Ami,* go home!"

I countered, meekly enough: "Mr Chaplin, have a heart. When I was a caddy, back in Gloucester, Massachusetts, every extra quarter I earned went to pay the price of admission to one of your pictures. Those were the days when you were making money out of me—*Tilly's Punctured Romance, The Waiter, Shoulder Arms, The Kid.* Then, later, *City Lights, Limelight,* all that. Why, I even thought *Monsieur Verdoux* was a great picture. . . ."

Chaplin was a mercurial character. At the mention of these old film triumphs, his whole face brightened. Obviously, I was a connoisseur, an initiate into the cult.

"Caddy? Gloucester? Member of the sweating working classes? Well, that's a good line, not a bad approach at all, I must say. *Touché*! I made money out of you? Ha! Well, we'll see, we'll see. . . . And you are quite right about *Monsieur Verdoux.* One of my very best. Only the French understood it. A very civilised people."

But then the mobile face of the world's greatest clown suddenly clouded:

"I hope you're not one of those Americans who voted for Harry Truman.[2] A real bastard, a Fascist beast. Couldn't even make money selling neckties. So he decided to become President. What a country. And the *Saturday Evening Post*? My God! They print jokes and cartoons that were old when Methuselah was young, trying to get belly-laughs out of fat Babbitts who buy Buicks."

With this Charlie, who was wearing a dinner jacket, took out a little black notebook. "I want to make a note about that caddy remark."

Then he moved off. A few minutes later, he had the restaurant in gales of laughter. The great pantomimist, who spoke not a word of French, was trying to get his order across to the waiter. He simply put his hand under a saucer,

[2] I was.

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and moved it slowly along the white tablecloth—*soupe de tortue*. I was laughing too, with some tears of chagrin that this greatest of clowns had kept me so humourlessly from his table.

THE OCTOBER DEADLINE in Philadelphia was creeping ever nearer. Night and day, I could hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore. Not a line written. No interview. I was in despair. Finally—it was now late in July—I cabled my home office for advice. Promptly, from my Foreign Editor, Martin Sommers, in Philadelphia, came the reply:

> STAND PAT IN VEVEY STOP ENJOY SWITZERLAND THE LAND OF MILK AND MONEY STOP SUGGEST WAITING UNTIL THE GREAT MAN FIRES HIS BUTLER OR SOME OTHER TARGET OF OPPORTUNITY STOP DOWNHOLD REPEAT DOWNHOLD EXPENSES.

The opportunity soon presented itself. It wasn't quite the butler, but perhaps an even better source. Chaplin had just sacked Mme Isabel Deluz (the ex-wife of a London writer), who had been his Vevey private secretary and chief script-girl on the set. I read about this, one sultry August morning in the *Feuille d'Avis de Vevey*. Mme Deluz had left the Chaplin court in what the Swiss paper discreetly referred to (if my idioms are right) as "high dudgeon." I was soon seated along the pleasant lakeside, getting the secretary's version of the madcap highjinks in the Manoir de Ban villa—"Charlie's Berchtesgaden", as she tartly called it. Hell knows no fury like a Chaplin secretary spurned. This, as I knew, was an old story.

The bitter Berchtesgaden remark led fairly directly to the topic of Hitler. I said to Mme Deluz: "You know, your ex-boss Chaplin must have made a real study-in-depth of Hitler. In his *Great Dictator* film, he had the real-life Hitler down pat. . . ."

Madame Deluz: "My dear sir! If you had ever worked with Mr Chaplin on a film-set for thirteen months, as I have just done, you would know well enough just why Chaplin had Hitler down so pat. When the black mood is on, when his creative genius runs dry under pressure, Chaplin becomes a terror, a real Hitler. The man is a great talent, a comic genius; but he is also manic-depressive—or worse. The 'little fellow' in the great Chaplin films is simply a Hitler who never made it. Remember the scene where he steals the ice-cream cone from the kid? . . ."

An interesting interpretation, which had been touched on before by a few other Chaplin critics. Chaplin's little fellow is at least as anarcho-misanthropic as W. C. Fields was—on the screen and in real life. In a later interview Isabel Deluz told me (and this was confirmed by others) that Chaplin was a great Napoleon admirer. Going back at least to the mid-1920s, when Chaplin was at the peak of his world-wide fame, the actor began quietly collecting authentic Napoleonic bric-à-brac—uniforms, hats, stirrups, gloves, silverware, books, letters, whatever. He kept stashing away all these relics and mementos in four large trunks. Chaplin still had these trunks with him in Vevey, and a French specialist in antiques on the payroll.

As the saying goes in the trade, now at least I had my "lead." Chaplin as Napoleon invades neutral Helvetia and marches on the Vevey rifle-range. But I still had no real interview; and with only part of the story (and still with plenty of time on my hands), I recalled the angry crack Chaplin had made to me about Truman. I decided to write to the ex-President, who was then a senior citizen in Independence, Missouri. I told him that the Chaplin court was putting out the truly wild story that he, as President, had ordered J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI to frame the actor with a Mann Act rap, or something equally unpleasant; and that this was the real reason why a terrified Chaplin had fled the United States.

Truman's animated airmail reply, to my pleasant surprise, reached me in Vevey one short week later.

> "Please tell the little fellow that, in my book, he is still one of the finest comedians who ever lived. I always enjoyed his films and showed them when I was in the White House. In politics, of course, Chaplin can be an idiot. He should leave politics to the professionals."

I dropped a photostat into the post to Chaplin. First, Chaplin claimed it was a fake. So I sent him the original. Then he made his own copies, and, as I later heard, sent them out with his Christmas cards. Truman, apparently, was now no longer a Fascist beast, and Chaplin was "one of the finest comedians who ever lived."

CHAPLIN NOW AGREED to see me, one September morning, "But not here in Vevey. I have to show rushes of my new film in Venice. . . ." I headed for Venice. There I was

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told Chaplin had already left for Nice. When I reached Nice, Chaplin had decamped up the Alpine Route Napoléon. I surmised he was probably on the prowl for more antiques. Paris was his destination. He was again too busy to see me in Paris, but he did invite me to a speech he was to give the next day at the Dorchester Hotel in London. Chaplin and I now both crossed the Channel: we were both doing better than Napoleon.

Chaplin's speech was almost an hour long and was less than memorable. Nobody could be funnier than Charlie Chaplin when he was spoofing the great of this world, and nobody could be windier than Chaplin on Chaplin. Today I can only remember one tag-line: "It's great to be back in England, my native land. At heart I am a true-blue British conservative of the Churchillian type. . . ."

The spiel in the Dorchester was finally over. The coffee cups were being taken away. I was at long last to have my promised interview with Chaplin. Suspecting (rightly) that it might end at any unpredictable moment, I came directly to the matter of the Napoleon film. Again, Chaplin's animated face lit up in that enchanted, puckish way:

"Oh yes, you know about that? Well, you see, the plot is this. Napoleon had a double. It was this double that the British sent to Elba and St Helena. The real Napoleon then lived quietly on in Paris, tending a bookstall near the Pont de l'Alma. He became a pacifist, and gave his earnings to the widows and children of war veterans. . . ."

"And lived happily ever after?"

"Yes, but don't spoil my story. One day on St Helena—5 May 1821—Napoleon died. His double, that is. And the body, as you know, was brought back by the British Navy, and given over to the French for burial in Les Invalides. All Paris now turned out for the state obsequies. It's a great crowd scene. In fact, it is my opening scene. . . ."

I interrupted here with the obvious question: "Yes, yes. But how does the *real* Napoleon take all this?"

Chaplin, wickedly braced to deliver his punch-line: "The *real* Napoleon? Well you see, he is busy as usual at that bookstall of his; business was very good that day. As the cortège-barge on the Seine slowly sails by—*pan for close-up*—he murmurs: 'The news of my death is killing me!' . . ."

Nobody enjoyed his own gags as much as Chaplin himself. This was to be the beginning of the picture that was, alas, never made. It was also the abrupt end of our first and last interview. As Chaplin rose to leave, I pleaded:

"One last question, Mr Chaplin. It's a great beginning for your picture. But, tell me, where do you go from there?"

But Chaplin, who always walked gracefully, like a ballet dancer, had faded off into the dwindling dining-room crowd, pursued by a few autograph-hunters.

NOW IT WAS QUITE OBVIOUS where Chaplin had gone from there. Sometime in 1938, he got the bright idea of what he called the "switch-eroo." He simply substituted Adolf Hitler for Napoleon, kept the double role, casting himself in both parts and the film *The Great Dictator* was born.

As I have mentioned, at the time of my earlier interviews with Albert Speer he had not seen Chaplin's film *The Great Dictator*. We had also discussed Brecht's *Arturo Ui*, another attempt to unmask Hitler on the stage. Whatever its dramatic value, I have always found the intellectual conception of Brecht's *Arturo Ui* very thin indeed, overplaying as it does both the gangster element and the wicked-capitalist theme in Nazism. Perhaps it is just as well that BB went to his grave not knowing that (as Hitler's old personal valet told me) "from 1921 on, Hitler always had a pistol in a holster that we concealed and sewed into the inside of his right pant-leg near the pocket. . . ." Brecht, to be sure, knew more about the legitimate stage than did Chaplin, but Chaplin by going light on the gangster element and putting heavy emphasis on Hitler's histrionic talents came far closer to the truth.[2]

Speer's opinion, at that time (1970):

[2] A last word on *Ui* and the theatricality of Brecht's *Führer*. It could be that Brecht was aware of the Devenant story. I myself first heard it in the 1950s from Dr Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl who was once bumped from the plane to make room for Hitler's personal *dramaturg*. Brecht, a South German with early Munich connections, knew of Devenant and had friends in Munich theatre circles, including Arnolt Bronnen who later became a Nazi. However, BB wrote *Ui* in his USA exile; and if he was aware of the story it is more likely that he heard of it after 1945 rather than before.

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"The real difficulty in bringing Adolf Hitler on stage, even in an obvious satire, is tremendous. For the same reason, I believe, that there has never been a really good theatre piece about Nero or Caligula. There is just too much blood on the stage. The subject does not lend itself to satire; tyranny is too shattering. Moreover, in Hitler's case, the odour of blood is too fresh. For many men and women still alive today, Hitler is a contemporary figure. This makes satire, somehow, in bad taste. Which is certainly not to say that the material is lacking. Some of Hitler's poses, above all in the last years, were ludicrous, sheer melodrama."

Two years later, in 1972, Speer finally did see *The Great Dictator*. He told me:

"Well, I still haven't changed my basic opinion. But, I must say, Chaplin, the film artist, came much closer than any other contemporaries in penetrating deep into the true character of the man Hitler. I was astonished! Perhaps it was the born actor in Chaplin that recognised the histrionic twist, the play-acting that was so conscious a part of the Hitler image. . . ."

IT WAS ON THE OCCASION of this talk that I mentioned to Speer that, in fact, Chaplin had made use of his old Napoleon material in arriving at his conception of how to play Hitler.

"How very interesting! In my *Spandau Memoirs*, as you know, I go into this matter at some length—whether, for example, the European fascination with the 'great-man theory of history', i.e. the 19th-century cult of the Napoleonic legend, did not contribute, in some measure, to the rise of Mussolini and Hitler. . . .

"However, I do not think that Adolf Hitler, at least until 1940 or so, was any great admirer of Napoleon. He only mentions him once, in passing, in *Mein Kampf*. As late as 1939 he dismissed him as a 'Corsican adventurer' [in his *Reichstag* speech, 1 September 1939]. Hitler first really became interested when, in Paris 1940, he found himself confronted with a situation which bore a remarkable parallel to that of Napoleon in 1806. Hitler, too, had now conquered the continent; he was unable to invade England; he was already pondering the possibility of an invasion of Russia. . . . In itself, this stark, haunting parallel should have given Hitler pause. But, as is the case with most conquerors in the first full flush of victory, Hitler fell victim to *hubris*, the vaunting pride that leads to ultimate downfall."

In the summer of 1942 Hitler, then at his advance HO in Vinnitza deep in the Ukraine, spoke to a group of industrialists. Speer, the Minister for War Production, had just flown in. Hitler was seated alone, on a wooden bench in front of a log-cabin-style bungalow which served as his private quarters. He said: "Napoleon wanted to conquer the world via Egypt and Russia. He would have achieved his aim had he not made fatal blunders. I shall avoid these. You can count on me. . . . Within two years at most we shall be at the borders of India."

"Did Hitler ever explain just what those blunders were, and how he expected to avoid them?"

Speer: "No."

WHEN WE CONTINUED our talk about Napoleon Speer said: "Please don't misunderstand me, or the French and others may feel I am putting Hitler on Napoleon's level. He wasn't. There were several human qualities and elements of greatness in Napoleon that were utterly missing in Hitler. Napoleon really was a military talent, a competent administrator, and a statesman of sorts; the *Code Napoléon* is his real monument. Hitler matched Napoleon only in will-power and the driving ambition of the conqueror, the urge to march on Moscow. But, we should not forget that the tyrant-strut was there in Napoleon, too. Just read the memoirs that came out of *his* court! . . .

"No, the moral for today is that the dream of a United Europe, united by the force of bayonets, is a dream not worth dreaming. It will always end in nightmare."

SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH of Charlie Chaplin in Vevey last Christmas, I happened to come across a *curiosum* which did in fact suggest how the Napoleon legend played a role in the last days in the Berlin *Führerbunker*—and even set the date for the death of the *Führer*. On 15 April 1945, Adolf Hitler appointed Wilhelm Mohnke, Major-General of the *Waffen-SS*, as military commandant of *Zitadelle*. This was the code-name for the last-ditch defence of the *Regierungsviertel*, the Berlin downtown governmental area which included the Reich Chancellery. Mohnke took up his command post in the Chancellery cellar. He reported frequently to Hitler on the progress of the fortnight's battles. Early on, Hitler had told him:

"General Mohnke, I hope, with your help, to be

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able to hold out here at least until the 5th of May. However, if the military situation disintegrates before that date, then I ask you, as a professional soldier, to give me 24-hour advance notice. Under no circumstances am I to fall into the hands of the Russians alive. I have made arrangements to have my body cremated."

Der Tag: At 0630 on the morning of Monday, 30 April 1945, General Mohnke, who had been suddenly called over to the *Führerbunker*, was received by Hitler in the latter's bedroom. Except for the switchboard operator, Feldwebel Rochus Misch, all other bunker inmates were asleep. Mohnke, remembering his earlier orders, now felt the time had come to give Hitler the bad news. The General confided that he now expected a massive Russian tank assault timed with May Day, and that his utterly exhausted *SS* troops could now no longer hold out. Hitler, sitting by his bed in a silk dressing-gown and wearing patent-leather boot-slippers, took the news calmly. He told Mohnke, a veteran of the *Leibstandarte* (Hitler's original *SS* bodyguard), that he and his wife would commit suicide before sundown. The time he chose was 1530, mid-afternoon, on Monday, 30 April 1945.

While talking to General Mohnke, who had given me much new material for my history of the Bunker, I asked him just what was the significance in Hitler's mind of the date May 5th? Why not the 1st, or the 10th, or the 15th?

General Mohnke: "As Hitler told me, that was the date on which Napoleon died on St Helena—Friday, 5 May 1821."

Translation

is a tour of a new world,
no space trip stranger: a mirror land
where you must live a *volte face*
through a series of shifting
images: known letters patterned
to other word shapes, hieroglyphs
into thoughts impossibly like
your thoughts. A double-take
of time, as you write now
what he or she wrote then. A guest,
you must move with care and courtesy
through a mind's furniture, use all
his rooms as he's designed them,
follow the rules for his interior plan.

Then return *chez vous*, fold up
your telescope, start to recreate
the structure with your own
materials and tools.

You can't transport him lock, stock, barrel, as found,
he must be rebuilt on your own ground.

Anne Born

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Martin Stokes

Elegy for My Sister

They shall find you lying. Smile for them
On your back. Humour them, for they shall not
Have been ready for this. Under the mudpack,
They shall find your face made up to chat
Them up, to advertise the barest detail
Of its features: the line of a slim nose;
A touch of colour on the cheek, a real
Iron compound bought from the earth; the eyes,
The shadow of those eyes above the lack
Of milkteeth grinning out below that height
Of forehead. Your hair also has changed its look;
Styles come and go. And they shall guess the great
Blue shadows of those eyes have been brighter
And, knowing neither, know through their own eyes
You have lost the looks of your mother,
And recognise you only as a species.

Digging her cemetery, don't worry
About breaking her sleep, intruding on
Her peace. Her place makes both of you sorry.
As a twinkle in her Father's eye
She slept upon the umbilical cord
For nine months, and half as long on earth,
Helpless as the foetus. She was getting scared
Down there. She felt black, colder than her birth.
While she has the chance, she wants to get up.
She had no chance to sing Twinkle twinkle
Little star, how I wonder what you are, up
Above the world. By definition, astral.
Like them she went out in the sun, the morning.
But you don't deal with thin air. You want
Your reason scientific fact. Digging
Her cemetery, you wonder why she went.

Give her a hand, then, and brush her down.
Out with the tape-measures and follow these
Criteria, get these points down first:
a) the relation of the length of the torso
to the stature as a whole,
b) that of the span of the outstretched arms
to the stature,
c) that of the upper limb to the lower limb,
d) that of the forearm to the upper arm.

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Susan, they've rearranged your parts like parts
In a children's game designed to tease
The skill. They have poked and probed through the dirt
For signs of skeletal damage or bruise.
Protection is a primary function
Of the skeleton in all vertebrates.
Pelvis protects the embryo in woman,
The ovaries, kidneys, assorted chutes,
The intestine. The skull protects the head.
The ribs protect the arteries, the lungs
And the heart from a physical God.

And the skeleton is meant for other things:
Meant to hold the softer tissue straight,
And itself by constructing a system
Of levers operated by the rote
Of muscle in movement and locomotion.
So, what have we found? Skull: whole; flawless grubs;
Pelvis: perfect for your children's children's birth;
A matching set of four and twenty ribs.
Biceps dislocate your tongue-and-groove,
Ball-and-socket architecture, and they can
Find nothing wrong with you. They are stuck.
Carbon 14 dating has your dates done
To the instant, and now the diggers pack
Your joints in crates, puzzled how you came to lower
Yourself through white flesh without blood to white bone
Without flesh in soil, through your finest hour,
An average life expectancy too soon.

You went under with your injury intact,
Your mark of distinction, what would have been
Your mole in an embarrassing place,
Your own peculiarity unseen.
The plugging of your lifelong haemorrhage
Was left to the exhaustion of your blood.
Your blood, your pint, fell down it clockwise,
It dried itself out, then the blood-earth
Dismantled it, the hole in your heart.

They shall secure what remains for the nation,
In a perspex coffin lit by strip light
Longer than your femur. In front, a caption
On a plastic plaque, for you lie in state,
Highlit for the visitors on baize:
"Baby, Female, 1956."
A brief address. Curator, add "The cause
Of death unknown." Anthropologist,
Reassemble her as she was found
And repeat how some seed falls on stony ground.

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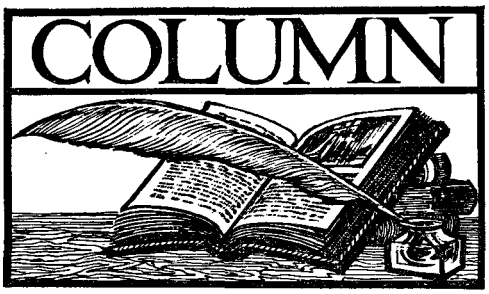

IT SEEMS AS IF the legend of Watergate will never end. In print, on the screen, on television it has become one of the longest running serials ever made and one might have thought that, after all this, all its possibilities had been exhausted. And yet the latest instalment, Mr H. R. Haldeman's *The Ends of Power*,[1] fully sustains the interest, and even gives us an appetite for more, as it seems to promise that we have not yet come to the end of the story and that Watergate has secrets which have still to be revealed.

Mr Haldeman himself, of course, is frequently presented as one of the arch-villains of the story, and must therefore be regarded as a highly suspect witness, especially as much of his testimony is directed towards protesting his innocence. The chief reason for thinking him responsible, of course, is the dominating part he played in the organisation of the executive branch of the United States government while Mr Nixon was President. It was generally accepted throughout that period that (except in the special field of foreign policy, which was reserved for Dr Kissinger) nothing could be done except either by or through Mr Haldeman, who probably enjoyed a greater power over the executive branch than any other subordinate official in the history of the United States. Mr Haldeman himself would probably not disagree with this verdict; and indeed he seems to derive a certain pleasure from describing how ruthlessly, even brutally, he exercised the immense powers delegated to him by the President.

His own justification would be that only by such means could the immense and continuously proliferating bureaucracy of the United States be brought under control, so that the President might be freed for his proper task of formulating policy and be assured that, once formulated, it would be promptly and efficiently executed. Indeed, he tells us that, but for Watergate, Mr Nixon's second term would have witnessed a fundamental reorganisation of the executive branch which would have transformed the government of the United States.

That this did not happen is, in Mr Haldeman's view, one of the major tragedies of Watergate. Others may feel that Watergate was cheap at the price. Nothing however is likely to alter Mr Haldeman's conviction that, up to Watergate, he and the President together were running what sailors call a tight ship, with a captain on the bridge alert to all the possibilities and dangers of the course he had chosen to steer, and at his elbow an executive officer competent to translate into immediate action the slightest deflection or alteration of course required to bring the vessel safely and triumphantly into port.

The claim is all the more extraordinary if one compares it with the actual state of affairs on board the good ship United States. For the clear-eyed commander on the bridge was in fact a kind of mad Captain Queeg, who was so obsessed by matters of irrelevant detail that at times he became totally oblivious of where he was steering, while a large part of his executive officer's time was occupied with trying to save him from his obsessions. Worse still, their supposedly tight ship was liable at any moment to spring unexplainable and untraceable leaks, which only added to the captain's obsessions; and below deck all kinds of things were happening which in no way fitted in with Mr Haldeman's conception of a voyage conducted in accordance with the strictest and most advanced rules of seamanship. There were rats in the cargo; there were bulkheads that would not hold in a storm; the crew was untrustworthy. Worst of all, perhaps, the captain and his executive officer did not really seem to understand how cruel, deceptive, and treacherous the sea can be, especially if one takes it for granted that it will always do what it is told.

IN READING *The Ends of Power*, one has the slightly eerie feeling of watching men steering with complete self-confidence to total disaster; it is rather like reading about the sinking of the Titanic. Perhaps one scene may convey something of this feeling.

The date was Saturday, 17 June 1972, and Mr Haldeman was enjoying a hard-earned rest at the Florida resort of Key Biscayne. It was an unusual day for Mr Haldeman. The President was safely away in the Caribbean; for the moment there was nothing for Mr Haldeman to do, or anything which might require him to resume the almost continuous dialogue which he was accustomed to maintain, in person or by telephone, with the President. There was not a cloud in the Florida sky or on the political horizon. The weather was perfect and, on any reasonable calculation, Mr Nixon was assured

[1] *The Ends of Power*. By H. R. HALDEMAN. Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.95; Times Books, $12.95.

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of an overwhelming success in the forthcoming Presidential election.

The only event to disturb the peace of Mr Haldeman's day was the appearance of Mr Ron Ziegler, the President's Press Secretary, carrying a wire service news bulletin that in Washington five men with electronic equipment had been caught breaking into the Watergate headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. The news did not spoil Mr Haldeman's day. There was nothing in it to require action on his part; and if there was he knew that either the President himself, or his assistant for domestic affairs, John Ehrlichman, who was in Washington, would immediately inform him. But nothing happened. No telephones rang, and Mr Haldeman relapsed into enjoyment of the Florida sunshine and a night's rest for once unbroken by any communication from either the President or the White House. It was probably the last time he enjoyed such relaxation until he found himself in prison convicted of perjury and obstruction of justice.

It is true that Mr Haldeman, on reading Ron Ziegler's news bulletin, had one slightly uneasy moment of apprehension, of premonition perhaps. "Good Lord", he thought, "they've caught Chuck Colson!" But it was for a moment only. For Charles Colson, special counsel to the President, occupied a privileged position in the White House as the President's personal hatchetman, a kind of licensed Lord of Misrule, who ignored all Haldeman's carefully organised system of staff duties and responsibilities. He regarded Colson as the representative of the "dark", the unpredictable side of the President's character, of which he was well aware, but deplored; just as he inordinately admired what he took to be the President's immense capacity for good. He considered it one of his primary functions at the White House to contain and control the "dark" side of Mr Nixon's nature, while translating into effective action everything that was best in him. He also realised that the complexity of Mr Nixon's character demanded of the President an iron self-discipline, imposed an almost intolerable strain on him, made any kind of natural and spontaneous relationship with others almost impossible, and when it broke down, as it sometimes did, led him into the most bizarre and unpredictable behaviour.

Mr Haldeman saw it as his duty to protect the "good" against the "bad" Nixon, and created a system of staff duties at the White House designed to ensure that the President should have no contacts, no communications, no information, no sources of consultation or advice which had not been filtered through his office, and equally that no orders emanating from the President should pass through the same process in reverse before they were put into effect. In this he was largely successful, and thereby earned the resentment and hatred of others, members of Congress, cabinet ministers, heads of government departments and agencies, who believed they should have independent access to the President. He was accused of building a wall round the President which isolated and insulated him against the world, except as seen through Haldeman's eyes; but Haldeman did not mind so long as the wall achieved the purpose for which he had designed it.

BUT EVEN HE, efficient and ruthless as he was, could not make his system of defences entirely foolproof. "Chuck" Colson in particular simply ignored it, or jumped over it, or bulldozed his way through it, communicating directly with the President, faithfully executing the somewhat eccentric instructions he sometimes received, and in the process recruiting a curious gang of agents and operatives who were required to carry out the actual dirty work.

So it was natural that, on hearing of Watergate, Haldeman should first have thought of Colson, but he did not take the thought very seriously. Firstly, because he regarded Colson's activities, however irregular, as of relatively minor importance, and secondly because Colson was now assigned to CREEP, the Committee to Re-elect the President, so that there was no direct link between his operations and the White House. Besides, he felt that Colson was safely under the supervision of John Mitchell, ex-Attorney General and chairman of CREEP. In this, as in so many things, Haldeman proved to be wrong. Mr Nixon himself, he tells us, thought that Watergate would never have happened if, at the time, Mitchell had not been incapacitated from concentrating on his work at CREEP by the wild eccentricities and indiscretions of his wife Martha.

AT FIRST, HOWEVER, it seemed as if Haldeman had been quite right not to worry, and Watergate would prove to be of little importance. The American public was not interested, and the Democratic Party, however hard it tried, was unable to make it a serious issue in the Presidential election. It seemed destined to go down to history as a "third-rate burglary." But gradually, as the Press, particularly the *Washington Post*, the Senate, the Judiciary pressed their inquiries, it assumed the scale of a major disaster, monopolised the activities of the President and his closest associates, and finally engulfed his administration altogether.

How did a "third-rate burglary" assume such

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monstrous proportions? Partly this was due to the White House itself, which, as Mr Haldeman himself confesses, throughout the affair committed almost every conceivable mistake and, in trying to cover up its errors, only compounded them. But he also insists that there was, and is, behind Watergate much more than meets the eye, and that its end result was the product of a combination of forces which in the end even the White House found irresistible.

In the first place, there was the mystery of why CREEP should ever have thought it worth while to burgle and bug the Democratic National Committee, where they were not likely to discover any political information of any particular importance. The true motive, according to Mr Haldeman (and in this he confirms the explanation suggested by John Dean in his book *Blind Ambition*), was to find evidence compromising its chairman, Larry O'Brien, and his associate Robert F. Bennett, both of whom were connected with the mad multimillionaire Howard Hughes. O'Brien had also been active in pressing charges that the administration, in return for a contribution to campaign funds, had suppressed an anti-trust action against the huge multinational, ITT. Thus Watergate was a matter concerning, not mere election campaign politics, but vast business interests, huge sums of money and a widespread network of corruption. O'Brien's annual retainer from Howard Hughes, for services undefined, amounted to £175,000. "Follow the money", said the *Washington Post*'s White House informant, Deep Throat, whom Mr Haldeman here identifies as Fred Fielding, John Dean's staff assistant—"a shy slightly prissy fellow"; and it was the trail of the money, and the White House's desperate and panic-stricken efforts to cover it up, which finally reduced Mr Haldeman's elaborately organised machinery of government to rubble.

In this context, Watergate makes some kind of sense, and appears to justify what would otherwise seem to be the absurd risks that were taken. But much remains obscure, especially if, as Mr Haldeman asserts, the plan was known beforehand to both the Democratic National Committee and the CIA, which monitored the operation throughout and successfully sabotaged it. Thus if Watergate was part of a plan to compromise O'Brien, it was also, from the White House's point of view, a frame-up.

MR HALDEMAN DOES NOT produce any very strong or concrete evidence for his theory; but it conforms very well with his belief that politics in Washington are a matter in which the White House, if it is to govern effectively, has to face and overcome a continuing conspiracy to restrict and frustrate its powers. There are, he says, four major power blocs in Washington. They are, in order of importance, The Press, The Bureaucracy, The Congress, and The Intelligence Community. It is perhaps typical of Mr Haldeman's view of politics that he should assign the Congress so subordinate a position. But he takes it for granted that all four centres of power are necessarily adversary to the Presidency, and all the more so in Mr Nixon's case because he and Mr Haldeman together were engaged in a fundamental reorganisation of the executive branch which would increase the power of the President and reduce that of his adversaries.

Mr Haldeman's book is not very well put together, even though he has had the assistance of an able professional writer, Mr Joseph Di Mona. It is both confused and confusing to read, and one would certainly hope that the innumerable memoranda he once wrote for the President had a somewhat greater clarity and coherence. And like nearly everything else written by any of the participants in Watergate, except Mr Jeb Stuart Magruder, it is very largely an exercise in self-defence. Mr Haldeman is quite willing to admit the many mistakes he made in handling the affair; he cannot admit guilt because he believes that every means was justified by his main purpose of protecting the President and consolidating and increasing his power.

Yet, in spite of all this, what he has to say is important, both because of the general picture he draws of Washington politics, and because he convinces one that, despite the immense flood of publicity which Watergate has attracted, it still has secrets which have not been fully explored, and perhaps now never will be. Certainly one does not have much confidence that Mr Nixon's memoirs will add much to what we already know, or do anything except treat Watergate as a minor aberration in an otherwise triumphant career. With this Mr Haldeman would not disagree. He still believes that Mr Nixon, for all his failings, was and is a great man, and that if it had not been for Watergate he would have gone down to history as one of the greatest of American presidents, would have completed his second term of office having successfully solved both America's foreign and her domestic problems, and that today Mr John Connally would be President of the United States, pursuing with the same success, no doubt with the continuing assistance of Mr Haldeman, the same policies as Mr Nixon. Despite everything that has happened it is not a wholly improbable scenario, even though one somehow has the feeling that the "Mad Monk" as the sardonic Mr Ehrlichman referred to Mr Nixon, was never fated to anything except disaster and even went out of his way to invite it. *R*

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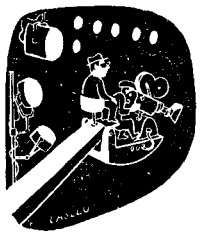
FILM

Looking for the Third Man

On the Trail in Texas, New York, Hollywood

By Judy Adamson & Philip Stratford



When you write a mystery story whose villain is a faceless man involved in double-dealings and international crime in post-War Vienna, you should not be surprised if strange things happen to your text. Political pressures may exert a deforming influence; nameless interests may carve away at it for their own obscure purposes; you may find that the hero is not quite the man you thought him to be, or that someone is protecting the villain. "One never knows when the blow may fall."

All these things have in fact happened to Graham Greene's celebrated thriller, *The Third Man*, whose publishing and cinematic history has some of the elements of international intrigue that made the story and film so exciting.

Greene's attitude towards this *nouvelle* has always been somewhat ambiguous. In his Introduction[1] to the book he claims that the story was never intended to be more than the "raw material" for a picture. *The Third Man*, he says, "was never written to be read but only to be seen. . . . The film in fact is better than the story because it is in this case the finished state of the story."

The story, however, was not only published (1950) and included in the Collected Edition of Greene's works (1976) but is one of his best known fictions—the one, together with *The Power and the Glory*, most popularly associated with his name. Also, despite a long career in the cinema and the happy experience of working closely with Carol Reed on the film of *The Third Man*, Greene takes pains to describe his approach as primarily that of a novelist. "To me", he says, "it is impossible to write a film play without first writing a story." Characterisation, mood and atmosphere "seem to be impossible to capture for the first time in the dull shorthand of a conventional treatment . . . one cannot make the first act of creation in treatment form." And although he tells us that many of the subsequent changes from story to film not only met with his approval but were often his own suggestions, he insists, "*The Third Man*, therefore, though never intended for publication, had to start as a story rather than a treatment, before I began working on what seemed the interminable transformations from one screenplay to another."

The progress of these seemingly interminable transformations can best be traced in the Humanities Research Center of the University of Texas at Austin where six manuscripts of the film play are housed (impounded might be the more accurate term, for the archives are for some reason heavily protected by gun-slinging security guards). The six are: the *Story*, the *Treatment*, the *First Draft Script*, the *Second Draft Script*, the *Shooting Script*, and the *Release Script*.

Typical of the transformations that so irritated Greene and made him long for his old job as novelist ("that one-man business where I alone bear full responsibility for failure") are the many changes in names, nationalities, and status of his characters. Scarcely one of them remained the same. Cast as Rollo Martins, hero of the story, Hollywood actor Joseph Cotten objected to the name Rollo which, Greene says in his preface, "to an American ear apparently involved homosexuality." The name was changed to Holly, in memory of "that figure of fun, the American poet Thomas Holley Chivers." Martins' nationality, British at the start, then Canadian in the *Draft Scripts*, was switched to American.

Cooler (Harry Lime's colleague in crime in the

[1] There are two Introductions, one to the Uniform Edition (Heinemann, 1950), and a fuller, slightly altered one to the Collected Edition (Heinemann & The Bodley Head, 1976). All quotations are from the latter.

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story) became Tyler in the script and finally Popescu in the film when his citizenship was changed from US to Rumanian "in deference to American opinion . . . since Orson Welles' engagement had already supplied us with one American villain." (In the original story Harry Lime, like Martins, had been a British subject.) Lime's girl friend, Anna Schmidt, initially Hungarian with false Austrian papers, became first Estonian, then Czechoslovakian (the false papers remained). Mr Kurtz became Baron Kurtz. British intelligence officer Colonel Calloway was demoted to Major, though his Russian counterpart, invented specially for the film, held the rank of Colonel. British Council representative Crabbin (incorrectly called Crabbit throughout the published version of the film script [Lorrimer, 1969]), was given military rank and was split, somewhere between the *First* and *Second Draft Script*, into two, becoming Captains Tombs and Carter, but was eventually reunited for the film as just plain Crabbin.

Besides these changes, which put one in mind of a hectic afternoon in a forger's office, as the story moved towards the film, the plot too underwent many alterations. Some were minor additions: the cat that nestles at Lime's feet in the doorway, Kurtz's dog, the cuckoo-clock speech (Orson Welles' invention). Others were deletions: the mix-up between Buck Dexter (Martins' pseudonym as a writer of Westerns) and Benjamin Dexter the British novelist (modelled on E. M. Forster); and the Russian attempt to kidnap Anna. The order of some sequences was changed, dialogue was tightened up, and the beginning and ending were reworked several times.

THESE ARE THE KIND OF CHANGES that occur when the many and unforeseeable circumstances of cinema production begin to play upon a writer's story. They may seem unimportant in themselves but they often have significant secondary effects. The ending, Greene tells us, was the cause of "one of the few major disputes between Carol Reed and myself." Greene's *Story* had finished happily with Anna and Martins walking arm in arm away from Lime's funeral. In the *Treatment* this ending was slightly modified: Martins gets out of Calloway's car and

> begins to walk back down the road. Calloway turns and watches. In the long street lined with monumental masons the two little figures slowly come towards each other: the picture fades out.

In the *Second Draft Script* the ending was changed again: Martins

> begins to walk down the road. Calloway turns and watches. Anna is approaching. Martins stops and waits for her. She reaches him and he seeks in vain for a word. He makes a gesture with his hand, and she pays no attention, walking right past him and on into the distance.

In the film the sequence loosely followed this version:

> Martins leans against a wood-cart and waits for Anna. Leaves fall on the road as she approaches. She passes Martins without a glance. Martins lights a cigarette. There is a long pause as she walks away and the film ends.

The slowness of this scene's evolution speaks for the difference of opinion about how it should be handled. Greene

> "held the view that an entertainment of this kind was too light an affair to carry the weight of an unhappy ending. Reed on his side felt that my ending—indeterminate as it was with no words spoken—would strike the audience who had just seen Harry's death and burial as unpleasantly cynical. I was only half convinced: I was afraid few people would wait in their seats during the girl's long walk from the graveside and the others would leave the cinema under the impression that the ending was as conventional as mine."

But, Greene concedes, "I had not given enough credit to the mastery of Reed's direction, and at that stage, of course, we neither of us anticipated Reed's discovery of Anton Karas, the zither player." And he allows that in this case Reed "was proved triumphantly right."

The altered ending does more, however, than just make the audience linger and let the final impact of the film sink in. It has a subtle side-effect on characterisation as well. The Anna who walks away leaving Holly behind her is a more valid character than the one in the story who capriciously slips her hand through his arm. She remains faithful to Harry Lime, and his figure, in consequence, becomes larger and more difficult for the audience to contend with. Even such a seemingly innocuous change as the addition of Anna's cat, used to increase suspense in the sequence where Lime is first seen, has its secondary effect. The cat has no interest in Martins; like Anna, it only cares for Lime. When we see it sitting at Harry's feet, its loyalty, too, increases Harry's human quality for us. If we look closely we see that many changes apparently made for cinematic reasons also stress the story's theme of divided loyalties, soften Harry's crimes and make him more human.

Another good example is Holly's meeting with

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Anna after Calloway has shown him Harry's file. In the *Story* he tells Anna about "the children dead with meningitis, and the children in the mental ward", and shows her pictures of Harry's victims. In the *Draft Scripts* Holly says in the same vein: "They've been stealing penicillin, mixing it with water, I don't know what. People have been dying from it—wounded people, children. . . . Harry made seventy pounds a tube —he ran the business." In the final film these specific references are cut. Anna knows of Harry's crimes and has accepted them before Martins arrives. This not only shortens the film, it also plays down the lasting shock of Calloway's revelations. In the film the discovery of Harry's villainy is glossed over this way:

ANNA: He told you, didn't he?
MARTINS: Told me?
ANNA: About Harry.
MARTINS: You know?
ANNA: I've seen Major Calloway today.

This is more than just "the dull shorthand" of a script. It is an alteration that changes character. What is the motivation behind it? Is it just a film-maker's expedient to save time? Is it due to the author, concerned to add dimension to his villain? Or is someone trying, for some ulterior motive, to whitewash Harry Lime?

To follow up this last clue we must backtrack from the film to the book and look into its publishing history, for here, too, there are some interesting transformations, many of them unknown to the author himself.

THE STORY of how *The Third Man* came to be written runs as follows. In late 1947 Alexander Korda asked Greene to write a second film for Carol Reed to follow their successful collaboration on *The Fallen Idol*. Korda had the setting: Vienna under Four-Power occupation, divided into Russian, American, French and British zones with an internationally policed centre, the *Inner Stadt*, the city itself deep within Communist territory, joined to the West by a narrow corridor. "It was this complex situation which Korda wanted to put on film", Greene says in his preface.

At the time all he had to offer Korda was an opening paragraph scratched down years before on the flap of an envelope, an idea which was to provide the key incident, the resurrection of Harry Lime.

Greene went to Vienna in search of the rest of the story in February 1948, and in his new Introduction he tells of his frustration on that first visit as he waited for inspiration that wouldn't come, soaking up detail but unable to discover either plot or character. He had allowed himself two weeks in Vienna. "There were three days left and I had no story, not even the story-teller." Then suddenly, on the day before his departure, things began to fall into place. A young British intelligence officer told him about the Vienna sewer system that undercut the military zones, and they visited the sewers; over lunch he also mentioned the penicillin racket; that night Greene had dinner with his friend, the novelist Elizabeth Bowen, who had come to Vienna, like Benjamin Dexter, to lecture for the British Council. These important elements, together with the opening paragraph and the "bits of photogenic background" he had been absorbing, combined to give Greene his story. He left the next day for Italy via Prague and a Communist revolution. "All was over except the writing." He wrote the story in Venice, and returned to Vienna three months later with Carol Reed to work it up, as we know, into one of the classic films of the cinema.

But what fate was reserved for the original story? It first appeared in abridged form in *The American Magazine* for March 1949. Although the editors announced the story as a "Complete American Mystery Novel" it was, of course, neither American nor complete, nor, strictly speaking, a novel, and Greene prefers "thriller" to "mystery." But it was a fairly straightforward job of condensation. Comparing it with the British edition shows that the story remained intact: no major incident or emphasis was cut or changed and the editor's task, to excise some 5,000 words as invisibly as possible, was neatly and honestly done.

Would that the same care had been taken for the first American publication in book form. This edition, which preceded the British first edition by several months,[2] though less heavily cut than the magazine adaptation, was missing some vital parts and much of the story's original character was altered.

Greene's memory, usually quite sharp about such details, is vague as to the early publishing history of *The Third Man*. He does not remember what became of his author's holograph manuscript and thinks it is now irrecoverable. He cannot recall any special arrangements for American publication except that he was not enthusiastic about seeing the story in print, but concurred when David O. Selznick, the American co-producer, urged that it would be good publicity for the film. He cannot remember ever

[2] The American edition appeared in March 1950, the British in July. The story had, however, been serialised in the London *Daily Express* from 8–29 December 1949, in a form closely matching the *American Magazine* condensation.

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having seen the *American Magazine* condensation and dislikes the idea of abridgments in general, but feels that there may have been something in the film contract that allowed a shortened version without consultation. Nor did he know of the extensive changes made to his story in the American book and now claims to be "horrified" by them.

HIS ORIGINAL STORY was, as we have said, heavily and purposefully reworked. At first sight it appears that the chief motive for the rewrite was political—that some editor had received instructions (from what third man?) to remove any parts of the story referring to tensions between East and West except those absolutely necessary to the plot; for not only were many of Greene's acid observations on American mores expurgated but, more surprisingly, most of his nasty references to the Russians were also eliminated. Rather strange politics to follow at the height of the Cold War and on the eve of the McCarthy era. And the rewrite not only emasculated the story politically but did some injury to it artistically as well.

The changes, over 120 of them, fall into four main groups. The first could be called simply "silly" and are typical of the many inexplicable alterations made to Greene novels in their American editions.[3] Thus, tears roll down Rollo's "face" in the original, but "cheeks" in the American text; his long legs become "gangly" in the US version; a "dreary comedy" becomes "the thing" in the American text; "composer" becomes "pianist"; an "intellectual forelock" becomes an "ardent intellectual forelock"; a chair disappears from in front of the stove in Kurtz's kitchen; and so on. In the American edition Rollo Martins is not sick in the snow after he has heard of Harry's crimes and, as in the film but unlike the original story, Anna fails to take his arm in the last scene.

Such changes, plus a few misprints and incorrect corrections to Greene's grammar, are not significant, just annoying. They do make one wonder, however, how many American editors see themselves as a latter-day Maxwell Perkins. And they raise the larger question of other possible transatlantic tamperings with modern British texts.

Much more interesting are the political intrusions, most made by way of deletions. These are of two kinds, omission of harsh references to Russians, and to Americans. The former are much more numerous.

A score of unkind statements about the Soviets (totalling some 116 lines) are sloughed off. It is as though the American editor had taken as his guide Crabbin's advice to Martins that when speaking in public in Vienna, "no reference should be made to Russia or Communism." (Even this reference is omitted from the American edition.) Of course such wholesale amputation changes the tone of the story and interferes with its credibility. We learn very little, for example, about Russian kidnappings of Hungarians and other non-Soviet nationals taking refuge in the Western zones. We are spared the news that cooperation between East and West "had practically, though not yet completely, broken down." We get no background to the irregularities that occur when the Russians are in charge of the International Zone, nor do we see examples of their readiness to break the rules when it suits their purpose. Incidents of Russian violence and of violence practised against them (even by the British) are hushed up. In short, a rather tough attitude towards the Russians is weakened, a realistic appraisal of their obtuseness and of their obstructive policies is watered down (like Harry Lime's penicillin), and the Soviets are presented in the blandest fashion possible.

This exercise in political prudery goes so far as to eliminate a statement that "it was ruin for a Russian to be observed on very friendly terms with an American or an Englishman"; mention of the fact that the Russians object to having the sewers locked (quite essential to the story); a scene where a Russian soldier bolts from his military police; and references to a Russian MP "pulling a fast one", to his breaking into Anna Schmidt's room, and to his "snatching" her papers (in the American version he politely "takes" them). It even leads to the omission of such phrases as "Mongol face" and "incomprehensible Slav", and rejects the suggestion that Russian monuments in the Vienna cemetery are "tasteless." When recently confronted with these erosions, Greene said, half-jocularly, that had he known of them at the time he would have "reported the firm to Senator McCarthy for pro-Communist leanings."

But at the same time as the Russians are toned down, the Americans are prettied up. The tarts who "cluster around the American Information Office" are discreetly removed. So is the opinion: "You won't find a single member of the Control Commission who hasn't broken the rules." The American, Cooler, wears a hybrid kind of uniform in the British version and seems to hold the rank of Colonel, but the American story runs no risk of besmirching the US military and he is presented without uniform and without rank.

[3] For deformations to the text of *The Heart of the Matter*, see Philip Stratford's article in *Studies in Bibliography* (1978).

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The "military orderlies" who traffic in penicillin also disappear. As for the ordinary G.I. (personified in the story as Pat O'Brien), he is not permitted to say, "You can't trust the Russians"; but in recompense a slighting reference to his selective sense of American chivalry is removed, like a wart in a retouched photograph. Thus, the US public were kindly spared a whiff of Greene's acrid anti-Americanism and were given no advance warning of what was soon to follow with *The Quiet American*.[4]

THE FOURTH TYPE OF OMISSION is one that interferes with the characterisation of "the third man" himself. In the US text Harry Lime is bowdlerised along with the Russians and Americans. An explicit reference to his connection with the International Refugee Office is suppressed. So is the fact that he hides out in the Russian zone and is protected by the Communists because he has been collaborating with them. In the British version, part of this "service" is informing on his girl friend Anna, and when Martins asks what will happen to her if she is picked up by the Russians, Lime coolly replies:

> "Nothing very serious. A year in a labour camp perhaps."

Both the dishourable deed and the cynical observation are omitted from the American edition. Little wonder that a reference to Lime as "a piece of carrion" is also cut.

WHY DID THE American editor soft-pedal Harry Lime as well as Greene's unpleasant remarks about his countrymen and the Russians? When one is familiar with the texts of both film and book, the explanation becomes quite simple. His assignment, in addition to pulling the political teeth of the story, must have been to bring the book into line with the film. In the original story Harry Lime is British, so there is no real need to make him politically clean. In the film version, however, he had become a US citizen. So, perhaps according to the strange directives received from an unnamed third party, it became necessary to go easy on Harry Lime on two counts: first as a protected American, and second as someone having dealings with Greene's too wicked Russians.

This takes us back to that uncertain relationship between the book and the film. One thing is certain: the mysterious third man was not Korda's co-producer, David O. Selznick. In the preface to his collected film criticism Greene tells of his first meeting with the Hollywood film magnate. "Listen, boys", was Selznick's opener, "who the hell is going to a film called *The Third Man*? . . . You can do better than that, Graham." (Greene winces at the memory of a stranger calling him by his first name.) ". . . I'm no writer, but you are. Now what we want . . . is something like *Night in Vienna*, a title which will bring them in."

As the film developed Selznick became very self-righteous about what he considered to be "acceptable" to an American public. On 16 October 1948, after he had read the *Second Draft Script*, he sent a telegram to Betty Goldsmith, his Foreign Coordinator, in which he stated that the script, though "BASICALLY A VERY GOOD SCRIPT" and "AS KORDA SAID, A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THE PRIOR DRAFT", was "NOT SATISFACTORY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE PRICE OF THE PICTURE OR ITS ACCEPTABILITY TO AMERICAN AUDIENCES." In the telegram he demanded that Reed be made "PERSONALLY FAMILIAR, AND IN DETAIL, WITH OUR RIGHTS UNDER THE CONTRACT", and said it was "ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL THAT THERE BE AN AMERICAN WRITER ON THE JOB . . . WHO CAN MAKE THE DIALOGUE ACCEPTABLE FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT, EVEN IF IT IS NOT AS GOOD AS IT SHOULD BE." He continued:

> I CERTAINLY AM GOING TO INSIST UPON CERTAIN BASIC THINGS ON WHICH I SPENT MANY, MANY . . . HOURS OF WRANGLING IN ORDER TO GET REED'S AND GREENE'S AGREEMENT; THUS, FOR INSTANCE, THE SCRIPT IS WRITTEN AS THOUGH ENGLAND WERE THE SOLE OCCUPYING POWER OF VIENNA, WITH SOME RUSSIANS VAGUELY IN THE DISTANCE; WITH AN OCCASIONAL FRENCHMAN WANDERING AROUND; AND WITH, MOST IMPORTANT FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THIS CRITICISM, THE ONLY AMERICAN BEING AN OCCASIONAL SOLDIER WHO APPARENTLY IS MERELY PART OF THE BRITISH OCCUPYING FORCE, PLUS THE HEAVY (LIME), PLUS THE HERO (WHO IS CANADIAN IN SOME SCENES AND AMERICAN IN OTHERS), PLUS ANOTHER AMERICAN HEAVY NAMED TYLER. AND, JUST TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE AMERICAN HERO . . . IS COMPLETELY SUBJECT TO THE ORDERS AND INSTRUCTIONS OF THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES, AND BEHAVES AS THOUGH THERE WERE NO AMERICAN WHATSOEVER AMONG THE OCCUPYING POWERS, NOR ANY AMERICAN AUTHORITY, AND INDEED AS FAR AS THIS PICTURE IS CONCERNED, THERE IS NONE. IT WOULD BE LITTLE SHORT OF DISGRACEFUL ON OUR PART AS AMERICANS IF WE TOLERATED THIS NONSENSICAL HANDLING OF THE FOUR-POWER OCCUPATION OF VIENNA. . . .

[4] Moviegoers who saw Joseph Mankiewicz's film *The Quiet American* (1957) were spared a good deal too, for Greene's story was completely inverted to make the American villain, Alden Pyle, its true-blue hero.

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I WENT THROUGH THIS AT THE GREATEST LENGTH AND IN THE GREATEST DETAIL WITH REED AND WITH GREENE, AND COME HELL OR HIGH WATER, I SIMPLY WILL NOT STAND FOR IT IN ITS PRESENT FORM. . . .

I AM SURE THAT KORDA TOLD THEM I KNEW MY BUSINESS, AND THAT THEY COULD COUNT ON GETTING INTELLIGENT AND HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FROM ME; BUT TO FOLLOW ONLY WHAT THEY SAW FIT TO FOLLOW. . . . I SPENT COUNTLESS HOURS GOING THROUGH WITH REED AND GREENE, AND GETTING AGREEMENT ON, THE TREATMENT OF THE WHOLE BACKGROUND OF VIENNA TODAY, TO GIVE THE PICTURE SIZE, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, TO GIVE IT UNDERSTANDABILITY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AMERICAN AUDIENCES. WE LAID OUT IN THE GREATEST DETAIL SCENES OF THE CHANGING OF AUTHORITY FROM ONE OCCUPYING POWER TO ANOTHER, WITH THE FOUR POWERS IN TURN CHANGING IN THE CHAIR; AND IN ORDER THAT THIS MIGHT NOT BE EXTRANEOUS MATERIAL, WE WENT TO THE GREATEST PAINS TO MAKE THIS MATERIAL BACKGROUND OF THE PERSONAL STORY, AND TO TIE IT IN WITH THE PERSONAL STORY. WE FRANKLY MADE THE RUSSIANS THE HEAVIES, IN PURSUIT OF THE GIRL. ALL OF THIS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED, EVEN WHAT WAS IN THE ORIGINAL SCRIPT. WE MUST INSIST UPON ITS RETURN, FOR PATRIOTIC REASONS, FOR PURPOSES OF THE PICTURE'S IMPORTANCE AND SIZE . . . AND FOR PURPOSES OF OUR UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON IN VIENNA THAT THESE THINGS CAN BE HAPPENING?[5]

When David O. Selznick issued a bull, it was usually observed in unqualified obedience. But Greene and Reed appear to have managed their own show with a fine Gallican contempt for edicts from Hollywood. No writer was hired to Americanise the dialogue. True, Tyler's citizenship was changed to Rumanian, but the American presence in Vienna was not made obvious as Selznick had requested and the Four-Power occupation of the city was only clarified much later when the film's opening was reshot at the London Film Studios at Shepperton, England, as much for aesthetic reasons as for any other. In fact, if we check alterations made after Selznick's telegram, we see that practically nothing of what he so vehemently required was done. On the contrary, instead of the Russians becoming "HEAVIES" or even remaining as heavy as they had been in the original story, they were lightened in the film (though not almost blurred out as in the published American text).

THIS CAN BEST BE SEEN in the episode where the Russians try to kidnap Anna, which, Greene tells us, "was eliminated at a fairly late stage because it was not satisfactorily tied into the screen play."[6] Another reason Greene gives for the omission of this "perfectly plausible" incident was that it threatened to turn the film into a propagandist picture.

> "We had no desire to move people's political emotions [he writes], we wanted to entertain them, to frighten them a little, to make them laugh."

On the surface this may seem a plausible explanation. It certainly is a non-political one. But is Greene not a little disingenuous when he would have us believe that it was possible to set a film in post-War Vienna, a British and American co-production at that, and keep politics out? We might speculate that he and Reed softened the Russian image in the film as a direct counter-reaction to Selznick's stormy Cold War attitude. Or that since they had taken steps to humanise the American villain, they decided to restore the balance by de-villainising the Russians too. But even keeping a balance is a political act; it all depends on where the fulcrum is.

AT ANY RATE, though Selznick had a point about the low American profile in Greene's Vienna, Reed and Greene had their way. Selznick's telegram certainly indicates that he expected to have greater influence than he did, and if his expectations were justified Greene and Reed may have been lucky to get away with making so few political concessions. How did they manage it?

According to Greene, a legal loophole helped. The contract stipulated that the American co-producer should be consulted at least 60 days before the shooting began. It did not specify, however, that consultation necessarily lead to compliance with Selznick's requests. Greene says that Reed played a waiting game. Selznick arrived at conferences eager to reach binding agreements, complete with a stenographer to make a transcript of their conversation. To each of Selznick's demands Reed would say, "Yes, well, of course Graham and I will look into that . . .", or "We'll take that into consider-

[5] Selznick's telegrams are quoted from Rudy Behlmer, ed., *Memo From David O. Selznick* (1973).

[6] Some of the kidnapping incident did find its way to the screen, but no more than threats of extradition, and Alexis Chesnakov as Colonel Brodsky was not particularly heavy. In the American text almost half the scene is suppressed.

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ation. . . ." Selznick left them 40 pages of suggestions for changes. With Korda's complete approval, says Greene, Reed put the document in a drawer and they never looked at it.

That may throw a little more light on those "interminable transformations" from story to film. It also stresses that the history of the making of *The Third Man* is riddled with Cold War and cinema politics. Even the date of the American *première* was changed three times because of a dispute between Selznick and Korda over distribution rights. When *The Third Man* finally did open in New York in February 1950, it had already won the *Grand Prix* for the best feature film at the 1949 Cannes Festival and was well known to audiences in England where it had opened in London five months earlier. Perhaps we should note here that after getting rave reviews in London and New York the film was not well received in Vienna where it was first shown on 10 March 1950. As if to prove how difficult it is simply to entertain, the Communist paper in that city claimed it was "hot with anti-Russian propaganda and the philosophy of modern gangsters."

FINALLY, A WORD about Anton Karas's music. Though Greene had associated "a signature tune" with Harry Lime from the beginning, Reed's late discovery of the zither player was a lucky find. The haunting notes create a sense of Lime's presence throughout the film and help to build that atmosphere of romantic nostalgia and fear which Greene had found in Vienna. On 25 November 1949, Selznick reported the music to be:

> RAGE OF ENGLAND AND HAS ALREADY SOLD MORE RECORD COPIES THAN ANY OTHER RECORD IN ENTIRE HISTORY OF RECORD BUSINESS IN ENGLAND. . . . IT IS ONE OF THOSE UNPREDICTABLE, TREMENDOUS SENSATIONS THAT I CANNOT EXPECT ANY OF YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHO HAVE NOT BEEN HERE. ENTIRELY UNRELATED NEWSPAPER ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS, EVEN ON POLITICS, CONTINUALLY REFER TO IT. INEVITABLY, THIS SUCCESS WILL BE REPEATED AMERICA IF WE ARE PREPARED FOR IT. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE FORTUNE OUT OF THIS MUSIC.

The prestige of Cannes and the prospect of profit may have mollified Selznick when he realised, as he must have, that Greene and Reed had rolled with his punches. Presumably box-office receipts gave him the kick that really counted while Greene and Reed found theirs elsewhere. Or did they? We will probably never know: Selznick, Reed, and Korda are gone; and Greene remains as cryptic as ever. But the story of turning *The Third Man* into film stands as a classic case-history of what can happen when in the great arena of contemporary culture the armies of finance, art and politics clash by night.

AS FOR THE NO LESS INTRIGUING HISTORY of the book, there is one outstanding question: who edited the American text? The only new light shed on this enigma comes from Marshall Best, then General Manager of The Viking Press, Greene's American publisher from *Brighton Rock* (1938) to *A Sort of Life* (1971). According to Best, Viking decided to publish *The Third Man* only after a deal had been struck with the American reprint company, Bantam Books, to issue a paperback to coincide with the release of the film.[7] Reluctant to lose a Greene title, even a minor one, Viking apparently agreed to produce a trade edition, took over Bantam proofs and, rushing a bit, published their hardcover a week or so before the 25-cent Bantam paperback. This seems to throw the onus of the bad text (and the identity of the third man) on someone at Bantam, or on someone in the Selznick Releasing Organization who provided the manuscript, while not completely exonerating Viking for failing to check the product.

When his memory was recently jogged by these details, Greene allowed that his own reluctance to see the story printed at all may have been grudgingly overcome by the Bantam-Viking offer. He did write a preface for the Viking edition (dated Boston, February 1950) but he must never have taken the deal seriously enough to read the American proofs, if he ever saw them. In keeping with the tone of the preface, later used with only a few alterations for the first British edition, Greene has consistently downgraded the story (it has never appeared alone in Britain but always in company with some other *nouvelle*, either *Loser Takes All* or *The Fallen Idol*); and it may be that this jaded attitude has helped cloud his memory.

Despite his disfavour, the prodigal *Third Man* has been as successful as some of his more serious novels and in fact may be something of a publishing milestone as one of the first of that new genre, "the-book-of-the-film." But which book? That is the question. And it is compounded by the matter of its foreign circulation. If only the

[7] The Bantam text is described on the front cover of the paperback (showing Joseph Cotten and Valli, but not Orson Welles) as "the whole new book on which the movie is based . . . complete and unabridged", and "complete and unabridged" is repeated on the back.

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American *Third Man* had stayed at home; but like many other American products it soon invaded world markets. To speak only of translations into the languages of the occupying powers and of the occupied, the West German translation is based on the British original (the book is not available in East Germany); the French edition[8] comes from the US text; and the Russian translation is also derived from the American version.

So, like the spread of Hilton Hotels behind the Iron Curtain, the corrupt American *Third Man* has had an unexpectedly wide currency. As to the debate over the relative merits of film and book, we have seen that in some cases the script improved the story; in others (the opening, for example) the story's approach, after many attempted alterations, proved to be best. The film may indeed be "the finished state of the story"; but in its first state *The Third Man* is still part of Greene's *oeuvre* and deserves to be known as it was written.[9]

[8] Marcelle Sibon's translation also contains some interesting transformations.

Trying, as every translator does, to domesticate the wild original to suit her readers' tastes, she has Martins eat *une saucisse* on his stopover at Frankfurt airport instead of a hamburger; has Anna taking French instead of English lessons at the British Council (which she calls *l'Institut*); calls Benjamin Dexter, "the Christian writer", an *écrivain catholique*; and substitutes "Morgan" (Charles Morgan) for "Layman" (John Lehmann) in a literary discussion.

She interprets Greene's "sixth-former" as *élève de sixième* (six years younger), allows Martins to grow *une barbe de plusieurs jours* in several hours, renders Joyce's "stream of consciousness" by *l'orientation de la conscience morale*, and while delicately translating "middle-aged" as *jeune mais pas de la première jeunesse*, makes up for this true Gallic *élan* by supplying *un coup de massue* (a blow like a sledge-hammer) for the more restrained British "a bit of a shock."

[9] The text of the Collected Edition conforms to that of the Uniform Edition except that it corrects a misprint or two and substitutes "British Council" for "British Cultural Relations Society." All editions, with the exception of *The Portable Graham Greene* (Viking, 1973), contain a basic error in hydrodynamics. In all of them Martins walks "upstream" in the sewer to find Harry Lime who, elusive as ever, has just jumped into the current and must have gone the other way.

A patient old cripple

When I am out of sorts with the things
The world is made of, and box lids
Come off with a jerk sideways, scattering
The little things I can't pick up,
Screws and buttons, bits of paper, pencils,
I think how I so loved the world once, as did someone else,
And remember hands that are beautiful—in pictures:
Soft and straight; fingers with tender pink nails;
And hips and legs an advantage, not crisis, in women.
Then I think
To birds my hands would not be hideous
A useful claw (they would see) not white
And strengthless and slabby and straight—so unprehensile.
The hand of my grandchild and mine are the same thing
As a word said differently is the same at root.
I curse the world that blunders into me, and hurts
But know
Its bad fit is the best that we can do.

Jenny Joseph

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NOTES & TOPICS

After 25 Years

Stalin's Legacy

By Milovan Djilas

IF ONE REGARDS success as the decisive yardstick in politics, then Stalin was probably the most successful politician of his time. Stalin reigned for the best part of 30 years. He secured his régime, the industrialisation of his country, strengthened the social order he inherited from Lenin, led the Soviet state he took over into international politics, and expanded its borders and spheres of influence to a very considerable extent.

If, however, the broadening of human relations and human freedoms represent the yardstick in politics, then Stalin was surely the cruellest and most efficient tyrant of all times. Out of ideological prejudices and a personal craving for power, he destroyed dozens of millions of people. The exact number of his victims is still being argued about, but the estimates vary between 20 and 60 millions of his own Soviet citizens. He reduced one of the great cultures to the level of apologetics and idol-worship. He inspired hatred and fear in the whole of humanity.

And if we intend to measure the importance of a statesman by the durability of his works, then we can say today with full justification: Stalin's works and Stalin's crimes still continue to have an effect. They will continue to have an effect for as long as the idea of striving towards a "scientific ideology", that is, towards power as an instrument for building a "new society" and a "new man", remains active. In many respects our time is still the time of Stalin. Stalin's legacy still weighs heavily on humanity.

5 MARCH was the 25th anniversary of Stalin's death. Among those who had close experience of the Soviet dictator was the Yugoslav Milovan Djilas. He broke with Communism in 1954, but between 1944 and 1948, as a member of the Belgrade Politburo and close advisor to Tito, he met Stalin seven times in the Kremlin (and recorded his experiences in his book "Conversations with Stalin", published in 1960).

NO OTHER REVOLUTIONARY LEADER of the Russian multi-racial state has ever risen from such social depths as Stalin did: from the poverty and misery of the little Georgian town of Gori, the son of a worker—of a cobbler—who was beaten to death while drunk. When Stalin began to climb the ladder of power, he shone by virtue of nothing more than his perseverance and tirelessness. He had to conquer his more celebrated and intellectually superior rivals in the Bolshevik leadership and establish the cult of his own personality.

Lenin was not forced to do this, because he was already the unquestioned leader before the seizure of power. But from the beginning Stalin commanded a will and an intellect of a power we find in no other Bolshevik leader—except in Lenin. Of course we cannot put the two on the same level. Lenin was more refined, more comprehensive, more profound in all things. But Stalin's will was more realistic. For stubbornness and treacherousness among the revolutionaries there was none who could hold a candle to him. In revolutionaries we often find either Idealism or Machiavellianism. Sometimes however—and these are the most successful revolutionaries—both these qualities are united in one person.

LENIN AND STALIN united both in themselves—ideology and power. Lenin developed ideology as the inspiration for the rise of his movement to power. Stalin, however, codified ideology from the beginning. Already in his earliest youth, in his first ideological treatises, Stalin was insisting on "ideological unity" as the necessary pre-condition for the new Marxist revolutionary party; then he became the first codifier of Leninism.

Two months after Lenin's death in 1924, Stalin published his work *On the Principles of Leninism* which, in my view, played a crucial part in consolidating Leninism. Stalin grasped more quickly and clearly than anybody else the desire of the Communist Party to transform itself into a privileged level of society in the territory it had conquered. In this way he put himself at the head of this "priviligentsia." All the others submitted to him or adapted themselves, because power was already secured. Yet it was precisely this that was the bloodiest and the others submitted to him or adapted themselves, because power was already secured. Yet

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it was precisely this that was the bloodiest and more terrible undertaking. Stalin had to assert himself by destroying the old classes and social relations—and he had to confirm his personal position by destroying the faithful in his own ranks.

It is foolish and pointless to put Lenin and Stalin side by side, yet on the other hand it would be ridiculous and mere illusion to try and separate them. Lenin and Stalin are not the same, but they are not so different from one another as to be opposites. There is nothing—from the concentration camps to "ideological unity", from pressurising artists to national expansionism —which Stalin developed and distorted that Lenin had not previously established and perfected.

Stalin is a phase in Communism, as Lenin, Kautsky and Marx before him were phases. Very often, confronted with the insanity of Stalinist terror and the "discrepancy" between Soviet society and the "scientific" theory, Western Communists separate Lenin from Stalin. This is the panic of ideologised consciousness when confronted with reality, and it unrealistically ignores Stalin and Stalinism in its theory of knowledge and methodology.

The Lenin cult is today only a modification of the abolished Stalin cult. Soviet theory does not divorce Stalin from Lenin, but merely mentions the "mistakes" of the former and his "deviations." There is a reason for this (even though much of it sounds absurd). In the Soviet Union the total lawlessness of Stalinism has been combated or at least contained—above all, the total terror waged against the bureaucratic level of Party officialdom.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE STALIN CULT was begun by the ruling stratum, and it has hardly got beyond the problem of securing this stratum from the arbitrary use of power and the setting up of "Leninist norms" in the Party and for the Party. This is too little, even if it is not without significance. The people will not get to see the crumbs of law and justice if the ruling class are not in a position to enjoy these two achievements first themselves. The absolute power and arbitrary use of it by the secret police have not been abolished; but they are no longer the instrument of a manic and power-crazed personality. The Soviet Union has returned to the "authoritative" control of oligarchy, and in doing so has preserved its totalitarian powers in the most important and most vital areas: namely, in its monopoly of consciousness and of the economy. But even in these areas its image has been tarnished.

IDEOLOGY IS STILL a means of intimidation and a ritual code, although it has been extinguished as a creed. When faced with complex requirements, however, the "socialist" economy is inefficient to such a degree that the monopoly of political power acquired through it is threatened by the rise of individual and parallel economic practices. Stalinism in the Soviet Union has been suppressed above all as an extreme, as a style in the top echelons of the Party. Yet the Bolshevik political substance is still largely Stalinist, i.e. Leninist, since Stalin was of course the legatee of Lenin.

The legacy and burden of Stalinism are manifesting themselves today in intellectual stagnation and economic inefficiency as well as in the accumulation of sheer physical military might. This is happening above all because the ruling stratum is so ossified and unsure of itself that it does not have the capacity to deal rationally with its own Stalinist-Leninist realities.

Nowhere, however, is the Stalinist legacy so active and effective in a repressive way as in Soviet foreign relations. Stalin transformed the early Soviet version of internationalism into the full imperialism of the Soviet state. In doing so, he used the darker and exploitative side of Russian nationalism. Soviet bureaucracy united with Russian chauvinism and thus assured itself an active and inexhaustible supporting base. Ideology justified the "permanence" of a condition of subjection for Eastern European "neighbours." But now Soviet military might is beginning to spread across the whole globe.

YET THE EMPIRE OF STALINISM is beginning to disintegrate from within. The countries of East Europe are today already intellectually independent—and it is now only contingent on the international balance of power when this fact will bear fruit politically. Pro-Soviet internationalism has decayed into national brands of communism; the Soviet-Leninist ideology finds most sympathy today with military dictators. The world, however, lives in anxiety and in fear of Soviet imperialism.

The contradictions and irrationalities are piling up both outside and within. But the Soviet social order is not only strong enough to support them; it is structured in such a way as to repress all rational, democratic alternatives. In so doing, it is itself incapable of adapting to the living requirements of the times—although tendencies towards a strong *Vozhd* or to spontaneous unrest seem very possible, in theory at least.

TODAY, ESPECIALLY IN THE WEST, it is regarded as fashionable to accept conditions in the Soviet Union as something unavoidable,

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for pragmatic (perhaps even commercial) reasons, since in this case one is supposedly dealing with a peculiarity of the Russian character and of Russian history. This attitude weakens and obscures the beliefs and demobilises the forces which seek to offer resistance to Soviet imperialism; it also encourages the Soviet leadership to suppress inner tensions through foreign political adventures. This attitude is also, however, an injustice to the Russians and a betrayal of Russian democracy.

The present order in the USSR rests undoubtedly on bureaucratic and imperialist characteristics in the tradition of Russian "oriental despotism." But the reduction of the Russians and of Russian history to this one component is as simplistic as it is unjust. The Russian people like every other is striving for freedom and human rights of its own accord.

In Russia, as elsewhere, authoritarian and libertarian trends have constantly collided with one another. The misfortune of Russia was, and still is today, that inevitable technological progress was brought to her by despotic forces, through which despotism expanded and took root. Nor could Stalin suffocate the "European" forms and "Western" tendencies of socialism; and today new life is breathing in them. The Russians deserve affection and respect as other peoples do—not only on account of their sufferings and their artistic creativity, but also because of their unrelenting sacrifices for freedom. That is why we must help the Russians—with ideas and political influence—against those irrational, tyrannical, and conquest-hungry forces which still rule over them and dominate their bleak lives.

A SIMILAR, BLATANT INJUSTICE is committed by those extremist reactionaries who darkly identify Leninism (i.e. Stalinism), with socialism, even with a pluralistic social democracy. Such a myopic exploitation of the terrors of Stalinism actually leads to a narrowing and a weakening of the front against Stalinism. "Anti-communism" as an ideology or as the single *Weltanschauung* is nothing more than the other side of the Stalinist coin.

The question whether or not there is socialism in the Soviet Union is a doctrinaire question. Soviet reality in no way corresponds to any socialist theory whatsoever. It is also, I feel, doctrinaire to ask whether socialism or the classless society is a utopia or a real possibility. Undoubtedly the desire for equality is in man's "nature", and beneath the inequalities of society is hidden a longing for the ideal of equality.

In my opinion, various democratic socialist elements have already intruded themselves into the realities in our Eastern part of Europe—in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia, but also elsewhere—and, what is more, as a practical alternative to revolts and wars. Stalinism, however, continues to cast its shadow, if in modified Leninist disguise. The open-eyed struggle against it is unavoidable, if the people are to be spared the violence of blind fate.

Britain Since Beveridge

Old Myths & New Insights—By MAX BELOFF

SOME THIRTY YEARS ago, the Clarendon Press published a handsome volume entitled *The Character of England*.[1] With few illusions as to the economic and other difficulties arising from the War so recently ended, the scholars and public figures who contributed their chapters on the different aspects of English life and institutions nevertheless revealed a solid confidence in the future. The English who had come through so much possessed the capacity to overcome the newest range of problems. Indeed they might still point the way forward for others:

> The question of how to reconcile the freedom of the individual with the claims of the community is a world question. May it not be that England holds in her hands the answer? Far from being, as is so often asserted in these days, the outdistanced competitor in the race of history, the small, antiquated country, obscured by the power of the giant communities of East and West, may it not be that England is the predestined mediator between the past and the future? The earliest solver of the crucial problem which faces mankind today, she is still capable of solving it in its latest manifestation, provided only that she does not, by her own act, dry up the sources of her strength by weakening the sense of responsibility of the individual Englishman for his own acts and for his own future.[2]

Yet even the proviso was not something that the far-seeing could take for granted. Another

[1] *The Character of England* (Clarendon Press, 1947).
[2] The writer is Richard Law, MP, later Lord Coleraine.

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contributor, the historian G. M. Young, pointed out that the historic parties of the 19th century had done their work successfully:

> They had between them maintained the stability of the political fabric through changes which might have been convulsive, with such amendments as public opinion demanded or approved. And that opinion was, on the whole, the opinion of those in whom the doctrines of self-help and personal liberty were ingrained. But if the rewards of self-help were to be progressively confiscated for the benefit of the less fortunate: if individual liberty was to be increasingly restricted by authority, central or local, by laws and by-laws, was there not a danger that, as the incentive lessened, the springs of energy might fail? On the whole it seemed that to be under-regulated suited the English temper better than to be over-regulated: to be under-cared for better than to be over-cared for. How much can you take from people—whether of money or authority—and leave them working their hardest for the rest? How much can you do for people and be sure that what remains they will do for themselves?

THE PROBLEMS POSED by these two writers had been part of the long struggle to work out a consistent social philosophy on the part of the man—William Beveridge—who has as good a claim as anyone to be regarded as the father of the "Welfare State"; though he himself, as we learn from José Harris' admirable biography,[3] did not like the term and preferred "social service state" as less passive in its connotations.

In the course of a long career in public life, Beveridge's own convictions passed through a number of stages. Before the First World War, as an advocate of social insurance and of the better organisation of the labour market, he shared the conviction of 19th-century social reformers that the production of wealth must be left to individual initiative and that the role of the state was to improve not hamper the workings of the market, and to assist only those whose misfortunes were the product of circumstances outside their own control. Yet, as with other protagonists of "national efficiency" and of the unqualified belief in the organising abilities of a disinterested élite, he became in the conditions of the First World War an advocate and successful practitioner of a very high level of state intervention in both production and distribution.

After the dismantling of the Wartime apparatus, Beveridge became increasingly worried lest in the new situation in which labour had acquired greater bargaining power it would use it to whittle down the flexibility that the economy required if it was to adjust to new conditions, and became for a time a leading protagonist of the classical economists' approach. Like many others, he was shaken in his beliefs by the Great Depression and became once more an advocate of planning. Indeed his economic thinking at the time of the Beveridge Report itself, with its implicit commitment to full employment, was clearly socialist—accepting the Webbs' view of the merits of Soviet planning without their inability to count or deplore its political cost. Yet when he went on in a personal capacity to study the problem of full employment, Beveridge swung over to the belief that socialist planning might after all be dispensed with in favour of the Keynesian approach which he had earlier rejected as insufficiently attentive to the particular and differing needs of individual industries, groups, and regions.

THE BIOGRAPHER can find personal bridges to cross the chasms thus revealed. At all times, Beveridge remained an élitist, wishing to leave scope for voluntary action but doubtful about the wisdom of politicians and deeply suspicious of the role of interest groups. He was sometimes at ease with bureaucrats, never with trade unionists; and happier with figures than with either. The other linking factor was the reiterated belief that in the long run the advance of the social sciences would provide universally acceptable answers to the problems of society. Yet, as Dr Harris shows, his work as a social scientist—the historian of prices—was quite separate from his practical tasks as a social reformer. Dogmatically empirical in one domain, Beveridge was unrepentantly committed to abstract propositions when it came to advocating courses of action. Then the statistics were used only to underpin arguments to which he was already committed.

To summarise Dr Harris' book in this way is to do an injustice to a remarkable achievement. Biographies of those who have affected the course of history largely through their opinions are rarer than those of men of action—and harder to write. Of those more or less contemporary with Beveridge, only Keynes has received comparable treatment—but Sir Roy Harrod's life (1951) was written too close to the events, and is too much suffused by personal affection and some degree of hero-worship to provide a true parallel. On the other hand, it can be argued that what society makes of its thinkers and even of its practical reformers may be of more moment than what they were themselves.

IT DID SEEM for a couple of years during the War that the post-War era was going to be dominated by Beveridge's ideas—that after the failures, real or alleged, of the inter-War years, this time the chance of building a better society would not be

[3] *William Beveridge: A Biography*. By JOSÉ HARRIS. Oxford University Press: Clarendon Press, £9.50.

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allowed to slip away. The extension of social insurance, the provision of a complete health service, the coming of family allowances as a means of eradicating one root cause of poverty (though not, as Beveridge argued in an earlier more race-conscious phase, for eugenic purposes), and the commitment to full employment, with the "new towns" housing policy thrown in—all these pointed to an era of social fulfilment and to the reduction of those elements of conflict and prejudice in British society that Beveridge saw as even more important than the material deprivation out of which they sprang.

In dealing with the subsequent decades of disappointment Dr Harris can of course show that in some important respects the Beveridge model for the social services was not fully translated into action. But if it had been, the financial constraints would have bitten harder and sooner. What was lacking was not imagination as to how individuals or groups might be helped but about the reconciliation of such help with problems of the British economy even more fundamental than those that had been foreseen. Beveridge's earlier worries have been to some extent substantiated. Aspects of social provision may in fact militate against economic flexibility, and in a society wedded to differentials at all levels, the transfer of resources to those who need them more is a political rather than an administrative problem—and Beveridge (only briefly a politician) showed little feeling for the political impediments to administrative solutions.

In G. M. Young's phraseology, the English have come to be over-regulated rather than under-regulated—the "social democracy" which better expresses Beveridge's final position than his nominal liberalism is still much influenced by the later Beveridge. And since "social democracy" has—whichever party was in office—been the dominant creed of the post-War years, it is still not altogether extravagant to regard them as the Beveridge Era.

WE ARE FORTUNATE in being able to see how Britain looks from the point of view of someone who wholly accepts the "social democratic" consequences of Beveridge in Peter Calvocoressi's new study of the last three decades.[4] In this work, Mr Calvocoressi examines the various areas of policy and the problems and discussions to which they have given rise, with relatively little attention to the rise and fall of governments—understandable in the light of his conclusion that there has been no serious alternative to the Welfare State and the Mixed Economy. The result is to play down the serious criticisms made of them by both the Right and the Left and to give little attention to alternative explanations of what went wrong.

Naturally, Mr Calvocoressi is stronger on some aspects of policy than on others. With his own background in the study of international relations, he is better placed than most to see the extent to which all claims to "manage" the British economy, whether Keynesian or monetarist in inspiration, ran up against the blunt fact that with an economy so dependent upon external trade and services as the British, many of the most important elements in any situation are outside British control altogether. It is the more surprising that he pays no attention to the important current in the Labour Party which accepts this view, and actually goes on to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to diminish the role of external factors by going over to some kind of "siege economy." In this sense North Sea oil, which we owe to the risk-taking proclivities of the "multinationals", may prove more important for the impetus it has given to "socialism" than for what it may do for the phantom army of Scottish nationalism.

In one important area of controversy, however—education—Mr Calvocoressi's contribution to its presentation and analysis is vitiated by a very uncertain grasp both of the historical background

[4] *The British Experience* 1945–75. By PETER CALVOCORESSI. Bodley Head, £6.50.

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in this country and of the international context in which it must be seen. If Mr Calvocoressi seriously believes that the French *Grandes Écoles* and *ENA* provides a bigger catchment area for talent and is therefore less "élitist" in the opprobrious sense of the word than the grammar-school/Oxbridge path to the civil service (now in process of being killed off by the "comprehensive" triumph) he should really ask some informed Frenchman how the system works.

On the central issue of the relationship between economic performance and the struggle for social justice, Mr Calvocoressi has some useful things to say, though his panegyric of the Health Service in its undiluted form reveals that he has never faced the core problem of how one can have a rational distribution of free goods. The compromises with the universality of the original Beveridge proposals do not reflect reactionary sentiments in favour of "means tests", but arise simply from the reflection that while much has been done for the generality, the hard core of poverty has been much less affected by the advent of the "Welfare State" than was hoped for by its pioneers. Mr Calvocoressi produces familiar statistics to show that Britain remains a country of great inequalities of income and still more of property. Yet it is hard to reconcile this notion of a vast propertyless majority with the fact which he himself produces in another context—namely, that over half British householders own their homes. He talks as though cars, television sets, washing-machines, and so on were not also property, just as much as shares or old masters.

Richard Crossman, who by the end of his ministerial career knew a great deal about the social services (including Health and Housing), was surely right to point out that socialists who had inherited a doctrine in which a privileged minority was pictured as oppressing the majority were now confronted with a situation in which the majority was privileged and found it hard to do what was needful for what was now a minority, and a large one. In this context also, Mr Calvocoressi's somewhat anodyne remarks about the future of race relations in this country, based on the belief that this is a problem now behind us, would need rethinking, just as he is again surely over-optimistic in holding that we are on the eve of a final withdrawal from any British concern with any part of Ireland.

HE MAY WELL BE RIGHT in saying that what has gone wrong with the progress towards the complete Welfare State is that it was predicated on uninterrupted growth at a very high rate so that the necessary resources would come out of additional wealth and not have to be found by reducing other people's standards of living.

> It is in short impossible to develop a welfare state without class conflict unless the national cake is getting bigger all the time. The one telling argument against the welfare state is that it generates class conflict.

And this brings one back to the reasons for the failure to achieve the higher productivity which would make growth possible.

Mr Calvocoressi is no economist though he has an enviable facility for presenting economic issues in simple non-technical language. What is missing in his analysis arises from failures of observation, not from weaknesses in argument. In his treatment of trade unions and their role, he says nothing about the unionisation of the public services and their role as pressure groups in favour of extending the area of governmental activity, and along their own preferred lines. So also in dealing with the economy, Mr Calvocoressi looks at the larger and less successful concerns (public or private) and does not pay much attention to areas which have in fact seen remarkable growth and shown remarkable adaptability to changing conditions (Britain's agriculture, for instance).

He does not consider the extent to which, given reasonable market conditions and access to capital, the old incentives to good performance still work. He does not take into account the impact of the incidence of taxation upon the possibility of building up small concerns on the basis of their own profits. It is all very well to deplore the role of the remote financier—but the reason that people have to seek finance on the money market arises largely from the fact that they are increasingly unable to accumulate it for themselves.

ONCE AGAIN, Mr Calvocoressi's lack of historical perspective leads him to underrate the role of taxation in creating the economic (and, indeed, social) climate. Mr Calvocoressi, who approaches the problems created by the peculiar nature of the British trade-union movement with the kid gloves appropriate to a social democrat, says of Mr Heath's ill-fated but rightly inspired attempt to limit their depredations that "it did more to undermine the rule of law than any Act of Parliament of modern times." It would be truer to say that what *has* undermined the rule of law is the successive inroads made by the Inland Revenue on people's command of their own earnings—leading to tax-evasion at the top of the social scale and massive and understandable "moonlighting" lower down. (It is curious again that Mr Calvocoressi pays no attention to the indices of crime as relevant to an account of British social conditions and attitudes.) Unwilling and unable to face the arguments of market economists or the lessons of the past as to the

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sources of economic growth and decline, Mr Calvocoressi is left with two familiar whipping boys—technologically untrained management and work-shy workers.

No evidence is provided that British engineers and other technologists are less well-trained or less numerous than their counterparts in other countries, or that Britain's inventive genius has run dry. What has been lacking has been the appropriate economic environment for the deployment of their skills in this country. Over and over again, British initiatives are taken up elsewhere and technological advances blocked by trade-union Luddism. The idea that there is something missing "educationally" (because of an alleged domination of humane studies) hardly stands up to the fact that our technological institutions are besieged (much to the disgust of socialist xenophobes) by students from other countries where they can see profitable openings for the skills we impart.

As for the work-shy, Mr Calvocoressi takes the view—dismal for a social democrat—that once you eliminate by welfare measures the threat of hunger, there is no reason why people should give of their best to hard and disagreeable jobs. So we come up with the fashionable nostrum of "participation." But is not this the old illusion about the virtues of nationalisation in an up-dated form? Men would not work "to swell the profits of shareholders", so let them work for the Good of All. Yet nationalisation has clearly not improved labour relations where they were bad already. Is it seriously suggested that some form of "participation" by which "representatives" of the workers (that is to say, union officials, if we take the Bullock model) help guide the policy of companies would give any serious extra degree of psychological satisfaction to the rank-and-file of the work force whose own jobs would be no pleasanter and no less daunting?

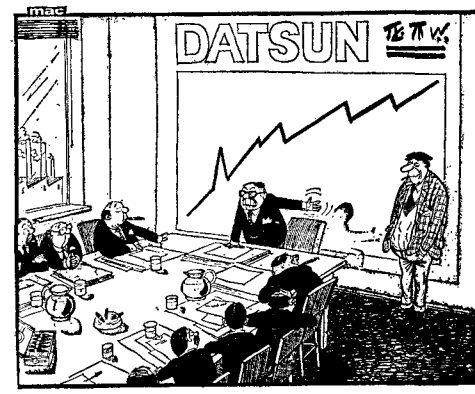
IT MAY WELL BE that the assembly line and its disciplines are incompatible with people's view of themselves in a modern Western democracy and that the way forward is to eliminate as far as possible our dependence upon industries that can only take this form—either by a further progress to the substitution of men by machines or by concentrating on other aspects of economic activity in which the human element can be given greater weight.

Meanwhile, since there would appear to be surviving from the remoter past some devotion to the ideas of a just wage and a fair price, we have to rely on old-fashioned monetary incentives. As set out by Mr Calvocoressi, thirty years of Britain's experience with social democracy has had as its principal result a lowering of the prestige of British institutions and an increasing acerbity of social conflict. The feeling of helplessness, of being more planned against than planning, is widespread. Mr Calvocoressi dismisses any idea of bolstering the individual by a written Constitution or a Bill of Rights, since he (perhaps correctly) sees this as likely to be used to protect the individual against the big battalions, notably the trade-union bosses. For the same reason he dismisses those who worried about the freedom of the press in the face of the NUJ demands for monopoly control.

One notices points of this kind not because they are themselves more than peripheral to the central argument but because Mr Calvocoressi, both in his utopianism and in his "realism", is (as one might expect from a former grandee of Penguin Books) the very epitome of the fashionable ideological Establishment.

WHILE PETER CALVOCORESSI WRITES of economic policy from the outside, Michael Shanks is very much an insider, having been involved with policy-making over the period as a civil servant, an industrialist, and a commentator. His latest book (despite its partial sponsorship by NEDO) is both a clear summary of Britain's experiences with economic planning and a penetrating analysis of past mistakes.[5]

As he points out it is quite clear that some measure of planning is inevitable in all advanced economies. Firms have to plan their own future investments, and governments must have some idea as to their intentions in respect of the public sector. Moreover, the private sector cannot do its job properly unless it can rely on assumptions



"Gentlemen, let me introduce Mr Perks, from British Leyland, who has come to teach us how to reduce our output."

[5] *Planning and Politics: The British Experience* 1960–1976. By MICHAEL SHANKS. PEP: Allen & Unwin, £6.50.

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about the macro-economic situation. The real question is not whether to plan, but the extent of planning and the element of coercion that a government should bring to this aspect of its task.

The British record is obviously a very poor one; with bewildering changes of direction and constant experimentation with the machinery of government. For this there are many reasons. Planning in modern conditions, whether public or private, demands a long time-range—five to ten years for a major project. Planning projections do not fit into the timetable of successive parliaments, least of all where governments of different parties alternate in office and bring to office very different views on the role of planning and on the priorities within it. It is in this sphere that the damage done by what Professor S. E. Finer has called "adversary politics" is most obvious. The countries that have done best are those that, like France and Japan, have had *continuity* at the centre. Furthermore, even within the lifetime of single governments, they are likely to be thrown off course by short-term considerations, whether of an economic or an electoral character. Nothing government does can be taken as settled, and business confidence fades in consequence.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER ASPECTS of the problem even more peculiar to Britain. There is the role of the Treasury, which has throughout the period shown an indifference to growth as compared with purely financial considerations and which by insisting on secrecy over its own forecasts—and the lunatic precautions over Budget "secrets" are only the most obvious betrayal of a fundamentally unhealthy state of mind—makes the work of all other departments and institutions as well as private industry that much harder. On the other side, the more or less public tripartite approach of NEDDY (to which Mr Shanks attaches most hope) is made more difficult by the commitment of the union side in such discussions to the Labour Party, whether in Government or in Opposition, and by its consequent unwillingness to play a full constructive role when the Conservatives are in office. Mr Shanks is too polite to say what comes out clearly enough from his narrative that the TUC representatives are mostly economic illiterates. The growth targets they have demanded are just not within reach. And above all, planning of any kind is simply not compatible with "free collective bargaining" which, if it is to be meaningful at all, means that *one* important element in any economic equation *cannot*, by definition, be known in advance. The fact that the "little Neddies" could not discuss restrictive practices because this was another trade union "no-go" area is another pointer in the same direction. It is hard to decide whether Britain's Treasury Knights have done more harm than the Trade-Union Knights and peers and Companions of Honour—or vice versa.

If Mr Shanks can still hold out hope for the future it is partly because he thinks that the merits of planning from the bottom up rather than from the top down are now better recognised, and partly because, in spite of everything, British industry's productivity has in fact improved. On the other hand, the economy suffers (as Messrs Bacon and Eltis have shown) from the substantial reductions of the industrial base itself. In other words, one result of the relative growth of public as against private expenditure has been that more and more jobs have been created which do not themselves add to the national product and whose occupants have to be supported out of the labours of the rest of the community. With a higher proportion of retired people in the population and more and more at the other end of the scale still in full-time education, the burden on those in employment becomes ever heavier. No doubt the same is true of other countries; but Britain's case may be an extreme one.

It is, as Mr Shanks rightly points out, no longer possible to separate the economic from the social aspects of planning. Yet the machinery for making choices in the social field is even less adequate than that which exists in the economic field. In neither does Parliament play an appreciable role; nor perhaps, either in composition or in procedure, is it qualified to do so. But ideas and sentiments may be more important than institutions. For middle-class idealists like Peter Calvocoressi, the "social wage" is thought of as additional to the individual income. The workers do not see it that way, and less now that direct taxation affects so large a sector of the working population. The Labour leadership may talk the language of socialism; its rank-and-file speak and act as though they believed with Mr Gladstone that money should be left to fructify in the pockets of the people.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE political arrangements of this country for some of the weaknesses of the economic system and its social consequences are also clearly perceived by a writer whose own views of planning are more sceptical.[6] In a collection of his articles over the past few years from the *Financial Times* and the professional journals, Samuel Brittan includes reflections upon some of the work done in

[6] *The Economic Consequences of Democracy*. By SAMUEL BRITTAN. Temple Smith, £7.50, paper £3.00.

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America to adapt economic analysis to the study of political behaviour. While properly doubtful about some aspects of such studies, he does make the same point that Schumpeter made much earlier, namely that in discussing the role of the State one must not view it as an abstraction but take into account the purposes and self-interest both of Politicians and of Bureaucrats, and the rules within which they operate to maximise their own satisfactions. Why treat, as Beveridge in some moods was prone to do, businessmen and workers as though they were motivated wholly by self-interest and treat our rulers as though they were disinterested Platonic guardians? As Mr Brittan so cogently reminds us, one has only to look at the way "cutbacks" in public expenditure —and not only in Britain—are always carried out so as to ensure that the only jobs not sacrificed are those of the bureaucrats, to see the force of this contention. And in fighting to retain or increase the size of the service he provides, the bureaucrat has two advantages; powerful pressure groups can be rallied to his support, and ministers (that is to say, politicians) will not know enough not to be bamboozled by him.

"Adversary politics" as practised in this country has for Mr Brittan two particular disadvantages. The competition between parties for votes helps to increase the expectations of voters about what governments can do for them, to the point where disillusion is inevitable no matter which side wins. Furthermore, the system tends to encourage the rivalry between groups within society in which coercive means are used to secure advantages for some groups at the expense of others, thus weakening government itself and diminishing its authority. (He does not perhaps make as much of the third point implicit in his treatment of the civil servants: that under the British system, the tenure of ministerial office is normally so short that no minister can learn enough to control his department before he is moved on.)

The feature of the British system that lies at the root of many of these arguments is, as Mr Brittan sees it, the assumption of the legitimacy of majority rule within what is essentially a unitary single-chamber system. He is tempted by one argument that fits better into the American context, namely that a *qualified* majority might prevent some swings of the pendulum from being too violent in their consequences. But what would the need for a two-thirds vote mean in a House of Commons with parties as disciplined as normally in Britain? So he comes back to the traditional preference for Electoral Reform, and the difficulty thereafter of parties getting into power with much less than half the votes in the

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country and claiming nevertheless a "mandate" for their own programme. He also accepts rather more uncritically than I would the Hailsham–Scarman argument for a "Bill of Rights."

> I am convinced that the claims of elected governments and assemblies to the unimpeded right to do just what they like—or even to enact some manifesto presented to the electorate on a take-it-or-leave-it basis—are as absurd in practice as they are morally objectionable; and the question is whether we can devise more civilised restraints on elected rulers than the threats of industrial action or a foreign exchange flight, which are at present the sole operative deterrents to the abuse of the majority principle.

The difficulty with Mr Brittan's and similar points of view is that the implementation of their proposals depends upon action by Parliament itself, and the British Parliament for all its past glories is no longer capable of serious attention to constitutional issues.

NO ASPECT of the politics of the last few years so clearly illustrates the fundamental incapacity of the British Parliament to handle constitutional or institutional problems as the question of Devolution. As Tam Dalyell has shown in his brilliant polemic against the Scottish version of devolution, events have been set in train which could lead to the break-up of the United Kingdom for no good reason other than a sudden and probably unnecessary anxiety on the part of the Labour Party's leadership as to the fate of a number of Scottish Parliamentary seats that it had come to regard as "pocket Boroughs."[7] The Conservatives, some of whose own bastions fell to the temporary electoral tide of 1974, also felt obliged to jump on the Nationalist bandwagon (although the political good sense of Margaret Thatcher has led to most of them jumping off it again). In Wales, where the Welsh-speaking do present a genuine minority problem of a fairly common kind, it has been found necessary to offer institutional changes that have no merit and some demerits in themselves—and would in fact do nothing to assuage whatever unhappy feelings the Welsh-speakers may cherish, since nothing can prevent them from being a minority in Wales, and as far as one can see a diminishing minority.

The whole propaganda, Mr Dalyell shows, of the Scottish National Party is based upon mythical history (as Nationalist movements so often are), upon untenable economic propositions that ignore the basic facts about Scotland's own economy and even the basic facts about "Scottish oil", and upon wholly inappropriate analogies with other situations past and present. To compare the long-prepared and voluntary union of England and Scotland with the repeated English conquests of Ireland is in itself absurd, and to say that because "Home Rule" was rejected and dire consequences followed, "Home Rule" would have solved the Irish problem is itself to beg many questions; still less can one go on to say that Home Rule for Scotland can be justified by appealing to Irish experience.

On the whole, experience does suggest that where a Nation in the fullest sense of the word desires independence, it is better for the international community that it should be granted it; where centralised government is, for good pragmatic reasons, unacceptable to the regions of which a country is composed, Federalism may be the answer—though only under very special conditions. Devolution offers neither to the Scots, only a platform for demagogues to exploit so as to bring about an unnatural hostility between England and Scotland which corresponds to no deep sentiment in either country, and which the productive and serious elements in both emphatically repudiate.

When a policy is advocated by two groups of people for quite opposite reasons, its validity may well not bear scrutiny. The Labour government has espoused devolution on the familiar ground that moderate concessions made in time may prevent more radical demands being made later—the classic case for appeasement. The Scottish National Party, despising what they are offered, are nevertheless keen to get it so as to have a new instrument with which to hasten the end of the Union. The indifference shown to the wishes of the *English* electorate by making provision for referenda only in Wales and Scotland, the perpetuation for party reasons for Scottish overrepresentation at Westminster at a time when its major business is to be confined to English domestic matters—these reveal a mixture of muddled thinking and short-term party expediency to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

Never has a great and perhaps irreversible change in the country's fortunes been carried through with so little serious debate and amid such general parliamentary and public indifference.

[7] *Devolution: The End of Britain?* By TAM DALYELL, M.P. With a foreword by HUGH TREVOR-ROPER. Cape, £4.95.

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Gates of Eden

A Conversation between

MORRIS DICKSTEIN & PHILIP FRENCH

PHILIP FRENCH: *Your book on the 1960s, "Gates of Eden", isn't an orthodox critical work—though it's concerned in part with the novel—and it isn't a chronological account of the decade's events. It is about a change in American culture and the national sensibility, an attempt to understand, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "the moral temper of the times." When I was recently in New York it was provoking a good deal of lively discussion in the press, and on radio and television. What was the impulse from which the book sprang?*

DICKSTEIN: The book originated really at the end of the '50s when there was a famous poetry reading that Allen Ginsberg and a couple of the other Beat poets gave at Columbia University when I was an undergraduate there. My own literary education had left me with such contempt or lack of interest for what I assumed the Beats were doing that I didn't even bother to go to the reading, and went instead down-town to a Shakespeare production. I happened to hear a tape of the reading a few days later and I was simply overwhelmed. It struck me that none of my literary education had prepared me for liking the Beats and the kind of poetry they were writing that much, though I didn't think much further about it then. I think the book finally is about the clash between literary standards, the kind of literary culture that was dominant in America in the 1950s and the kind that was ushered in, among other things, by the Beat poets. And I suspect that even today these polarities represent different parts of my own sensibility: the more elaborate intellectual culture of the '50s and the more expressive, emotive, directly overflowing, vitalistic culture of the '60s.

—The contrast you draw between the '50s and the '60s—in some ways you actually set up somewhat simplistic models in the first place for each of the decades. Was this in order to break them down?

I suspect that the models that I began with were clichéd journalistic models about the '60s; that they were anti-intellectual; that they were purely emotive; that they were completely free form; that literature had lost significance; that it was all a matter of rock music and film—in other words, a certain McLuhanite idea about what had happened to the various arts by the time the '60s came along. Without being fully conscious of it, I was trying to maintain a dialogue with the conservative literary sensibility that I had grown up with and that had been dominant in the '50s. And I was trying to show that a good deal of the culture of the '60s not only would last but made it even by the standards of the literary culture of the '50s, though the critics of the '50s, or a good number of them, were simply unable to recognise the complexity that existed in the arts of the '60s.

Reading Thomas Pynchon was very important for me. I remember that several years after Pynchon's first novel *V.* came out I'd been meaning to read it for a long time and I took it along one summer with *Catch-22*, which I'd heard was a sort of *No Time for Sergeants*, a GI joke book. I was simply astonished at the similarities between the two books, and also at the degree of formal complexity and sophistication and originality. They seemed to represent part of some unitary phase of culture, and a real shift in the American novel. A good deal of the discussion of the novel that I have in the book comes from reading those two books together and trying to prove that they represented a serious development in both the art and the culture of the period. It's interesting that, in the reactions I've gotten to the book, representatives of the more conservative literary culture have in fact liked it a good deal

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more than those who consider themselves partisans of the '60s. For example, two of the nastiest responses have come from two of the best known Rock critics in America, who were offended by the treatment of Rock as simply not the centre and navel of the universe but part of the broader culture of the '60s, and by the kind of defence of the '60s that I make in terms of what finally are traditional standards. It's as if I were trying to defend Hollywood movies along the lines and standards set up by, say, *Scrutiny* or T. S. Eliot.

—We talk about the '60s very easily, as if we know exactly what it was, and clearly the opening date is the election of Kennedy. Did you have trouble in finding a symbolic ending for it in some way? Were you actually searching for something that ends it out? It has been suggested to me that there is an equally viable period one could discuss which is in fact not the '60s but would be, say, from the death of Kennedy—the death of a President who read Ian Fleming and Norman Mailer—to the election of Carter, a President who reads James Dickey and Dylan Thomas.

I think the election of Carter is a significant turning-point in the sense that it puts an end to the backlash period against the '60s. I was very much aware in working on the book how little people wanted to hear about the '60s during those last years of the Nixon and Ford administrations. It was partly that Watergate seemed to bring us so far from whatever the '60s represented and believed in, but also that a great deal of what happened in the early '70s didn't have a distinct character of its own so much as it was literally reactionary, reacting to a great deal of what had happened in the '60s. We were still playing out the last act of the Viet Nam war, and in a way the Watergate scandal represented an inversion of a great deal that had happened in the '60s. Carter seems quite free of the polemical issues that defined people's politics during and after the '60s; though conventional in many ways he seems to be a genuinely post-'60s politician, thinking of things less in terms of the old labour and business constituencies, for example, than in terms of the newer constituencies like Blacks and Women, and newer issues like consumerism and the environment. And suddenly, without any seeming connection to Carter's election, a great wave of '60s nostalgia has spread across this country. *Hair*, of all things, is about to be made into a movie; the film *Woodstock* has been re-released; and my book appears quite unexpectedly at a fortuitous moment in popular taste.

—You mention "Woodstock." Now Woodstock might give us an opportunity to discuss the title of your book "Gates of Eden." You talk in the book about the attempt to regain a paradise, and Woodstock was the rural dream of people coming together, a realisation of this, and yet it was related to rock which you describe as essentially an urban phenomenon.

I CHOSE THE TITLE partly because I like the image, partly, however, because of its deliberate ambiguity. It's not clear, at least to me, from the title whether we're inside the gates, whether we're outside the gates, whether the gates are open or shut, or what really is beyond the gates. The '60s didn't really feel all that much of a conflict between the urbanism of Rock and the vision of some kind of natural paradise. I mean, if the natural paradise can be achieved through drugs, as it does seem to be achieved in Dylan's song called "Gates of Eden", it hardly requires a landscape for it to take place. The idea of utopia, the idea of paradise or return to innocence, seems to bring together a lot of the disparate threads in the culture of the '60s. It brings together the "Paradise Now" phenomenon of the drug culture; it brings together that same element in the theatre, for example the Living Theatre's idea of some kind of unmediated relation to the audience, of breaking through form—one of the Living Theatre's most notable productions in the '60s was called "Paradise Now." It brings that together with the utopianism in the politics of the '60s, as well as the whole idea so central to the '60s of self-development, of achieving some kind of authentic relation to oneself: the belief that every individual has a core or grain of uniqueness in his personality which must be realised, whether through personal mysticism or through political activity or some kind of salvation through artistic activity. This is one of the elements in the culture of the '60s that at least in America has survived. It's taken more non-political directions; since 1970, for example, there's been a tremendous increase in the divorce rate in this country, which I think is closely related to this notion of seeking fulfilment, often at the expense of other people. The social and personal effects of this ethos are still incalculable.

—You talk of the arts of the '60s as tending towards dance and the art of the '50s towards speech, and yet you've chosen quite deliberately to concentrate on literature and what you call para-literature. This in a discussion of a decade that was going to bury the word underneath McLuhan's electronic global village.

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Part of my purpose was to show that essentially this did not happen, that what we saw was not the burying of the word but the transformation of the word. It astounds me that there's still a general assumption that the novel ceased to have any importance after 1960. If you compare the chief novels of the '50s (for example Bernard Malamud's book *The Assistant*) with, say, Pynchon's novels, which had a central place in the '60s—I mean, the difference in scale and ambition, leaving aside the question of success, the scale and ambition are simply so much greater on the side of those grandiose modernist works of the '60s that it's hard to give any credit at all to that kind of McLuhanite cant.

—There's an odd and interesting paradox there. The novels that you most admire became a minority interest in the 1960s, and you say that "what died in the '60s was not the novel but the mystique of the novel, its critical prestige, its wide and loyal audience." I remember certainly that my friends and I back in the 1950s would read novels voraciously and wanted to write novels; people in the '60s wanted to make films. And yet you go on to say that the '60s are "as likely to be remembered through novels as through anything else." Now the novels of the '40s and '50s dealt manifestly with the social life of that time; the novels with which you deal, which you most admire about the '60s, do not deal directly with Viet Nam, with student unrest, with politics, but you're concerned with them because it's their forms for the most part that reflect change. Is that a right interpretation?

Yes, though I think it's less true about the USA, certainly, the novels of the '50s here really dealt less with society. I think that what we *can* say is that they dealt more with what we call ordinary life, ordinary experience, especially personal life. Although the novels of the '60s were not really successful in dealing with the tumultuous social events of the '60s, they did bring history in in a way that was entirely absent from the novels of the '50s, and as such to me they represented a parallel with the way historical and political thinking infused the minds of all educated people in the 1960s. I think the role of the novel, the great American novel, the dream of the great American novel as an avenue of cultural prestige—well, this was important in the '50s in the sense that people really discussed novels, they discussed the latest reviews of the latest novels. It wasn't entirely predominant: the New York school of painting, for example, was also a very important element in the culture of the '50s, and painting was one of the arts that had a really serious avant-garde in the '50s. In the '60s in this country there was a considerable

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dispersion. I thought the '60s would be remembered for its novels, partly because the ambitions of people like Pynchon in the novel were so grandiose that these writers have left us with massive works that will take 30 or 40 years to disentangle. But what happened in general was that there was a dispersion of that kind of cultural ambition; the way to make a splash was more through film, and through starting your own Rock group, and so on, especially for younger people, than it was through writing novels. But I don't think that one form really displaces another. Instead there was a healthy anarchy of different roads to Rome in the '60s, much more so than in the more literary culture of the '50s.

—You mention the novel, and the way the novel retreated into a minority taste. The reverse was in fact true of rock-and-roll and folk music during the '60s. You say of the rock revival that "the élite religion of modernism went through its most unexpected phase, it was assimilated and—horrors —popularised."

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING THINGS that happened in the '60s was the breakdown of those categories of cultural hierarchy and separation that the critics of the '50s had fervently believed in, especially the differences between mass culture, middlebrow culture and high culture. When such critics were faced with the Rimbaud-like lyrics of Bob Dylan or the musical sophistication of some of the Beatles songs, well, either they didn't see it or they simply thought that the modernist taste that meant so much to them when they were growing up in the '20s and '30s was being appropriated, banalised, was being diluted—all of which was true, but this is a natural phase of any avant-garde movement. You can go past any second-rate art shop on Fifth Avenue and see tenth-rate versions of an impressionist style that was fresh and new a hundred years ago. This is not quite what happened in the '60s but there was an immense diffusion of modernist taste. I remember that when I started reading poetry in the '50s there was still a sharp division over modernism, a special attachment to poems that were problematic or obscure—this was almost the definition of modern or modernist writing, Eliot and the like, that it *was* obscure, that you had to appreciate it before you had any thought of understanding it.

And then there was a whole middlebrow taste which still dominated some of the literary organs, which rallied around poets like Robert Frost because they seemed simple and rural and didn't have any kind of modernist obscurity. Who could have predicted that within five or ten years a broad popular taste for obscure lyrics and the most cacophonous sort of music would develop in this country? There was a blurring of the lines within the older hierarchies, and it was no longer possible to make a sharp separation between an élite culture and a popular culture that had become considerably more serious, partly through the natural diffusion of taste, partly through the spread of modernist writing through higher education in the US.

Journalism was another example: the old-style proletarian journalist gave way to a college-educated journalist who was trained at the journalism schools and had a political and an intellectual sophistication that was alien to the profession as it had existed earlier on in this century. This is what led to people like Agnew and Co. attacking journalists as being left-wing. Well, they had assimilated a good deal of the liberal university culture that had previously been quite distinct from the journalistic profession.

—You mention the sophistication of politics. Many of the '50s figures, people you regard as '50s figures in your book—Lionel Trilling, Diana Trilling, Daniel Bell—would regard their politics as being infinitely more sophisticated than anything that was embraced in the 1960s, which they would regard as a return to watered-down ideology, embracing a kind of mass politics, a new kind of populism that they had rejected.

I remember, not long before his death, corresponding with Lionel Trilling about this when he published his new introduction to *The Middle of the Journey*. He had talked about the apocalyptic politics of the old Left as being essentially anti-political, and I asked how he could confine his definition of politics (as he did in that essay) to the art of compromise and accord and the ballot box, when there was a tradition even in England—for example, in the great 19th-century line of cultural criticism—of another kind of politics based on the arts, based upon religious ideas of salvation. Carlyle, for one, had an immense contempt for mere parliamentary politics and ballot-box politics.

Lionel wrote back that he simply could not believe that the politics, the so-called politics, of, say, the Stalinist was politics in any sense of the term at all.

Well, to me politics embraces a broader range of public activity in the attempt to achieve social goals. The figures of the '50s that you refer to had a very strong sense that improvement could only be achieved piecemeal, through reforms, in a society whose essential structure was considered

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unalterable or at least unlikely to change in the foreseeable future. The more salvational, the more participatory direct-action politics of the '60s seems to me to have had different aspirations, perhaps unrealistic aspirations; but I can't see that demonstrating against the Viet Nam war, when you found no way of affecting the prosecution of the war through the political process, or through the Congress, or through the President, is not politics. It may not have the kind of ironic sophistication of the politics of the minority culture of the '50s, but it was the only politics available in the '60s.

—The various gurus of the '60s generation—Herbert Marcuse, C. Wright Mills, Norman O. Brown, Paul Goodman—they are all figures of the '50s, and they were working in the '50s on the key works that would influence and be adopted by the young people of the '60s. Compared with them the leaders are smaller men and most of them have faded away. It's a long time since people heard of Charles Reich or someone like that. How do you account for this?

Well, these are the men who gave a theoretical direction or a theoretical underpinning to a surge of activity in the '60s that perhaps didn't feel it needed any sort of theory at all, that was anti-theoretical. These were men of an earlier generation, men who were working in great isolation in the '50s. Three of the men you mention—Brown, Marcuse, and Paul Goodman—had great difficulty getting their seminal works published. *Growing Up Absurd* was turned down by 13 publishers. I think this was also true of *Eros and Civilisation* and *Life Against Death*. And these are utopian works in the best sense of being written within a void out of a pure leap of hope, the kind of *Prinzip Hoffnung* that the German Marxist philosopher Ernst Bloch talks about all through his work. One of the interesting things is that these men never again did work quite as good once the culture unexpectedly came round to their direction, once a movement unexpectedly developed which seemed to take as its goals a lot of the things that they had developed theoretically and in isolation. Though each of them reacted differently to the new movements of the counter-culture and the New Left of the '60s, none of them was able to work with quite that theoretical purity and intellectual seriousness they had had in the '50s.

—I feel that somehow—for all your enthusiasm for the creative work of the time—you finish feeling rather disappointed that the writers haven't fulfilled their promise, or in some cases

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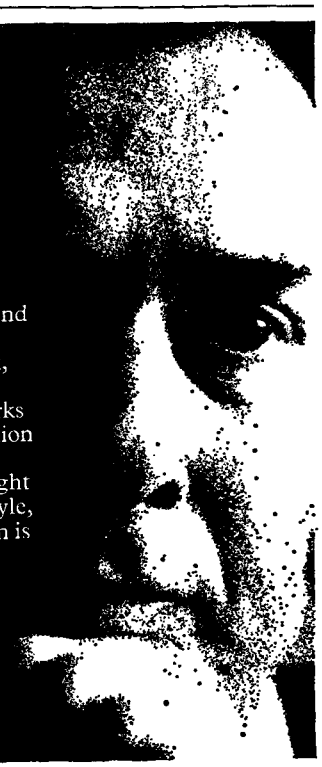

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(Donald Barthelme is one example) have reached their peak and fallen away, and that the '60s generation which was once marching bravely shoulder-to-shoulder towards the future has dispersed, and, to quote from you:

> *"the members of a generation which made its mark collectively at an abnormally young age have yet to make their mark separately and personally."*

Where have they gone to, and how are they going to re-emerge?

TO TAKE THE FIRST PART of your question first, it's very hard to sustain an avant-garde impulse for a long period of time. If you look back to the great avant-garde movements—the major avant-garde movements, aesthetically more original than those of the '60s, that occurred in the earlier part of the century—like Cubism, well, the major phase of Cubism lasted about two years. You look back at Dadaism and Surrealism: any movement that takes that kind of novelty as the very root and core of its being will not have the staying power of a realistic novelist who is trying to do a "*comédie humaine.*" He may plot out a hundred novels treating every corner of society, may only get to write thirty of them, but has a life's work laid out for him where form itself, novelty itself, is not specifically the problem.

Now I don't think that a Pynchon or a Heller can do the same thing. I don't think a Joyce can do the same thing. These are men who were trying to do it all and do it uniquely in a single work. There's no question that the single works they produced in the '60s were not at the level of the great isolated works of modernism of the '20s. Another illustration could be the size of the collected works of, say, T. S. Eliot as compared to the collected works of Hardy or of any reputable Victorian poet. Eliot was trying to do the unique thing in every single work, and the valleys between those peaks are simply left out of the collected works, or not written at all.

The kids you ask about—well, they were so young in the '60s that it was inevitable they would go through some of that transformation, from being socialists at 20 to being disaffected or conservative at 30 or 35. In the case of the '60s generation the shift hasn't even been that drastic. There were few palinodes and little breast-beating. The scope for public activity was to a great extent closed off, and what's happening now is that a lot of those hopes, those Utopian hopes, are being developed and conserved in separate corners of society, in individual professions. The legal profession now has a whole public-interest wing. In the medical profession, which is extremely conservative, the American Medical Association is being sharply challenged from within by younger doctors who gained their political consciousness, their professional consciousness, in the '60s. I think it will take another twenty years until we see what the final effect of the '60s will be on American culture, because the ethos of the '60s worked its way so intensely into the lives of so many individuals.

—Early on in the book, in fact on the first page, you say that when your mother heard the title of it she thought you were about to embark on or were engaged in writing a religious work. You don't say what you told her. What would you tell her now?

In a way it is a religious work. Lionel Trilling once said that the important element in modernist writing was the salvational impulse; if we can call some of what happened in the '60s modernism in the streets, as Trilling does, we can see how that salvational impulse moved out of the churches and into the arts, into politics, and into daily life. In a way, all of modern political history represents the transformation that we see in Hegel and Marx of eschatological ideas, of Utopian and religious ideas, into the sphere of social life, and the '60s was simply yet another turn of that wheel. What happened in the '60s was not religion, in any conventional sense, but it was in the broadest sense of religion as it relates to the deepest goals and feelings of people's lives.

—Your book was, you said, "a voyage of discovery." You weren't setting out with a thesis to gather evidence to support or to prove or even to shoot down; you were moving towards the discovery of a thesis, and you say that what happened during the '60s, what you discovered, was "one of those deep-seated shifts of sensibility that alters the whole moral terrain." Could you add a gloss on that and say what was the legacy, the enduring legacies, of the period and what were its gains and losses?

One of the main things that I discovered in writing the book was that the phenomenon of the '60s was far more pervasive than I'd imagined when I began to write it. I began with a certain affinity for Ginsberg and a feeling about the astonishing resemblance of books like *Catch*-22 and *V.*—I liked the way they all seemed to come together. Eventually, it came home to me how much advertising had changed in the '60s; how much people's personal lives had changed; how much political activity had changed. It all seemed to revolve around the emergence of the individual as a living subject, away from the objectivity of the arts and the conventionality of personal life (or at least the

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façade of conventionality) in the '50s and towards this faith in self-expression: the move, as Trilling says, from sincerity to authenticity, to finding oneself, finding one's own uniqueness and individuality.

The upshot of the '60s seems to me that this ethos of self-fulfilment—well, it's taken different forms. Sometimes it's become a sort of brittle narcissism, at other times a hedonism which aims at personal pleasure, personal fulfilment, and damn the effect on everyone else. But what's happened today in the United States is that essentially it's been depoliticised. We're now into one of our unpolitical phases in this country. The pendulum seems to swing in politics, at least in relation to personal life: it has swung back to the '50s, and people are not using politics so much as an avenue of personal fulfilment. As a result other things that were less political in the '60s—for example techniques of transcendental meditation or Eastern mysticism or quickie therapies—have become all the more common.

I THINK THE ONE splinter of the political movement of the '60s that has survived and thrived through the '70s has been feminism. Towards the end of the '60s the political movement had become detached from people's lives, had been caught up in revolutionary fantasies of violence, visions of a Leninist vanguard, and had thereby betrayed the humanist politics of the early New Left. It lost touch with people's lives and very quickly became rhetoric about Colonialism and Imperialism. On the other hand, in the women's movement the politics remained in close touch with the tensions and difficulties and aspirations of individual women's lives. Feminism has managed to sustain the connection between the personal and the political which was the hallmark of the culture of the '60s, and which is very hard to find in the culture or the politics of the '70s.

What has happened in the '70s is that the goals of the '60s have worked their way into people's personal lives, to be pursued within each little corner of society, whether in the professions, as I said before, or simply in personal relationships. So in a way what we have is the more personalised cultural life of the '50s infused with a number of the goals of authenticity and self-fulfilment that came to the fore in the '60s, which have now gone underground and become less visible but I think are still active elements in the lives of so many people who experienced the '60s intensely.

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Evidence of Neglect

Recent & Selected Short Stories—By TOM PAULIN

THERE WAS A TIME—it wasn't so very long ago—when literary opinion was much exercised by the idea that the novel was dying. When a critic praised a recent novel he would often remark that so-and-so's novel clearly disproved the idea that the novel was no longer a viable literary form, and when a critic attacked a novel he often said that this was clear evidence that all novels, now, must be ill or dying or stone dead. Looking back on that period of anxiety and prophecy, it's curious to remark that no one bothered to say anything about the short story. Was the short story healthy? Was it sick? Did it even exist? No one asked these questions, and this naturally raises a further and obvious question: why didn't they?

The answer must be that the short story, though it was still being written, and written well, didn't command much respect. Many magazines and literary periodicals had disappeared and so the short-story writer had fewer outlets, while publishers became more and more reluctant to risk publishing collections of stories. It was as though most people thought of literature as plays, poems, novels, and though they still read the works of the dead masters of the short story they tended to think of it as an art which once flourished, but which was now virtually extinct. (I would bet that out of all the hundreds of people currently engaged in literary research about three are working on the short story.) Perhaps the relative rareness of collections of stories as compared with novels became confused with the idea of extinction. Certainly the short story was neglected and as neglect is never something of which we are very conscious this meant that no one was solicitous about its health.

What did happen, though, was that a few critics began to question whether the short story had ever been up to much anyway, and in doing so they implicitly assumed that it was now extinct. The questions they raised were fair and interesting, but as everyone else was deeply concerned about the novel they went unanswered. Bernard Bergonzi, for example, shrewdly suggested that the short-story form has an inevitably reductive quality which filters down experience "to the prime elements of defeat and alienation", while Howard Nemerov wittily argued that short stories:

> amount for the most part to parlor tricks, party favors with built-in snappers, gadgets for inducing recognitions and reversals: a small pump serves to build up the pressure, a tiny trigger releases it, there follows a puff and a flash as freedom and necessity combine; finally a celluloid doll drops from the muzzle and descends by parachute to the floor. These things happen, but they happen to no one in particular.[1]

And even Sean O'Faolain called the art of which he is such a brilliant exponent "an immense confidence-trick, an immense illusion, as immense a technical achievement as the performance of an adept magician."[2] O'Faolain wasn't actually attacking the short story, but he was insisting that its characterisation is always simple and undeveloped, and that we mustn't look for the depths and mysteries of personality in a literary form which can only make people "appear to appear." It was James's mistake not to recognise "that in short-story writing there can be no development of character."

WHETHER THE WAY in which literary opinion turned unconsciously against the short story was due to this sense of its being essentially a cheat, it's difficult to say, but what is certainly true is that this most difficult art has recently begun to emerge from a long winter of neglect. And though the market isn't yet flooded with new collections of stories, a quick glance at the new fiction lists will show that many publishers are rediscovering a confidence in the short story. That sweet, subtle, teasing art has returned from its exile in triumph —and it has returned to remind us that silence,

[1] Bergonzi and Nemerov are quoted in *The Short Story*. By IAN REID. Methuen, £1.75. The recent publication of this brief but useful guide is one indication of a revival of interest in the short story.

[2] *The Short Story*. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. The Mercier Press, £1.05. This classic study was first published in 1948 and reprinted in 1972.

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exile and loneliness were often (though not always) what it was about, and that we should no longer view those qualities as being necessarily reductive and limiting.

This lyric quality is there in O'Faolain's "The Silence of the Valley"[3] where a priest glances at a fire in a bereaved woman's cottage:

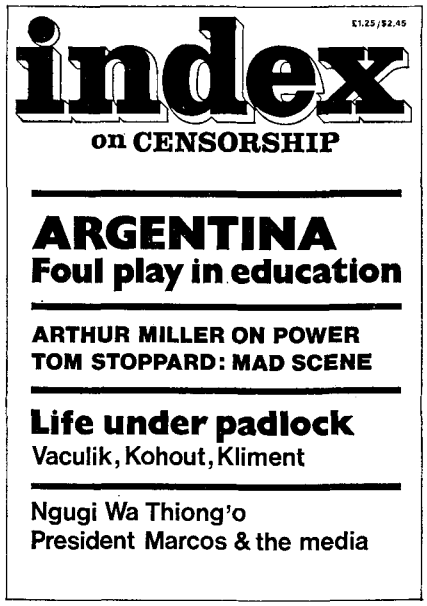
> a quiet disintegration: a turf fire never emits the slightest whisper. He realised that this cottage would be completely silent from now on. Although it was May he had a sudden poignant sensation of autumn; why, he could not tell.

Later, as he looks at the quiet landscape, he muses that it is as still "as the world before life began." And in "Lovers of the Lake" a woman on a penitential pilgrimage receives the island's gift: "its sense of remoteness from the world, almost a sensation of the world's death." Such moments endorse Frank O'Connor's argument that one of the chief characteristics of the short story is "an intense awareness of human loneliness", and that it is a form which is therefore "remote from the community—romantic, individualistic and intransigent."[4] And short stories are often set on the fringes of society—in remote villages, twilight zones, suburban Sunday afternoons, lonely bedsits.

The socially marginal is the setting of "Admiring the Scenery" where three teachers stand on a little railway platform in the middle of a vast stretch of bogland. As they wait in a place which they agree is the back of beyond Hanagan starts to reminisce about the previous stationmaster who always sang when a train arrived because he hoped that one day there would be an influential official among the passengers. The stationmaster, Hanagan explains, dreamt of a new career as a singer on the radio, as a "great Irish Baritone." Then their train arrives and the three friends get into a cold, damp carriage. Tired and sleepy, they listen to the rain and nobody notices that "Hanagan was weeping to himself, the drops creeping through his tightly closed eyes." Here, right at the end of the story, we

[3] *Selected Stories of Sean O'Faolain.* Constable, £4.95. *Stories of Sean O'Faolain.* Penguin, 90p. (This selection, first published by Penguin in 1970, was reprinted in 1977.) *Foreign Affairs and Other Stories.* By Sean O'Faolain. Penguin, 75p. (First published by Constable in 1976.)

[4] Frank O'Connor, *The Lonely Voice*, (Macmillan, 1963). Macmillan have unfortunately allowed O'Connor's famous study to go out of print and it seems unlikely that they will ever reprint it.



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realise that all the time Hanagan has been remembering a girl who once stood with him on the platform and listened to the singing station-master.

Concealed behind the story's ostensible subject —three men sharing an anecdote about an eccentric character—there is another level of experience, and it is in the recognition of this hidden subject that we receive that formal pleasure which is one of the essential qualities of every good short story. It's as though the story casts a shadow which is the untold story of Hanagan's miserable love-affair. And it would be quite unfair to say that O'Faolain is a conjurer making flatness seem three-dimensional, because what we admire here is both his technical skill and the feeling of depth which he creates. His ending is not an empty trick.

IN THIS ELEMENT OF formal pleasure, which is one of the results of its disciplined tightness, the short story resembles the sonnet, and like the sonnet many short stories playfully invite the reader to notice and share their technical self-consciousness. In "Odour of Chrysanthemums", one of his greatest stories, D. H. Lawrence uses the chrysanthemums as a leit-motif which he finally kills off when one of the men who brings Elizabeth's dead husband home knocks over a vase of them. It has been suggested that Lawrence's story was inspired by a reading of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and though we're all accustomed to the allusive content of poetry the playful allusiveness of many short stories isn't so well known. One of the many joys of O'Faolain's work lies in noticing the play of hidden allusion and commentary in it. In "I Remember! I Remember!" he aims a clever joke at naturalism as well as giving an example of a typically Irish mnemonic tyranny. In "Of Sanctity and Whiskey" he pays oblique tributes to Browning and James in this tale of a proud and cunning cleric sitting for an alcoholic portrait-painter, and in "The Faithless Wife" and the variously clever "How to Write a Short Story" he knocks his detested Maupassant, while in "Something, Everything, Anything, Nothing" he returns to James and Browning. It is like glimpsing a series of sophisticated conversations in a literary heaven of witty spirits.

O'Faolain is a great story-teller, who can be wry, dreamily otherworldly, sensuous, ascetic, sad and funny. And in "The End of the Record" he designs a most cunning ghost story where the "low, lonely cry" of a bittern over moorland becomes the soul of an old woman who dies after reciting a ghost story into a microphone. The lonely cry of this unexpected ghost in the machine is richly suggestive.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT V. S. Pritchett's selection[5] is unbalanced by three related stories involving a raffish character called "Noisy." These stories fall somewhere between the self-buoyant sketch and the engaging narrative, and because their comedy is too diffuse they read like episodes from a novel. "Blind Love", however, is a great story, the finest example of Pritchett's fascination with master-servant relationships. It tells of a love affair between a blind lawyer and his secretary, Mrs Johnson, who is ashamed of a birth-mark, "a great spreading ragged liver-coloured island of skin which spread under the tape of her slip and crossed her breast and seemed to end in a curdle of skin below it." Like Armitage she is a lonely and vulnerable person who has protected herself with elaborate defences. She is irked by Armitage's lack of privacy and when she reads his letters to him she has "to invent an impersonal, uninterested voice." She realises: "Armitage's life was an abstraction for him. He had to know what he could not see. What she liked best was reading legal documents to him." And she gradually learns that his mind "was a store of maps and measured things; a store of sounds and touches and smells that became an enormous translated paraphernalia." But she has no wish to challenge the Lockean nature of his mind, and here the technical problem that faces Pritchett is how to move his characters into an intimate and personal, rather than a strictly business, relationship.

The short-story form cannot contain slow maturation in time—action must be decisive, change abrupt but convincing. The technique which Pritchett employs is similar to Lawrence's in "The Horse-Dealer's Daughter": he has Armitage fall into his swimming-pool, save himself (a predictable rescue is neatly avoided), become angry and so begin to break the barriers between them. Pritchett manages the situation very deftly and although he repeats this descent into the destructive element later in the story his repetition feels literally just, because Mrs Johnson must also make the descent. She and Armitage can only love each other by recognising their disabilities and then surmounting them. Pritchett's delineation of their complicated and difficult relationship is masterly, and this selection contains a number of excellent stories: notably "The Diver", "The Wheelbarrow", and "The Camberwell Beauty."

[5] *Selected Stories*. By V. S. PRITCHETT. Chatto & Windus, £5.95.

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As Nadine Gordimer notes in the introduction to her selected stories,[6] "a short story is a concept that the writer can 'hold', fully realised, in his imagination, at one time", while a novel is "staked out, and must be taken possession of stage by stage." In "Happy Event" one notices just how beautifully formed that concept can be. Every detail works—the white woman's hinted abortion, the cheap blue satin nightgown which she brings back from the nursing home and gives to her black servant because she dislikes what it reminds her of, the discovery of a dead black baby wrapped in a blue nightgown (only a native woman, the government medical officer later explains in court, could give birth in secret, kill her baby and do a heavy washing a day or so later). The formal precision and the intricate neatness of the parallels this story draws make it seem like a skilful surgical operation performed on part of the body politic of South Africa. As in reading a sonnet there is that formal pleasure in watching the display of perfected technique (that blue nightgown is the rich node of the story), and in noticing how the story both contains irony and deploys irony formally.

The politics of an unjust state with its stern Calvinist God can be felt everywhere in this selection—they are the element every character moves in and this means that the stories fuse the lyric and the social. For example, in "The Smell of Death and Flowers" a white girl is arrested when the police stop a freedom march:

> Two men, a small boy and a woman, dressed in ill-matched cast-offs of European clothing which hung upon them without meaning, like coats spread on bushes, were looking at her. When she looked back, they met her gaze. And she felt, suddenly, not *nothing* but what they were feeling at the sight of her, a white girl, taken—incomprehensibly, as they themselves were used to being taken—under the force of white men's wills, which dispensed and withdrew life, imprisoned and set free, fed or starved, like God himself.

Political reality is the very form and texture of all these characters' feelings—it is an absolute condition where again and again one notices "the bump over the colour bar."

In "The Bridegroom" a young engineer working on a road project in the Kalahari desert is spending his last night as a bachelor: "He was exposed, turning naked to space on the sphere of the world, but he was not aware of it." The other

[6] *No Place Like: Selected Stories*. By Nadine Gordimer. Penguin, £1.50. First published by Jonathan Cape in 1975.

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workers are black, the engineer is an Afrikaner—decent enough, but limited and conventional. And there is a fittingly lyric moment as he listens to the music the blacks are making:

> The lyre-player picked up his flimsy piece of wood again, and slowly what the young man was feeling inside himself seemed to find a voice; up into the night beyond the fire it went, uncoiling from his breast and bringing ease. As if it had been made audible out of infinity and could be returned to infinity at any point, the lonely voice of the lyre went on and on. Nobody spoke, the barriers of tongues fell with silence. The whole dirty tide of worry and planning had gone out of the young man. The small high moon, outshone by a spiky spread of cold stars, repeated the shape of the lyre. He sat for he was not aware how long, just as he had for so many other nights, with the stars at his head and the fire at his feet.

This exactly anticipates Frank O'Connor's identification of the short story as a lonely voice, a lyric voice, that knows the eternal silences of Pascal's infinite spaces. And though this is a moment outside politics and history ("the barriers of tongues fell with silence") it is not—it cannot and must not be—the end of the story. We are always aware of the absoluteness of the political situation; when the music stops, history as well as time begins again, and we watch the young man start his journey towards another kind of loneliness.

HERE, GORDIMER IMPLIES an allusion to a definition of the short-story form which parallels O'Connor's, and in "The Last Kiss" she begins with an apparent endorsement of O'Faolain's critical argument (as distinct from his artistic practice) that characterisation in a short story must always be fixed and simple:

> When people become characters, they cease to be regarded as human; they are something to be pointed out, like the orange tree that President Kruger planted, the statue in the park, or the filling station that was once a church hall.

Years before, Van As was the prosperous mayor of a town called Norddorp; now he is old, bankrupt and withdrawn. One day he kisses a schoolgirl in a train. There is a scandal and the inhabitants of Norddorp are horrified less by what he has done than by the fact that "for one crazy moment he had stepped out of character, out of old Van As, the tusky moustache, the comic soldier, the cough in the cinema, and signalled." And the story ends by playing a subtle variation on its opening sentence:

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> It was as if the town's only statue, a shabby thing of an obscure general on a horse, standing in a dusty park and scrawled over by urchins, were to have been observed, bleeding.

With this closing sentence the story suddenly surprises the reader with the evidence of his own neglect. We see how the sort of fixed character we expect in a short story can reveal strange depths (this is similar to the end of O'Faolain's "Admiring the Scenery"). And just as Van As is not what he publicly seems, neither is the short story a hard and limited form. Here, Gordimer is reminding us of the flexibility of the form. It would be very wrong to object that this ending is a conjuring trick or what Nemerov would call "a built-in snapper."

IT'S PERHAPS A COINCIDENCE that "The African Magician" has a conjuring trick as one of its central events. But the point here is that the audience in the story is disappointed by the stale tricks which the conjurer performs and no one is interested when he promises a repeat performance for the following night. The audience demands something different and what happens is that the magician hypnotises a white girl. As a hypnotist "The magician had the sense of timing that he lacked so conspicuously when performing tricks", and he makes the white girl walk towards him: "She put up her long arms and, standing just their length from him, brought her hands to rest on his shoulders. Her cropped head dropped before him to her chest." It is "the most extraordinary gesture" and the narrator reflects on it:

> She had never made such a gesture to her husband, or any man. She had never stood like that before her father—none of us has. How can I explain? One of the disciples might have come before Christ like that. There was the peace of absolute trust in it. It stirred a needle of fear in me—more than that, for a moment I was horribly afraid; and how can I explain that, either? For it was beautiful, and I have lived in Africa all my life and I know them, *us*, the white people. To see it was beautiful would make us dangerous.

What is so marvellous here is the way Gordimer both images a complex political situation (the story is set on a river boat moving up the Congo to Stanleyville) and also demonstrates that this story somehow both is and is not the immense conjuring trick that O'Faolain mischievously suggests all short stories are. Part of its art lies in the way it leads up to the girl's gesture of obeisance by first describing a disappointing series of conjuring tricks which act as a preparatory diversion that serves to highlight the hypnotic

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scene. Nadine Gordimer is, quite simply, a talent of the first order.

JOHN MCGAHERN'S NEW and very distinguished collection of stories, *Getting Through*,[7] is a fine and interesting development from *Nightlines*. McGahern constantly circles and returns to what Larkin calls "the solving emptiness/That lies just under all we do." In "Doorways" the narrator leaves the scene of a recently failed relationship and of past family holidays: "As much through the light of years as through this wet evening the bus seemed to move." Kneeling in church, he reflects, is "more like wandering in endless corridors of lost mornings." And this theme of temporal displacement is developed in "The Wine Breath" where a priest feels that he has suddenly fallen through time. He has a vision of a lost life, and feels that he is a ghost, an absence that does not cast a shadow. For one moment in "the showery sunlight" he is bathed in "an incredible sweetness of light", and at the end of the story he imagines a man who is not unlike his younger self: a man who is happy and "immersed in time without end."

This varying sense of timelessness is present in all the stories in *Getting Through*, and there is also a haunting sense of absence, a feeling that something is wrong and missing in the lives of the characters. And at times they recognise that their lives might change if they could only understand or avoid this wronging absence. But they know that it is life itself which is wrong and that it can't change.

This Chekhovian sense of absence becomes a means of exploring the theme of failure which is so deeply embedded in the Irish consciousness. At times, though, McGahern introduces a curiously Scandinavian quality into his accounts of sexual relationships. The couples in "Along the Edges" and "Sierra Leone" share a sexuality which is mutely guiltless and also somehow sexless. And despite the Flann O'Brienish detail of "The Pint Drinkers' Association" that is formed to fight a rise in the price of a drink in "Doorways", the couple in this story, with their "pale lives here by the sea", read like Bergman in an Irish setting. Imaginatively, this feels right and recognisable, but this nordic solitude does need to be placed in some relation to society. For despite O'Connor's insistence on the short story's remoteness from the community, there are degrees and kinds of remoteness. And as Gordimer shows, a lyric stasis can coexist with social flux. In "Oysters", a story that pays tribute to Chekhov, there is a careless piece of social detail when a Scandinavian woman meets a poet in a Parisian restaurant: "A once powerful man played an accordion at the door." The French accordion-player might be standing in for the Eiffel Tower: he is a cinematic cliché and should never have been admitted into the narrative.

Running through McGahern's work is a fusion of sex, death and hopelessness. They are the presiding trinity of his imagination and are revealed in a series of epiphanies. In "All Sorts of Impossible Things" a bald schoolteacher who is never seen without his brown hat (he wears it permanently when his fiancée rejects him after his hair falls out) watches the alcoholic landlord of his local pub cough after furtively snatching a swig of whiskey: "The teacher was so intimate with the subterfuge that he might as well have taken part in the act of murder or of love." Here, social detail and lyric feeling are brilliantly combined. This is also true of "The Stoat" where a rabbit's cry of pure terror as a stoat drinks its blood is merged with a widower's rejection of the spinster whom he has selected from all the replies to his marriage-advert and who suffers a mild heart attack while they are on holiday.

McGahern's imagination is intimately bound to a terminal condition where "all life turns away from its own eventual hopelessness, leaving insomnia and its night to lovers and the dying", and he writes of this condition in a prose which always possesses an astringent purity and delicacy. The chill beauty of his stories is rather like that of "the bare Scandinavian table" in "Oysters." But there is an admonition in this comparison, for although the short story can never be a baggy monster, there are times when a naked, lyric purity of form can seem too distanced from the contingencies of social reality.

IAN MCEWAN'S *In Between the Sheets*[8] also observes a terminal condition, and although he

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[7] *Getting Through*. By JOHN MCGAHERN. Faber and Faber, £4.25.

[8] *In Between the Sheets*. By IAN MCEWAN. Jonathan Cape, £3.50.

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has certain affinities with McGahern it's important to notice their differences. Essentially, McEwan is describing a dead, absolutely secular world, while in McGahern's work there is a strain of mysticism which means that far from being completely sterile his world is reassuringly "other" somewhere around its edges. In "Two Fragments: March 199–" McEwan shows how the future, the century's ending, is already with us. The story is set in a London where there is neither order nor petrol, and where hungry men perch "like featherless birds" on the rim of a fountain. Nearby are the deserted buildings of Whitehall. A couple make "poignantly unsuccessful" love and afterwards they talk of the petroleum past in "a room of dusty sunlight and torn plastic furniture." And although "Psychopolis" is set in the present moment it too introduces the future because Los Angeles (a "vast fragmented city without a centre", a "city of narcissists") becomes the symbol of the condition we're all travelling towards.

McEwan is close to Peter Porter and Martin Amis in his sense of the way in which our civilisation values what cannot be a value: the "now", the contemporary, the ephemeral, the ruthlessly secular. This is apparent in "Dead As They Come" which is a brilliant and intensely contemporary development of the theme of Browning's "My Last Duchess." The story is a parable which traces all the stages of a non-relationship between a jealous millionaire and "Helen", a plastic model he sees in the window of a dress-shop and buys. His affair ends with the rape and destruction of Helen whom he suspects of bedding his chauffeur. In celebration, the millionaire (he has been knighted by the government of the day) destroys his collection of paintings:

> Vermeer, Blake, Richard Dadd, Paul Nash, Rothko, I tore, trampled, mangled, kicked, spat and urinated on . . . my precious possessions . . . oh my precious . . . I danced, I sang, I laughed . . . I wept long into the night.

Here, as in the other stories, McEwan shows that his disintegrating man is where, culturally, we all are now—or will be very soon. His first collection, *First Love, Last Rites*, lacked the adept sense of cultural and spiritual bankruptcy present in, say, "To and Fro" where his rigorous depiction of a derelict humanism identifies "the ancient tread of her heart to and fro" with a series of visual pulses that insist on their absence of value:

> The sky a blank yellow-white, the canal odour reduced by distance to the smell of sweet ripe cherries, the melancholy of airliners turning in the stack and here in the office others cut up the day's papers, this is their work. Paste columns to index cards.

McEwan's fragmented narrative images a chemical bureaucracy patterned by meaningless repetitions. His visions of hopeless fantasists and savage neurotics is terrifyingly contemporary, and if the contemplation of it makes one wish to turn towards what Eliot means by "the inner freedom from the practical desire" it also summons the denial of that idea of spiritual freedom.

It looks as if there is no forgiveness after this knowledge. One thing is certain though—from Sean O'Faolain to Ian McEwan the art of the short story is vigorously flourishing.

Encounter, in a Dream

A thin knighted one with a flat zipped brief-case
Arrived, and he spoke to a thin one
And they started. I, invisible, followed them.
They passed through doors which revolved respectfully,
And they crossed a foyer which was subservient,
And they climbed slowly a staircase which was reverential,
And the thin one who was servile shifted his servile tape-recorder
From his left hand to his right hand. Into the room
Of the Great Visitor still I followed them. I, the invisible
One, was to him visible, and fleshly, and he kissed me,
Full on the mouth, and turned to the visibles, and said
"What is yours, gentlemen, a whisky sour, a campari?"

Geoffrey Grigson

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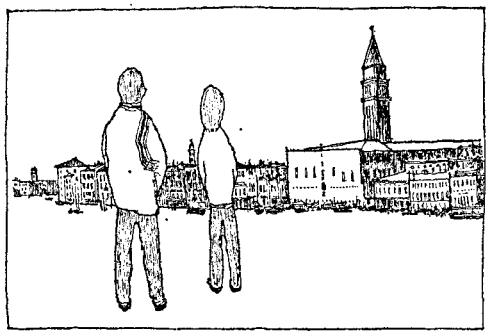
POINTS OF THE COMPASS



New Eyes in Venice

By Jan Morris

YEARS AND YEARS AGO, walking home from the station to my flat at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Rio San Trovaso, I came across an elderly man sitting on a doorstep selling little toy men of printed canvas. They had weights inside them, and were thus impelled, when given a shove, to tumble head over heels down a plank. As they did so they emitted a quaint squeaking noise, such as baby birds make, and I found this so endearing that I bought one at once and took it home with me.

I had been gulled, for when I put the figures into action myself, I discovered that the little whistling noise had come not from the toys at all, but from the vendor. He was a ventriloquist, it seemed, and the tumbling men, when I sent them helter-skelter down the tall dark stairs of our *palazzo*, were as dumb as the sculpted lions which, gazing down upon our antics from the mouldings of the ceiling, seemed, in the way of Venetian lions, to be more contemptuous than amused.

I had often told this story to my family, and over the years had never lost my admiration for that street-vendor's sleight of tongue. Imagine my pleasure, then, when taking my two youngest children on their very first visit to Venice recently, I came across that very rogue, still vivaciously at work. He had grown greyer and plumper, of course, had been promoted from the purlieus of the railway station to the Bond Street of the Venice trinket trade, the promenade between the Piazzetta and Harry's Bar, and was now selling swimming dogs, paddling themselves round an enamel basin of water: but still those exquisite chirruping sounds were transmitted imperceptibly from the side of his mouth, deceptive and enchanting as ever.

THE CHILDREN WERE vastly amused, and I was much encouraged: for I was fondly hoping to re-experience, through their eyes, some of the original astonishment of Venice, that marvellous first impact which is unique to the Serenissima among all the cities of the world, and which in the normal course of events never quite happens twice. I had observed the effect of the revelation upon hundreds of people since it first happened to me 30-odd years ago, and had come to feel that almost the greatest pleasure of having friends to stay in Venice was the sight of their faces when, picking them up from the car park or the railway station, I chugged them in my little boat precariously among the *vaporetti* up the Grand Canal.

Now, I thought, I would cheat, and experience it for myself once more through the sensibilities of another generation—rather as one hopes, by savouring the taste of a wine or the scent of a wood fire, to revive the pleasures of long-digested meals, or times long gone.

DID IT work? Well it did and it didn't. As it happens my own first experience of Venice is unrepeatable. I belong to the select band of privileged Britons who first saw the place at the very end of World War II, when deprived of all tourists and stunned still by the shock of conflict, it lay in a kind of trance upon its mostly deserted lagoon. Nobody's first sensation of Venice was ever quite like ours! I lived in a requisitioned villa on Giudecca, and early on summer mornings even now, when I steal to my window as the Welsh day breaks, I can hear the slap, slap of the water in the boat-house below, see the blue-grey misty light of the lagoon, and watch the pale sunshine, like a gentle flame, setting San Servolo on fire.

I could not give that to the children, but I offered them the next best thing. Flying into Marco Polo airport in the evening, we took a motor-boat direct to the Piazzetta, and so came upon Venice unawares, so to speak, through the mesh of back-canals that links the Fondamenta Nuove with the Basin of St Mark. Twm, as a matter of fact, had not particularly wanted to come: why waste a week of holiday in Venice, he rather thought, when he could be at home writing *englynion* in Wales? Sukie, who believes in trying everything once, was more enthusiastic.

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But both, I was pleased to see from the corner of my eye (for they had abjured me not to keep *staring* at them, for reactions) were slightly dazed by the sheer fantasy of the spectacle, as we nosed our passage through the first crumbled palaces of the city, down those dim-lit waterways.

How could they help it? As we stood in the poop of the boat, leaning on the cabin roof, the street-lights of Venice, now and then inflamed by the dazzle of a café, flickered on my children's faces, and I saw their eyes literally widen with astonishment. The buildings passed in towering parade; shadowy boats manoeuvred here and there, humped isolated bridges were mysteriously crowded with people; a tower leaned precariously above us; music and laughter sounded from piazzas out of sight; as we passed beneath the last bridge into the inky water-stage that is the Basin, with the Doge's palace floating luminously to our right, and the great campanile supreme over all, I looked at Twm and Sukie once again, more openly this time, and saw from their flushed faces that they had been satisfactorily initiated.

THEY WERE MORE selective, it turned out, than I ever was. There was the difference. For me, from the very start, Venice was a dazzling unity, and I was intoxicated by the whole of it: by the ships, by the history, by the architecture, by the crowds, by the rot, and cramp and the evocation of it all—all muddled up, like some marvellous *bouillabaisse* of the senses. For my children, it appeared, the vision was less blurred. They enjoyed the specifics more than the whole, and when I asked each of them what they liked most in Venice, responded instantly with a particular experience.

Sukie remembered most vividly, after the gondoliers themselves I suspect, the gondola serenade which, in the Venetian way, we discovered quite by chance approaching us down a side-canal as we loitered towards the Piazza after dinner one night, stopping now and then for window-shopping or cups of hot chocolate. This was not a simple memory, I gathered, and as, little by little, I coaxed her reactions out of her like some claptrap Freudian beside the couch, I was gratified to recognise in her responses half-forgotten Venetian reflexes of my own.

There was the romance of it, first. How marvellous, those distant bobbing lights in the dark canal, that first tremolo of the approaching tenor, still invisible in the gloom! There was the inexpressible comedy of it, when the flotilla of boats appeared lugubriously in its veil of lanterns: the resolute huddle of tourists, their hair-dos protected in plastic cocoons, their knees muffled in blankets, bravely sticking it out, with ghastly smiles of appreciation, to the bitter end of the excursion; the tenor himself in his buttoned mackintosh, filling the canals with his echoing arias, a throb of a man, Puccini's champion, the top of whose head missed the bridge by a hilarious couple of inches as his gondola lurched him backwards beneath it, but whose art, momentarily muffled beneath the stonework, sounded again in unquenched triumph when they emerged on the other side.

But there was also, so Sukie felt, an aftertaste of pathos. I know that feeling well. He was a sad figure really, that poor brave tenor, his youthful hopes of glory reduced to such clownish bravura. They were touching more than laughable, those numbed tourists, whisked for a few days from the mundanities of office and suburb to this God-given prodigy of a city, and determined not to miss a demi-semi-quaver of it. Here the child had glimpsed a symptom of Venice itself: for just as its stones are streaked with subtle tints of russet or vermilion, so its presence too is coloured by a lingering suggestion of the forlorn.

TWM FOUND MUCH of Venice an inadequate substitute for Gwynedd or Gwent, though early doubts about the food were dispelled by a sumptuous evening in that grand pavilion of *la belle époque*, the Fenice Restaurant, which seems to me, and even to Twm, on the whole better than anything we know in Porthmadog. But he is a countryman born and bred, and his taste is for older, simpler things than the city of Venice can provide, for cromlechs and dead languages, soils grainier than mud-banks, triumphs less gaudy than the Venetian, sorrows more wistful still.

The Basilica, misty though its recesses were, and atavistic the great sheet of its Pala d'Oro, did not seem to satisfy him. The lanes were too urban for his taste, the canals too noisy, and like many another before him he was oppressed by the prison-feel of Venice, its barred and stony ambience—green, abhorrent, slippery city, D. H. Lawrence called it, and everyone who has lived there knows the nagging urge to escape from its embrace which periodically overcomes even the most devoted of its admirers.

Twm, like Lawrence, felt this oppression from the start, as though he were physically belaboured by the sheer concentration of Venice, all its history, all its purposes, crammed into those few square miles of masonry. My own means of liberation from these Venetian moods has always been to take to the boats: and so on a bright

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morning we took the steamer to the oldest, the loveliest and the most suggestive of all the island settlements in the lagoon. Most people, I think, discover somewhere or other in Venice a true reflection of themselves, as the right dress picks up the colour of one's eyes, and I chose the island right, for Twm's match was distinctly with Torcello.

I watched him as we crossed the lagoon, and I recognised in his manner that very same expression of release which he betrays when, stepping off the Shrewsbury bus, he comes home from school to Wales. The water meant freedom for him, like the mountains, the speckled islands were like cottages on a moor, and when we disembarked upon the little jetty at Torcello, to see the weather-beaten old tower of the cathedral standing there like a tall dolmen above the island, it was almost as though he were returning to some already familiar country.

We ate our lunch in the garden of Cipriani's inn, and took the obligatory stroll round the vegetable gardens, and inspected the interior of the cathedral, and bought some lace handkerchiefs from the ladies on the green. But it was not the scampi that enraptured Twm, nor even the sweet Madonna in her apse, but the bumpy old field at the east end of the cathedral, like a dingle beside the lagoon, where we sat and talked as the afternoon wore on, watching the light shift on the old stone of the tower, feeling the dead ages all around us, savouring the hush of the waters, and the mixture of hay, mud, salt and cooking that is the particular perfume of Torcello.

I have loved the spot for the greater part of my life, but Twm's pleasure gave it a new meaning for me, and endowed it with a different magic.

SO IN THEIR RESPONSES I did, as I had hoped, recapture some former ecstasies of my own, but not all: for *au fond*, I came to realise in their blithe company, my admiration for Venice is an admiration of its *power*, nourished indeed by all its separate essences of art and custom, but towering above them all. Venice may no longer hold the East in fee, but its muscular splendour of form, its echoes of old authority, still command my allegiance.

My children did not, I think, much care for this magnificence of Venice, and preferred all in all the interstices to the mass—the quirks of the place, the surprise and the allusion. We are, after all, children of our ages too. I was a child of the imperial age; they are children of ecology and abnegation. I have always thrilled to the flags, the towers and the tread of the ships: they, it seems, are more mature in their tastes, and look for gentler stimulations.

But we all enjoyed ourselves anyway—oh, and I should have mentioned, by the way, one thing about that man with the whistling toys. It is true that we found him still vigorously in performance, projecting his chirps to his swimming animals. Times change, though, even in Venice, and nowadays there is a notice tucked unobtrusively to his stand. *The Dogs*, it says, *Do Not Really Whistle.*

The Love of Two Oranges

Two they said you can have
Two. Twenty I replied, I can
Have twenty, my greed vast
At my first sight of oranges
Fat growing on their trees.

One night the grass was littered
By storms: the warm rounds lay
Only to be lifted, sucked, sniffed,
More orange than oranges.
The Sun Kings.

And two oranges that rolled
Nearer: brother and sister,
Or lovers. I longed to drop one
Down my blouse, like that old
Woman mad who in my youth
Comforted her great breasts so.

Madge Hales

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CONFERENCE

A Neo-Revisionist Renaissance

Back to Bernstein?

By Robert S. Wistrich

WHY THIS BELATED *Wiedergutmachung* towards the "father of revisionism", 45 years after his death? We had not been summoned to the picturesque little town of Freudenberg in the Siegerland simply out of piety or to correct a historic injustice—the comparative neglect of Eduard Bernstein's writings for nearly half a century. But whatever the revisionist legacy had to offer in the contemporary crisis of socialism—a recurring question posed by the assembled battery of historians, political scientists, economists, philosophers of science, *Bundestag* members and JUSO militants—did not permit an obvious or an easy answer.

Were the German Social Democrats in search of a new definition of their role or merely an ideological legitimation for their pragmatic policies? Had they belatedly realised the dangers of allowing a theoretical vacuum which had left the Party open to the infiltration of non-democratic socialist ideas from the Far Left? Or was the rehabilitation of Bernstein primarily a response to the crisis among the *Jungsozialisten* and the need for reformists to develop a counter-theory, capable of pushing back the neo-Marxist challenge?

All these considerations may have played some role in the revisionist revival, and they were not fudged at Freudenberg during four days of self-critical and open-ended debate. But they must be seen in their historical context as part of that long tradition of political *Glaubenskämpfe* which have characterised the evolution of the SPD for over a century.

There are those who believe that Eduard Bernstein's writings do offer a coherent theory of "functional" socialism which is practical, *aktualisierbar*. They argue that Bernstein developed a new "paradigm" for a constructive reform strategy which is the only realistic model available to socialists seeking the gradual transformation of a complex industrial society. They deny that this paradigm is "anti-Marxist", claiming that dogmatic anti-revisionists among the young militant JUSOS have falsified the intentions and aims of Bernstein's revisionism.

Others, opposed to this trend, suggest that Bernstein provides no radical *systemsprengende Alternative* to the spectacle of Capitalism-in-crisis—that, then as now, his theories can "only legitimate the status quo"—offering Social Democrats merely a pragmatic symbiosis with the mixed economy of industrial capitalism.

A third position, strongly argued at Freudenberg (especially by the historians of German Social Democracy), rejects any attempt artificially to systematise Bernstein's ideas and transplant the original "revisionist" concept to the present, as a basis for concrete political action. Bernstein, it was pointed out, was an eclectic thinker, not a *Theoretiker*, a "critical" socialist and not a System-builder. The development of a Bernsteinian "paradigm" was, therefore, a negation of his real intentions, and might even produce a new dogmatism.

DURING THE FIRST DAYS of the Congress, when the historians and politicians dominated the proceedings, some of the contradictions and distortions implicit in contemporary views of Bernstein and "revisionism" became apparent. After all, it was Friedrich Engels himself who had initiated the revision of Marxism; and Euro-Communists like Lucio Lombardo Radice could call on this precedent as justification for their "Historic Compromise." Nevertheless, the term had developed pejorative connotations only after Bernstein tampered with the "holy texts" of the socialist classics in the late 1890s. With the aid of this acquired stigma, Communists could for decades revile Social Democrats. The Soviets denounced Titoism; the Maoists still curse the Soviet "revisionists"; and the new Leftists have blasted all established forms of socialism as a "betrayal" of Marx. Not for nothing has an entire faction of Young Socialists proudly described themselves as "anti-revisionists"!

While this negative image was based on a self-serving caricature of the original aims and purposes of Revisionism, it had to be recognised that Bernstein's assessment of the real power-structures in Imperial Germany and the Weimar Republic was mistaken. Professor Helga Grebing (Göttingen) adopted this view, arguing that there had been no prospect for Germany to develop into an advanced capitalist society on the Western model (as Bernstein hoped) as long as it had remained dominated by semi-feudal Prussian Junkers. The theory of revisionism could only have emerged in the more tolerant, political climate of England (and South Germany) where liberalism had not capitulated to reactionary forces. This point was reinforced by Professor Helmut Hirsch of Dusseldorf (one of the chief initiators of the Congress), who described the

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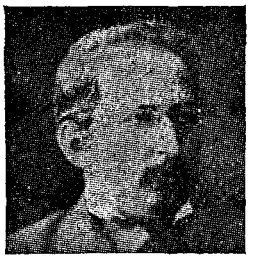
great impact of the British Fabians on Eduard Bernstein's thought and on the genesis of revisionism.

BERNSTEIN'S LONG EXILE in London had undoubtedly sharpened his opposition to the vulgar Marxist dogmas that had become entrenched in the SPD and gave him the original impetus to emancipate the German Party from its outmoded revolutionary phraseology. His revisionism was not so much a theoretical legitimation for the reformist *praxis* pursued by the SPD since 1890 as an attempt to overcome the discrepancy between its *verbal* revolutionism and actual political practice. Thus it was not identical with reformism (or "opportunism", as Marxist critics since Rosa Luxemburg had always maintained) nor with *Praktisizimus* (the pragmatic indifference to theory)—which was the dominant trend in the pre-1914 SPD and today. Equally questionable is the assumption, frequently made by liberals and right-wing Social Democrats, that Bernstein's revisionism was a full-scale frontal assault on Marxism. Rather, it should be seen as a corrective to the "deformed" Marxism of official pre-1914 Party ideology which refused to abandon revolutionary illusions that were useful for mobilising mass enthusiasm but divorced from social and political realities.

Several contributors pointed out that it was misleading to identify Bernstein too closely with other revisionists in Germany. On a number of important issues he had adopted very personal,

In Praise of Eduard Bernstein . . .



THERE IS *no absolute measure of greatness in history. The stature of personality depends not only on distance and perspective but on the emergence of consequences of ideas and actions not always perceived at the time by contemporaries. This is particularly true in the area of social and political thought. The significance of the philosophy of John Locke became more apparent a century after his time in the dominant ideas of the French Enlightenment, and in the declarations of the philosopher-statesmen who were the architects of the American Republic.*

Viewed from the standpoint of West European Social Democracy today, a belated intellectual and moral homage is due to an historical figure whose insights during his own lifetime were disputed by many of his comrades-in-arms in fierce controversies even as events confirmed them. I refer to Eduard Bernstein (1850–1932) who has been dubbed the Father of "socialist revisionism." For many years he became the object of obloquy of "orthodox" Marxists in many countries who made a fetish of some of Marx's doctrines, and failed to apply what was scientific in Marx's method, in the light of changing realities, to Marx's own pronouncements and predictions.

ONE IS STRUCK TODAY *by Eduard Bernstein's intellectual and moral courage in challenging dogmas that had become articles of faith, not sustained by empirical evidence, and in upholding a peaceful patriotism in an era of raging nationalism at the outbreak of the First World War.*

But of far greater significance is the way in which his ideas have stood the test of time and their relevance to the condition in Europe today. Our understanding has caught up with the profundity of his insights. It is now clear that his much-derided statement:

> "What one generally calls the final goal of socialism is nothing to me, the movement everything (*Was man gemeinhin Endziel des Sozialismus nennt, ist mir nichts, die Bewegung alles*)"

expressed an opposition to Utopianism which foresaw an end to history through an apocalyptic event that would usher in a classless society. Bernstein's point was that history has no one fixed goal, final or any other. History is a succession of human problems, some small, some large. A large-scale historical movement that seeks the transformation of society can only succeed by piecemeal solutions. There are some problems that are interdependent, but it is false to assume that *all* important problems are so interrelated that there is one key to them. There is, therefore, no point at which one can say that the transformation is completed. The frustrated Utopian is often tempted to redirect the course of history by terror.

What Eduard Bernstein meant when he said that the *movement* was all was that the *direction* of the movement was all. To be sure before we can judge whether a movement has a direction, we must have some specific goals in mind. But such goals are set by human beings, not by the immanent necessities of a history determined by inevitable laws; and these goals are not final but become the means of reaching other goals. For Bernstein programmes for the provision of work—the humanisation of work—the greater participation of citizens in the institutional processes of democracy—the diminution and alleviation of human suffering attendant on disease, old age, accident and disadvantaged birth—the multiplication of opportunities for self and creative fulfilment—all were both means and ends for enriching the quality of human life for all. On the other hand a socialist system planned in every detail

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even idiosyncratic positions. For instance, he had recognised that national sentiment was a powerful force and not simply a "capitalist superstructure" or "diversionary ideology." Yet Bernstein had rejected integral nationalism (especially of the racial-tribal variety), while supporting the necessity of a *Kolonialpolitik*.

There were also ambiguities in Bernstein's attitude to imperialism. On the one hand, impressed by the British imperial model, he favoured the extension of modern civilisation and its technology to more backward peoples. But he opposed militaristic methods and discriminatory practices. He even hoped that a humanised colonialist policy could help bring peaceful compromise between the most advanced and powerful European nations. Bernstein's attitude to the First World War (which caused a temporary rupture not only with the SPD but also with his revisionist friends) was a prime example of his social-pacifism and humanitarian distaste for militarism. His position was determined above all by moral considerations. Similarly, as I myself argued, his attitude to Zionism and the Jewish problem was the product of an ethical, rather than an ideological stance. Bernstein was influenced by his liberal, Jewish heritage to adopt a cosmopolitan position on certain political questions. By the late 1890s, Marxist class analysis (at least in its vulgar-materialistic form) appeared to him as an inadequate method for explaining such phenomena as mounting nationalism, anti-Semitism, and colonial rivalries.

. . . By Sidney Hook

would require a discipline more appropriate for an Army or a Jail. The quest for absolute security or efficiency in a contingent world is foolish not only because its achievement is unattainable but because its cost is human freedom.

The "movement was everything" for Bernstein in another sense too, since to him it meant the spirit of fraternity, which had developed in the common struggle for a humane society, the bond of kinship that becomes closer when men and women are gripped by common ideals and educated by a common experience in overcoming obstacles.

IF BY "SCIENTIFIC" SOCIALISM *one means a realistic assessment of social and economic conditions by the rational methods of objective inquiry, then Bernstein remained a scientific socialist despite his trenchant criticisms of many who regarded themselves as its defenders. He realised that the test of any theory of historical development which was not metaphysical or religious was empirical, that in Friedrich Engels' phrase (to which Engels was not always faithful), "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." And it was on scientific, empirical grounds that Bernstein made short shrift of the theory of the increasing misery of the working class* (Verelendungstheorie), *the doctrine of the inevitable disappearance of the middle classes, and the myth that the workers are guided by economic class interests alone.*

PERHAPS BERNSTEIN'S MOST **enduring contribution to socialist thought is his emphasis upon the fact that social problems are** *au fond* **moral problems, and that today these moral problems cluster around the conception of Democracy as a Way of Life. That is why he was critical of all forms of dictatorship whether of person, party or class. That is why he was impatient with those who dismissed the heritage of civil rights that came into the world with the "bourgeois revolutions", as "formal" and "empty." He was acutely aware that although indispensable political and civil rights by themselves were incomplete in the struggle to achieve the promise of democracy as a way of life. He realised that the institutional expression of equality of concern for all human beings to develop themselves to the full stature of their growth required profound social and economic changes. Nonetheless he stressed the truth that has been proved again and again in the so-called "socialist democracies" of the East, that without** *political* **democracy, "economic" or "ethnic" or "educational" or "cultural" democracies are impossible. Without Political Freedom there is no other genuine freedom.**

THERE IS NO DOUBT *where Eduard Bernstein would stand today, were he alive, in the struggle to preserve our threatened freedom, or what his judgment would be on the Gulag Archipelagos of the world and their apologists. He never denied that there are and will be "class struggles", but he hoped that they would not be fought in such a way as to erode the sense of community which to some degree is presupposed by any civilised life, and which flowers best when the ideal of democracy as a way of life informs thought and practice.*

For all his love of peace Bernstein was not an absolute pacifist. He believed that democratic institutions must be defended against those who would overthrow them by violent aggression—internal or external. At the same time he distinguished between opponents within *the democratic process who must be tolerant of their differences however great, and enemies* of *the democratic process who operate outside the bounds of democratic legality, and who must be vigorously combated.*

EDUARD BERNSTEIN **set no store by labels. In one sense it could be claimed that he was less a "revisionist" of Marx than was Lenin. In another sense, he was a conscious revisionist who made more visible than Karl Marx himself the ethos of the socialist movement whose deepest commitment is to the expansion of human freedom and its corollary—that what is scientifically and morally truly valid is independent of nation, class, and party.**

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THE EMPHASIS by historians on the time-bound features of his legacy was followed up by an animated discussion of Bernstein's relevance to contemporary strategies for democratic socialism. Karsten Voigt (a former Juso-Chairman and now a member of the *Bundestag*) considered that the challenges of the present were quite different from the turn-of-the-century revisionist controversy. Nothing would therefore be gained by a fixation on Bernstein's writings which was ahistorical and more likely to produce a new dogma than fresh orientations for practical activity. Another ex-Juso leader, Dr Johanno Strasser, agreed that a mere change of labels (Marx out, Bernstein in) would not solve any problems and might be a step backward.

Professor Gesine Schwan (Berlin) noted that Bernstein's ethically motivated socialism was a forerunner of the *Grundwerte* embodied in the historic Bad Godesberg Programme (1959) and of the pluralistic world-view accepted by most modern Social-democrats. But could one develop guidelines for political action by constructing theoretical models based on different historical situations? This was also the view of the Berlin Senator, Dr Peter Glotz (a rising star in the SPD). There remained the centrality of liberal, democratic values in Bernstein's thought.

Bernstein's historic achievement had been to grasp the importance of the *Mittelschichten* and the need to transform the SPD from a narrowly based working-class to a left-of-centre *Volkspartei*. He was the first socialist theorist to have tried to bridge the gap between the industrial workers and the intermediate social strata, and this was indispensable if the SPD was ever to win a majority. Many of Bernstein's strategic recommendations could almost be read as a commentary on the current Socialist-Liberal coalition in the Federal Republic. But, as several participants argued, that did not mean that Bernstein should become the new father-figure of the SPD. This was expressed with particular trenchancy by Professor Hans Mommsen who sharply criticised the notion (put forward by Horst Heimann) that Bernstein provided a conceptual framework for a *praxis*-oriented reformist strategy. To resurrect Bernstein for such purposes was to ignore his most important legacy—to have freed the SPD from the strait-jacket of the "German ideology" and the obsolete, theoretical *Dreck* which had paralysed its freedom of action!

There was a skilful defence of the view that, in spite of these criticisms, Bernstein was indeed relevant to the present and future strategy of the SPD. More than any of his contemporaries, Bernstein had correctly anticipated the future evolution of modern Western Social-democracy. Yet he remained a *verdrängte Theoretiker*, unlike Marx, Lassalle, Kautsky, or Rosa Luxemburg. His philosophically pluralistic, politically open-ended, ethical socialism was far closer to the post-Godesberg SPD, yet the significance of his *Paradigmawechsel* had not been fully understood.

BERNSTEIN HAD BEEN the first German socialist to absorb the lessons of the British Fabians and take full account of the organisational complexity of modern industrial societies and the actual level of competence of the working class. His strategy of permeation and gradual transformation of the structures of capitalist society had been derived from a realistic analysis of its adaptability and capacity for reform. By revising the old Marxian thesis of growing pauperisation and the inevitable polarisation of society into two antagonistic classes, Bernstein had demystified the utopian elements in Marxism and helped to free it from metaphysical verbiage. He had exposed the irrelevance of the myth of revolutionary violence for a functional model of social transformation. There would be no apocalyptic crisis of capitalism or a spectacular leap into the Promised Land of socialism but a long-term process of organic change in which the State, far from "withering away", would assume new tasks consonant with its democratisation. Even the exclusivist historic mission of the proletariat (the Hegelian *Weltgeist* theory in materialist garb) was abandoned by Bernstein in favour of a coalition strategy. Ironically enough, most of these adjustments of the gospel according to Saint Marx have been accepted by Euro-Communists of the Carrillo faction. Yet, officially, Western Communists still revile "revisionism" as a Trojan horse of the bourgeoisie within the labour movement. In Eastern Europe it still constitutes a criminal heresy against Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy.

The Leninist viewpoint was also represented in Freudenberg. Two Leninists, Dr Georg Fulberth and Professor Sandkühler, predictably argued that revisionism was a theoretical *counter-revolution*, an opportunist deviation rooted in the class-contradictions of capitalist society. Bernstein's assault on economic determinism and the dialectical unity of theory and practice was essentially a pretext to undermine the revolutionary *praxis* of the workers' movement. It had been supported by the trade-union Bureaucracy and petty-bourgeois elements in the SPD who reduced the objective necessity of class-struggle to the short-term requirements of *Tagespolitik*, etc., etc.

NO DOUBT about it, Bernstein did touch the most sensitive nerve of *fin-de-siècle* Marxism —its belief in the *inevitability* of socialism—by

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sharply differentiating between "is" and "ought" propositions, between facts and norms, *Wissenschaft* and prophecy. Precisely on these grounds, some argued for the modernity of Bernstein's method. In the spirit of Max Weber, the founder of modern sociology (whom Bernstein greatly admired), the founder of Revisionism had sought to distinguish between causal explanation, interpretative understanding, and normative values. Bernstein believed that only that which was empirically verifiable and value-free in Marxism could have "scientific" status. *Das Kapital* was not a work of "socialist" science: in so far as it was scientific, it was not socialist—since all science was *agnostic* by definition. By the same token, there could be no final, ultimate truths in Marxism, since all theories were subject to the discovery of new facts and had to be confirmed by experience.

Echoing his Fabian predecessor George Bernard Shaw, Eduard Bernstein insisted that *"Die Wissenschaft kann nicht Parteisache sein!"* Thus, in contrast to orthodox Marxists and followers of Lenin, who conceived of Marxism as a science of social development, Bernstein adopted a scientific attitude to Marxism itself—stripping it of all utopian, historicist, and determinist accretions. Was this, then, a remarkable anticipation of Karl Popper's theory of critical rationalism (which has been endorsed by no less a political authority than Chancellor Helmut Schmidt)?

Bernstein as an embryonic Popperian—this is indeed the ultimate accolade in West Germany, where "critical fallibilism" could almost be described as the unofficial *Staatsphilosophie*! But Popper's assault on Marxist historicism, his dualistic methodology and advocacy of piecemeal social technology, while congenial to many Social Democrats, is equally adaptable for the needs of liberals and conservatives. Can then, Eduard Bernstein, as a classic product of democratic socialism, serve as an ideal bridge between Karl Marx and Karl Popper? Bernstein's rejection of the Hegelian dialectic, as superstition and of economic determinatism as "Calvinism without God" left the road open for an ethically-based socialist ideal, more easily reconciled to self-government, political freedom, and economic democracy. While this may indeed be the death of all socialist *Phantasie* and scarcely promises Paradise on earth, it does at least offer the tangible hope of "socialism with a human face."

THIS POINT was well made on the final day by Professor Jiri Kosta (formerly of Prague) who noted the affinities between Bernstein's model of democratic socialism and the conceptions of the Czech Communist reformers in 1968, before their experiment was crushed by Soviet tanks. The Czech reformers had recognised the complexity of modern industrial society, and they tried to combine democratic planning with more scope for the market mechanism, socialised ownership with a more pluralist political system. They had also come to see that socialism would be meaningless unless it could guarantee the fundamental rights or freedoms of the individual—not just his right to work and to social security—but also freedom of speech, assembly, association, residence, travel, and the right to express political dissent. It is no surprise, then, that "Revisionism" remains such a cardinal heresy for all Communist parties in power.

WHAT CONCLUSIONS, if any, can one draw from the Freudenberg Congress about the future of democratic socialism in West Germany? Can this rehabilitation of Eduard Bernstein help overcome the rift between what was called the *theorielosen Praxis* of the SPD government and party bureaucracy, and the *theorie ohne Praxis* of the Jusos? Is there a middle ground between the increasingly conservative *Machtpolitik* of the party leadership and the dogmatic Marxism of the anti-revisionist Left?

Clearly the practical consequences of a Bernstein Renaissance must be closely tied up with these considerations. The post-Godesberg SPD, having thrown overboard the obsolete ideological ballast of Marxism to smooth its road to political power, did not develop an adequate theoretical underpinning for its policies. Thus, with the rise of the Student opposition and the Marxism renaissance of the mid-1960s, the way was open for an anti-revisionist New Left to seize the initiative in the universities and high schools. In the last few years this trend has permeated the Young Socialists with the anti-revisionists and the *Stamokap-Fraktion* (advocates of the Leninist theory of "State-Monopolistic-Capitalism") winning ascendancy over the reformists. This has been partly due to the difficulty of emotional identification that young socialists feel towards a government that uses its own party and youth organisations simply as a transmission-belt for decisions taken at the top; and partly to the conceptual vacuum created by the reliance of the SPD on a technocratically-oriented pragmatism, and its failure to revive genuine political discussion within the party. Thus, vaunted Theory lost its critical function both as an orientation for practical activity and as a means to identify the obstacles to human emancipation.

THE INTELLECTUAL VACUUM was initially filled by the neo-Marxist Frankfurt School with its

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opposition to the *status quo*, to the hegemony of "positivism in the social sciences", and to "Instrumental modes of thinking." Today, this current is on the retreat, along with the utopianism of the late 1960s, with its belief in radical and total change of the System. In its place has come the doctrinaire theorising of the *Stamokap*—even more abstract, even more divorced from reality, and even more profoundly pessimistic with regard to revolution as well as reform. Clearly this tendency can only lead the Jusos into a cul-de-sac.

Is neo-revisionism the answer? Can a new theoretical model which talks of "paradigm-change" and "scientific revolution", but relies on piecemeal social technology and critical fallibilism, win the soul of the next generation of socialist leaders? Isn't it, after all, so much easier to believe that the SPD has "betrayed" its "socialist" mission and taken the tortuous road of "bourgeois revisionism"?

REVISIONISM, unfortunately, does suffer from an intrinsic disadvantage which already handicapped it before the First World War—its deflation of Messianic politics and its sceptical stance towards the charismatic faith of the Founding Fathers. Johanno Strasser, one young leader of the Left, ironised that "Bernstein served out only very small portions of the revolutionary spirit." The utopian pursuit of the millennium is replaced by a philosophy whose origin is more British than German—*Empirie als Erlösung*. Whether one can advance the slogan of "System-Change" under this banner is at least doubtful. One cannot help feeling that Bernstein's own reaction would have been similar to that of Marx confronted by his disciples—"*Moi, je ne suis pas bernsteiniste.*"

Yet aren't the Revisionists basically right in their assertion that there is no real alternative to a reform strategy in Western Europe in 1978? Eduard Bernstein not only foresaw more accurately than his contemporaries the likely trend of capitalist development and drew the realistic conclusions—he also recognised more clearly that political democracy was indispensable for the establishment of a humane socialism. In this respect, one can subscribe to Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's judgment that

> "Bernstein was not only more intellectually honest than his opponents—but he was also much more of a democrat than Marx. . . ."

IS IT AN ACCIDENT, comrades, that the Bernstein Renaissance of the late 1970s is beginning just as the Marx Revival of the last decade starts to taper off? The crypto-messianic fires and overheated utopianism which set the system alight ten years ago are burning themselves out in the Terrorist's *Götterdämmerung*. In this context, the Freudenberg Congress may have come at a propitious moment. The resurrected ghost of Eduard Bernstein may be no match for Hegel's "Owl of Minerva" or the Prometheus of Karl Marx.

But the world would be a safer place under his calm gaze.

FOR A CRITIQUE *of the Popperian cult in West Germany, see Helmut Spinner,* Popper und die Politik *(Verlag Neue Gesellschaft, 1977).*

The J. H. W. Dietz Verlag has reissued several of Bernstein's works, including Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie *(1st ed., 1899) and* Der Sozialismus einst und jetzt *(1921). There is also a new edition of Helmut Hirsch's* Ein revisionistisches Sozialismusbild: Drei Vorträge von Eduard Bernstein *(first published in 1966). The Verlag Neue Gesellschaft has recently published* Texte zum Revisionismus *(Bonn-Bad Godesberg, 1977), selected, introduced and with a commentary by Horst Heimann. The same publisher has simultaneously brought out an important study by Helmut Hirsch,* Der "Fabier" Eduard Bernstein: Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte des evolutionären Sozialismus, *and also the brilliant book by Thomas Meyer,* Bernsteins konstruktiver Sozialismus: Eduard Bernsteins Beitrag zur Theorie des Sozialismus *(1977). Also relevant in this context is the book by Helga Grebing,* Der Revisionismus: Von Bernstein bis zum "Prager Frühling" *(Verlag C. H. Beck, 1977).*

There is a paucity of material in English on Bernstein. The standard work remains Peter Gay's book, The Dilemma of Democratic Socialism: Eduard Bernstein's Challenge to Marx *(New York, 1952). In French there is an important book by Pierre Angel,* Eduard Bernstein et l'évolution du Socialisme allemand *(Paris, 1961), but thus far no comprehensive biography has appeared in any language.*

Few of Bernstein's own writings have been translated into English. His major theoretical work is available under the title Evolutionary Socialism *(New York, 1961) and was first published in 1909. Other writings in English translation include his autobiography,* My Years of Exile: Reminiscences of a Socialist *(London, 1921), and* Cromwell and Communism *(1930), a pioneering study of the "English Revolution." Bernstein's long years of exile in London are dealt with in James W. Hulse's* Revolutionists in London: A Study of Five Unorthodox Socialists *(Oxford, 1970), pp. 138–165; and there is also a chapter on his Jewish background in my* Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky *(London, 1976), pp. 58–76.*

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The Labours

Each day the differing tasks, the identical means:
For me, cunning, and "how we live and learn."
But whether I change, or what, from under the cover
Of ranting about and greatly flailing about,
Was mine at the outset, who knows; my infancy
Being a legendary cradle harboured with serpents.

So, to overcome lions and rivers and birds.
I feel myself acquiring an unwelcome side
Of their attributes, though, their pestilences and falls,
A scraping of beaks on the stones. Filth sweeps away
In a torrent, but still the guile sticks to my hands.
Achievement towers beside me, and then leaves me.

He marches off in his lion-skin, I watch him go.
The hundred-headed monster and the stabbing birds
Wheel still invincible, out upon a ceaseless
Circuit of experience, not to be pacified.
Below, and madly animated by their sphere,
The bare tasks, the ignorance, the labour with myself.

Michael Vince

Muezzins

So many voices, one after another,
reaching out to us, proliferating,
thinking the word aloud—AKBAR.
Each voice is different.
This one has lost all interest,
another is urgent, though a little offkey,
while a third, far off,
has remembered to sound eschatological.
Our Prophet's the tremolo amongst these voices.
In the silence after,
I go sleepwalking
from the verandah to my washbasin.
Then my ablutions are more than ritual,
as my fingers flow with the water
and I deliver my eyes and ankles.
In prayer, my locket jingles
every time I press my forehead
to the floor, sensing the sounds
I utter more than I experience them.

Adrian Husain

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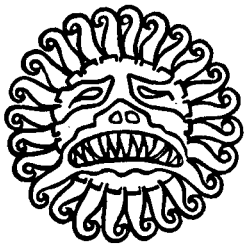
PRESS

The Twopenny Candle

On a Perverse Theatrical Mode—By HERB GREER



"Can anything be plainer", he might say, "than that I light my twopenny candle on earth and that the sun kindles his great fire in heaven? . . . give me leave to stick to facts; then I know where I am."

J. G. FRAZER: *The Golden Bough* (1890)

ELECTION NOISES wax and wane, but the political "theatre" remains wide open. The yawp of the medicine-show hawker is heard in the land; plastic smiles light up the sky; men and women play high roles on the world's great stage while staggering about on feet of clay. The spectacle is sometimes irritating, often infuriating, and we can never get away from it. We are engulfed by

> "that which is specious, and yet interesting, palpable in its seeming and yet professing to be more than palpable in its results; this, however its form may change, or however we may define or describe it, is the sort of thing—the only sort—which yet comes home to the mass of men."

That quotation, which sounds so much like a political speech, is *prima facie* nonsense; but one can more or less intuit the drift of it. When Walter Bagehot wrote the words[1] he was probably having negative emotions about the flashier aspects of the political scene, and (perhaps) aching with rueful contempt for the "mass of men" whom he saw as addicted to such a circus. It is a common sort of exasperation. Even Alexis de Tocqueville wrote that the Revolution of 1848 "seemed a vile tragedy" and declared that he "could not take the actors very seriously." Politics may appear as nothing more than a vast pantomime, with politicians as seedy actors who play to the cheapest seats and the cheapest sentiments in the house. But Tocqueville was a professional in politics. Whatever his figures of speech, he did not say that the revolution *was* "mere play-acting." Later writers have been less cautious, describing politics literally as a species of theatre—and not with disapproval.[2]

IT IS TRUE THAT politics and theatre depend upon a public environment. Neither can exist without a *thea*—an act of seeing. Illusion based on hypothesis is a factor common to theatre and politics, and both are subject to the curious human lust for fantasy, which seems to grow in geometrical proportion to the size of the crowd that shares it. Theatre and politics both hang upon rituals of display, and in both you have lack of "sincerity"—roles; pretence; costumes; hypocrisy (which indeed means "play-acting" in Greek); and the rest of the performer's stock-in-trade. Actors move their audience, politicians whip up the electorate, the audience applauds, the electorate cheers—isn't it all the same thing, really?

In fact an electorate does *not* relate to a politician as the audience relates to the actor. That is why mistrust or rancour is so frequently aroused when entertainers or "artists" intrude publicly into the realm of politics. It explains the unfortunate glint of plastic in that famous *Newsweek* cover of Shirley MacLaine smiling for Senator McGovern; or the shudder at Vanessa Redgrave's embarrassing sell for the Workers' Revolutionary Party; or the suspicions at Marlon Brando's hobnobbing with outraged American Indians (one of whom turns up later as a *Playboy* centre-fold). It stoked the resentment at Jane Fonda's ostentatiously abject pose in front of a bombed dike in North Viet Nam; and it is one reason for those mocking smiles which greet any one of Kenneth Tynan's latest pronunciamentos on current affairs. Such people make odd company for a John Wayne setting one's teeth on edge with his gauche defence of Richard Nixon.

[1] Quoted by Ferdinand Mount, in *The Theatre of Politics* (1972) p. 6.

[2] *Cf.* Ferdinand Mount's book, or Maurice Cranston, *The Mask of Politics* (1971), pp. 1–25.

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But whatever a player's colour in the ideological spectrum, all the cast share a single black spot.

Years ago, in a review of Danny Kaye, Tynan remarked that Kaye seemed to think we liked him for himself, whereas we liked him for his talent. So it is with the *vieillard terrible* himself, with Jane and Marlon and Vanessa and Shirley and Duke and the rest. It is a sad but persistent function of aesthetic chemistry that when these glittering individuals leap into some political battle to light up an issue or a cause, what we look at is *them*. Their talent for illusion—theatrical illusion—tugs at us. The torture chamber or the armoured column blurs into décor. The damaged dike is transformed into a picturesque backdrop with mutilated casualties as bit players. Instead of being opened to the truth we are shut out, lost in the audience at a theatrical ritual; and our horror and indignation lash back at the star performers. This is not the intention of the artists who are (for the most part) honest and decent people trying to do their best. But when they insist on doing it in public, the seriousness of their efforts is always affected (when it is not sabotaged) by the conditions of their métier.[3]

AND YET, and yet—the Emperor Justinian *was* moved to right an injustice by seeing it portrayed in a satirical skit. But he punished the unjust official, not the actor who played the part. When officials of Elizabeth I's court interrogated Augustine Phillips about the performance of *Richard II* which he staged for the Essex conspirators, they did not arraign him in front of the Lords and groundlings. One staging of Auber's *Masaniello* touched off a quasi-revolutionary riot in the Belgium of 1830—but the mob was not demonstrating against the tyranny in the drama. *Waiting for Lefty* ends with a rousing cry of *"Strike! Strike! Strike!"*—but Clifford Odets was not exhorting his audience to do so on stage; and his play was not the reason for the American strikes in the 1930s.

THEATRE MAY and often does reflect or portray political events, and the excitement generated by such a performance may spill out of its ritual precincts. Plato feared that potential exuberance, and it has worried a long line of major and petty tyrants, not excepting our would-be censors today. Politicians and writers—the Essex conspirators; Brecht, Walter Benjamin, Ernst Toller; and a host of others including certain contemporary lesser lights—have wished to make "revolutionary" use of that unpredictable overflow. But they have never been able to inspire it at will. The phenomenon is accidental when it does occur, rarely has any political effect, and changes neither the limits nor the limitations of theatre itself.

An actor's power to move (unlike that of the politician) depends upon the *certainty* that he is only playing. When Hamlet expires we shed a tear. The hypothesis and consequent illusion of his death are strictly confined by the terms of the ritual, which is why the "dead" Hamlet can get up and bow to his applauding public. If the secret police crash into the auditorium and shoot the actor, our ritual is shattered. We are terrorised, hurled out of the realm of theatre and into the environment of politics where life and death are no longer played but happen, and corpses do not get up and bow.

> "While the various limitations and boundaries we find in every body politic may offer some protection against the inherent boundlessness of action, they are altogether helpless to offset its second outstanding character: its inherent *unpredictability*."[4] (italics added).

The rituals which sustain political boundaries and limitations are (unlike the terms of theatre) open-ended. They are a sort of sympathetic magic which gives only tenuous sense and meaning to the chaos of the public world. Like the lover of "fact" lighting his twopenny candle, the voter puts his *X* on a piece of paper so that the fire of government may kindle in high places. He makes this ritual gesture with no other sanction than custom, and a superstition (which has been disproved many times in practice) that the auction for the most *X*s will somehow push the best and brightest men into government. Those who finally end up in office may—if the voters are lucky—have the talent and the will both to help the voters adjust to their surroundings and to help adjust the surroundings themselves, possibly to improve them.

Ritual plays its part in this; but a great deal of the work is not done in public, and is not ritual. It is action in and on the real world where the factor of unpredictability looms very large—not, however, in the trivial sense of being unsure of "what is going to happen next." There is no question of some linear, finite suspense-narrative in which actors are pretending to be historical characters. Our Prime Ministers, Presidents, Congressmen, MPs and the rest are certainly real, and their actions do have "palpable results" entailing incalculable risks that involve the lives (and sometimes the death) of large numbers of

[3] Some, like Senator George Murphy and Governor Ronald Reagan, make the jump from entertainment into professional politics. But they never lose—even in star-struck America—the stigma of their former profession.

[4] Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition* (1958), pp. 170–1.

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human beings. It is well enough known that many of these actions are determined by sundry irrational impulses, e.g. "firm belief"; hunch; prejudice; or the dictates of some ideology. The voter is not the only person who lights a twopenny candle. Hypotheses in politics and the illusions[5] springing from them are confined by nothing except the extremely uncertain bounds of common sense, flair, blind luck, and, on occasion a few (but not all) physical obstacles. Politicians can and do ignore physical facts in the real world.

This is not a reference to mere lying, which is acknowledged to be a legitimate tool in politics, and is a normally decodable facet of media discourse on politics in the form of selective (though "true") information. The Actor and his Audience, like the politician who lies responsibly, know their inventions to be pretence. They can still identify the truth; they are oriented in the real world and able to act on it with some semblance of reason. But—what if the politician and his public are gulled by faith, or good intentions, or wishful thinking (or something more sinister) into believing their lies? Not in a ritual fashion, but literally believing? The hypotheses and actions which follow are not always mismatched with the real world; when they are (and this is not unusual), the result is disastrous. Just such a process took place in the US government during the Viet Nam War.[6] So far from theatre and politics being the same thing, the one can be inimical to the other. The scenario, the "play", when acted out in politics, ends not with a curtain and applause, but—too often—with injustice, or agony, or the shedding of blood.

THIS POISONOUS MIXTURE of Theatre and Politics, creating a perverse theatrical mode in public affairs, has its social centre of gravity in that mare's nest where politics and the media interact. One view of this murky area reveals a mob of "fact"-lovers, each of whom clutches a twopenny candle in one hand with a microphone (or pen) in the other. They offer what they see by the light of the candle, under the modest name of "truth"—in order to kindle the great light of "the Public's Right to Know." This view is unfair in one sense. A good journalist is usually aware of his own limitations. And if the public ignores them, what then? I nearly wrote "chooses to ignore", but we are not faced here with something as clear-cut and rational as choice. The media's public does not deliberate like an audience within the ritual confines of a theatre. It displays certain peculiar characteristics of its own:

> ". . . a reduced sense of responsibility, a lower level of energy of thought and greater sensitiveness to non-logical influences. However these phenomena are not confined to a crowd in the sense of a physical agglomeration of many people. Newspaper readers, radio [and television] audiences, members of a party even if not physically gathered together are terribly easy to work up into a psychological crowd and into a state of frenzy in which attempts at rational argument only spur the animal spirits."[7]

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the media are not passive channels of pure information. They are operated by people with political commitments, ideals, interests and (above all) the responses of human beings who find themselves caught up in a crowd. These people are not above or outside "the public." They form part of it themselves, and whether or not they conspire to evoke the sort of excitement referred to by Schumpeter, it would be illusory to deny that they do evoke it—and that they are subject to it once it has been evoked. This oddly masturbatory process has been described as a "mania to be *in on it*." For media-persons, however, the hypothesis remains "the Public's Right to Know", and they are convinced they act on that.

Certain groups outside the media have benefited from such action, notably those who kidnap and murder in order to establish their political credentials. One journalist[9] with experience of these groups confirms this, quoting the "Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine" at a moment when they were threatening to blow up a large number of hostages:

> "We've got *Time*—*Newsweek*—the BBC—NBC—CBS—we've got the lot!"

During the *FLQ* disturbances in Canada, a government official was strangled in cold blood and a British trade commissioner kidnapped. An *FLQ* extremist was asked by an interviewer how such activities would serve the "liberation" of Quebec. The reply was:

> "Well, you're here. I mean, we've got that far."

When Pierre Trudeau observed that the media were serving the interests of the terrorists against the community (and put a stop to it locally) a second-guessing TV-reporter stated baldly that if a lack of restrictions, i.e. "freedom", meant the possible kidnapping and murder of

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[5] I deliberately avoid the word "delusion", which connotes psychosis. True believers in politics are, with a few exceptions proving the rule, relatively sane people—making this phenomenon all the more frightening.

[6] Hannah Arendt, *Crises of the Republic* (1973), pp. 9–42. See also Robert B. Asprey, *War in the Shadows* (especially the chapters on Viet Nam).

[7] Joseph A. Schumpeter, *Capitalism, Socialism* and *Democracy* (1961), p. 257. "Frenzy" is a melodramatic word here. I prefer "excitement."

[9] Murray Sayle, who also furnished the *FLQ* anecdote in which the interviewer (not the TV reporter) was Mark Ottaway.

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government officials, that was still preferable to what Trudeau was doing. A necessary risk, said the reporter, "in a free society." Of course no journalists had been kidnapped or murdered.

More recently, the Irish government took similar action against terrorist groups; but in Britain and elsewhere, "the Public's Right to Know" can be and still is exploited with relative ease by political criminals. It is amusing to note that when a legally constituted government seeks help against such exploitation, the reply is usually a loud *aliis licet, tibi non licet*, which translates into sullen accusations of "news management" and "censorship." The accusations do not extend to "management" by terrorists. This worries only the victims of terrorism and those who have to fight the terrorists. In fact terrorist sources (especially in Ireland) always heavily censor their "news", keeping it strictly to what will advance the "cause" or hurt the security forces. But it is passed on to the public with none of the sour caveats which accompany official propaganda.

T. E. LAWRENCE OBSERVED that "the printing press is the greatest weapon in the armoury of the modern commander."[10] Yet today our "free media" seem largely content to leave, even to place their weapons at the service of terrorists and try hard to impair their use by legal authority.

A case in point was a *This Week* programme on ITV (27 October) in which favoured treatment was given to allegations—unproved—of ill-treatment by the security forces of terrorist suspects. In March 1977 a *Tonight* programme gave prime BBC time to an Irish Republican who also alleged such ill-treatment. This broadcast was made with the knowledge that the *RUC* was hamstrung by an enquiry and could not reply. Shortly afterwards an *RUC* policeman was murdered by terrorists who issued a statement referring to the allegations. BBC Chairman Sir Charles Curran answered the subsequent public outcry with an astonishing remark. Terrorists, he said, "do not need an excuse to murder policemen." Quite true, but they are always delighted to have one; and the *Tonight* programme did provide it. Curran did not mention that other types of allegation (involving, say, criminal offences by civilians in England) are treated with rather more caution by the media. Neither did he explore what part the drama and excitement of the *Tonight* accusations may have had in the decision to go ahead with the broadcast.

The public's "Right to Know" may exist, but so does the public appetite for drama and the media's itch to provide an exciting show. Few who saw it will forget the TV reportage of the Munich Olympic Games excitedly cutting back and forth between athletics and human slaughter. To give them credit, BBC announcers did show a certain disgust and guilt at what they were doing. No such scruples were visible at the subsequent press conference in which journalists wheedled answers from the terrorists who had committed the murders at Munich; or during a BBC interview in October last year of a Baader-Meinhof supporter after the murder of Hans-Martin Schleyer; or when reporters earnestly implore the Irish butchers of innocent people to put their "case."

Such apparent moral confusion is not limited to the TV facet of the media. On 3 July this year the *Sunday Times* published a gripping account of IRA activities opposite the leader page. In a reference to the assassination of British Ambassador Christopher Ewart-Biggs, the writer commented:

> "The effectiveness of an atrocity like this is often measured in the number of columns of publicity it receives in the world's press. That this coverage is almost universally hostile does not disturb them. It is enough that they have been noted and written about with such prominence."

Rather lamely the report characterised this IRA attitude to publicity as "crude" and evidence of "political atrophy." What it did not do was remark on the editor's doubts (if any) on the stimulus to terrorist morale furnished by seven full-page columns in the *Sunday Times*—not to mention a further report on successful IRA gun-running which headed the front page in the same issue. This gave a certain tinge of doublethink to a *Sunday Times* leader in October which complained about media treatment of the Rescue Operation in Mogadishu.

WHAT IS NOT IN DOUBT is the brilliant success of such material in seizing and holding the attention of a large audience. An apt parallel might be the degenerate theatre of the Roman Empire in which houses built in the arena were filled with slaves and set alight. The mob then gasped and applauded the screams of the slaves who were being burned to death. In our degenerate "theatre" it is the presence and product of earnest, complaisant, and sometimes obsequious reporters which furnish the applause and feedback, i.e. much of the aid and comfort needed by the terrorist to survive as a public "political" figure. Reporters and Editors also help to give bestial crimes an aura of respectability by adopting terrorist hypotheses—as in

[10] Asprey, *War in the Shadows*, p. 287.

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the use of the word "execution" to describe the murder of hostages and kidnap victims, or the lip-smacking term "operational strike" applied by *Newsweek* to a criminal terrorist attack (19 September 1977).

The role of the media in the Viet Nam debate was much vaunted. The horrors of war, so it was said, came into the living room for the first time; this "reality" helped to stimulate awareness, rouse opposition to the war, etc. Perhaps. The response to media coverage, taken up and reflected again in the media, told another story. The bulk of the public appeared at first to accept—rather unhappily—the Government's official line about the War. Two claques gradually emerged, one (which included the Government) cheering the War, one booing it. One denounced, so to speak, the Protocols of the Elders of Hanoi, and one decried the Protocols of the Elders of Washington.

Justifications on both sides of that popular "debate" are nauseously familiar by now, and there is no need to labour them here. The *pro* arguments mostly tended to the assumption that communism would crush Asian democracy and threaten our own, unless we stopped it in Viet Nam. The *cons* took the opposite point of view, namely that we were crushing The Will of The People—i.e. *true* democracy in the Far East and at home. Both sides used exactly the same technique of argument, loudly echoed in the media, and between them managed to prolong the war unnecessarily. To cite Schumpeter again:

> "Since the first thing a man will do for his ideals is to lie, we shall expect, and as a matter of fact we find, that effective information is almost always adulterated or selective, that effective reasoning in politics consists mainly in trying to exalt certain propositions into axioms and put others out of court. . . ."

I have noted that this sort of thing is normally decodable, but the effort requires an atmosphere of calm. The Viet Nam controversy took place in a fog of frenzied malice, and was conducted through a blizzard of stereotypes, half-truth, deceit and caricature on both sides of the question. (How else could it have escaped notice that Daniel Ellsberg, for example, was neither a black traitor nor a heroic sinner who saw the light, but a dealer in the coin of true belief—and that what he did, simply, was to flip the coin and flash the other side?) Did the very late general public acceptance of the anti-War hypotheses—caricatures and all—result from an informed and reasoned conclusion that the War was a terrifying mistake committed by decent men in the grip of their own illusions? Or was it induced by a quailing, quasi-subliminal fear that the fighting had just gone on too long, seemed a lost cause and had therefore *become* a mistake? How much of that horrific coverage on TV screens was put there for the sake of visceral excitement? Did it make the War more "real" and awaken the public? Or did it turn the War into a degenerate Roman spectacle in which real people were being slaughtered before our eyes?

A SEEDIER BUT LESS LETHAL INSTANCE of perversely theatrical politics was the Watergate Affair. Having cast himself as protagonist in a drama where the good (not to say the fate) of the nation was at stake, Nixon (as he confirmed in the David Frost interviews) played a tragic hero's role—given the terms of his scenario. Those who were ranged "against" him and/or wanted to "get" him were *ipso facto* a Danger to the Nation. Their "defeat" had to be encompassed by any means at hand, even if the means were illegal. In the "battle" against "evil" forces the end justified the means, and malice was quite permissible, even against those who were "defeated."

The most fascinating and hilarious quality of Nixon's brand of illusion was that it trapped not only Nixon and his cohorts, but his "enemies" too. Beginning with a professional investigation into facts, *The Washington Post*, with the other media and Congress trailing the front-page headlines, took up analogous roles in this extraordinary epic farce, and *played them on Nixon's terms* (with the rather minor difference that their view of Manichaean darkness and light was the obverse of his). *The Washington Post* declared in an editorial[11] that its own admitted violation of due process of law was justified by "circumstances." Caught up in a perversely theatrical illusion, the editor (and he was not alone) adopted Nixon's belief that the end justified the means, even if the means were illegal. And what was the end? Why, the Fate of the Nation was at stake—etc. The spicy ingredient of petty malice for a defeated "enemy" was provided by Bernstein and Woodward in their second book entitled *The Final Days*: a melodramatic scenario heavily adulterated with hearsay and plain fiction.

The premise of the Great Watergate Drama was that if Nixon's helots had not been caught at the famous hotel, or if their connection with him had been successfully covered up, then, *mirabile dictu*, the Constitution would have been wrecked; American democracy would have withered; Congress, *The Washington Post*, a passive American people and all would have collapsed helplessly into the vile clutches of a Sinister Clique whose loyalties lay only with The Man

[11] Reported in *The Times* (London, 14 June 1973).

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Who Would Be King: Richard Milhous Nixon. A pretty tall order to fill in four years, even for a man of Richard Nixon's energy and deviousness. It would be a grotesque joke if so many had not swallowed it hook, line, and sinker, and if it had not destroyed a President of the United States.

MY COMMENTS on these spectacular but not isolated examples[12] of the perverse theatrical mode in public affairs might seem to imply that I regard the phenomenon as an occasionally radical evil, which should be stamped out or suppressed. Such an attitude would be akin to the bizarre superstition that closing down a "shocking" theatrical production will somehow re-virginise the soul and/or morals of society. In spite of Mr Trudeau's *ad hoc* success against the *FLQ*, I doubt that the scenarisation of the real world can be mitigated, or its peril wiped out by censoring the media. Other remedies which are sometimes put forward, like "open government", are attacks of the same disease which they are supposed to cure.

It would be a wretched business, even if it were possible, to chain down the human instinct for creating and following illusions.

> "Without the mental freedom to deny or affirm existence, to say 'yes' or 'no'—not just to statements or propositions in order to express agreement or disagreement, but to things as they are given, beyond agreement or disagreement, to our organs of perception and recognition—no action would be possible; and action is of course the very stuff of politics."[13]

In saying "no" to the World As It Is, we can imagine—and so create—a Better World. The alternative is recoiling into a death-like immobility and refusing all risk. Our risk is, precisely, that the special blindness of illusion is built into the imagination. Even so, a creative use of imagination for constructive change is not the same thing as indulging terrorist fantasies,[14] or dramatising politics into a perverse theatrical, with metonymic tags, instant heroes and villains for the nonce,[15] or playing upon the very worst elements of human credulity, malice, and greed for sheer excitement.

IT IS SURELY IMPORTANT to avoid seeing this as some vast conspiracy of evil men. A desperate longing for certainty is probably what twists the imagination into the perverse theatrical mode, first evoking some specious scenario and then driving men to follow it *à l'envers et contre tout.* In our epoch, so racked with doubt, this longing seems swollen out of all proportion, with the results which we know so well. For all that, we are not totally passive creatures, nor are we helpless against it. If a terror of chaos and darkness raises the cry for more and bigger twopenny candles, the terror might be contained by what the poet John Keats described as "negative capability":

> ". . . when a man is capable of uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

The "facts" of political and media life being what they are, that rare talent is not likely to rescue us all. And if we allowed our indignation to run riot, sweeping away the politicians and journalists we have, there would soon be others among us, almost certainly just as bad or worse. One day, perhaps, we will be able to melt down our twopenny candles and live in the light of pure reason. But until that millennium, and especially in this nuclear age, when a false hypothesis could explode in a mixture of theatre and politics to destroy us all, our lovers of "fact" might at least bear in mind the maxim of another poet:

> *dein aber ist das Schreiten,*
> *dein die Grenze, die Zeit,*
> **glaube** *den Ewigkeiten,*
> **fordre sie nicht zu weit—**[16]
>
> (but it's your marching pace,
> your time and your bar,
> *believe* eternal truths and grace,
> *do not push them too far—*)

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[12] *Cf.* recent British politics, especially the loathsome media treatment of Jeremy Thorpe in the "Norman Scott" scandal; or the tragic farce of Rhodesia-Zimbabwe; or the various CIA scandals; or that uproarious comedy of manners in which villains (hustling multinational companies) bribed other villains (politicians with their hands out).

[13] Hannah Arendt, *Crises of the Republic*, p. 11.

[14] During the Aldo Moro events it dawned on *The Sunday Times* that murder by terrorists was not "execution." A memo was circulated to staff warning against this and other terrorist usages, and a belated leader, "The Murder of Language", was published on 23 April. Better late than never.

[15] *Cf. Newsweek* (published by the *Washington Post* Company), 5 April 1976, p. 57: "the myth—the true reality—is that [Bernstein and Woodward] were heroes bringing villainy to light."

[16] Gottfried Benn, *Mittelmeerisch* (stress in the original).

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DISCUSSION

Dealing with Soviet-Global Power

By Richard Lowenthal

ONCE MORE George Kennan has initiated a fundamental debate about American policy towards the Soviet Union at a crucial time, as he did 30 years ago. The time now is crucial because, as he has rightly perceived, the constructive negotiating relationship between the two superpowers that had developed during the years of *détente* is in danger of breaking up—and that not only because of the lack of a foreign policy consensus in the United States, which he deplores with ample reason, but also because of the impact of the impending generation change in Russia and the Soviet bloc, to which he merely alludes in passing. I feel strongly that we are all in Mr Kennan's debt for raising anew the fundamental questions about the American-Soviet relationship, and for calling for a high-level debate as a means to bring about the missing consensus. But I find myself in disagreement on some important points both with his views and with the critical comments by Professor Richard Pipes that have appeared in these pages.

RICHARD LOWENTHAL, *who has recently been Visiting Professor at the University of California, continues the discussion of George Kennan's article* (ENCOUNTER, *March*), *which began with the criticisms by Richard Pipes and Leopold Labedz* (*April*), *and Lord Gladwyn* (*May*). *He is at present in West Berlin where the Free University is honouring his 70th birthday. He has been a regular contributor to* ENCOUNTER *since its inception.*

KENNAN ADVANCES three main arguments for the need and possibility of a constructive negotiating relationship between the two super-powers: (*1*) that the Soviet system of government has changed in important ways since Stalin's time; (*2*) that Soviet foreign policy has become less expansionist and more defensive, concerned with preserving its vast power sphere rather than risking it for the sake of further gain, and (*3*) that the superpowers and their allies, despite their continuing conflicts of interests and values, have developed a number of common interests as well—beginning with their common interest in survival since the advent of the nuclear age. I submit that the first argument is obviously true but not directly relevant in our context; that the second is demonstrably mistaken, but that the third is both true and decisive.

The internal changes since Stalin's time are vast. Professor Pipes, in arguing that there have been no "institutional" changes, correctly points out the continued absence of any effective democratic control over policy decisions or bureaucratic conduct as well as of a true rule of law protecting the individual from violations of his rights; and he is also right in reminding us that pre-revolutionary Tsarism offered both more elements of democracy, however restricted, and more legal guarantees than the present régime. But the disappearance of the institution of mass slave labour, which under Stalin constituted a major sector of Soviet economy and society, has profoundly affected the conditions of life of the average Soviet citizen, even though terrorist oppression continues against individuals. Conversely, the institution of Communist party rule with its bureaucratic procedures has revived and replaced Stalin's personal despotism. The rulers no longer operate on society as with a surgeon's knife; and all these changes in the methods and climate of rule seem to me to be too closely linked with the stage of Soviet economic development to be revocable at will. But I am aware of no inherent reason why a bureaucratic oligarchy could not be as expansionist as a despotism; after all, oligarchies and even democracies have been known to pursue imperial policies. . . .

THIS BRINGS ME to George Kennan's second argument. He feels that the Stalin who faced the chaotic and disorganised post-War Europe was a far greater danger to the West than the present conservative leaders facing the recovered Western communities. Against this, I should argue that the Stalin confronted by "Mr X" governed a

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mobilised, but war-devastated country and was opposed by the atomic monopoly of the West. The present-day Soviet Union is not only a fully-grown industrial power, but a nuclear power in a relation of rough strategic parity with the USA, and last not least a global power with a worldwide capacity for intervention. Mr Kennan is certainly right that the present Soviet leaders are not adventurous—but neither was Stalin. He never really believed that a major war was inevitable *for Russia*—not even with Hitler. He was expansionist only when he had good reason to regard the risk as negligible, as in Eastern Europe under his pact with Hitler and again after the war, and mistakenly in Korea. He never risked war over his blockade of Berlin, or over his conflict with Tito. Conversely, it was Khrushchev who took the gambler's risk with the missiles in Cuba; and the present leaders have sought to expand their sphere of influence unsuccessfully in Portugal and successfully in Angola, unsuccessfully in Egypt and successfully at the Horn of Africa—always with limited risk. In fact, it is an error that a Great Power that is wary of dangerous adventures must therefore be regarded as a "satisfied power." I should, on the contrary, suggest that the CPSU's basic concept of a world divided not only by rivalling powers, but by competing systems and opposing values, excludes a stable division of the world in agreed spheres and recognition of a permanent *status quo*.

On the other hand, I do agree with Mr Kennan on his crucial point: that a permanent conflict between nuclear powers makes constructive negotiation between them neither superfluous nor futile, but indispensable. I therefore fully support his view that what he calls the "Nixon-Kissinger *détente*" (and I should add Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* in the same context) was an important achievement,[1] even though it was "oversold" by attempts to present it as a road towards replacing a controlled but continuing conflict by a "stable structure of peace." And I share his concern that this achievement, and the whole negotiating relationship, is now severely threatened.

[1] Leopold Labedz, in an essay otherwise devoted to a scholarly if harshly polemical critique of George Kennan's intellectual evolution (ENCOUNTER, April), persistently talks of "pseudo-détente" but gives no reason to justify his contempt. Surely, the fact that within the long-term East-West conflict new disputes have arisen since 1973 is no reason to make light of the settlement of some long-standing earlier disputes between 1969 and 1973?

THE THREAT to the negotiating relationship has arisen at this time, in my opinion, not only because of the paralysing lack of consensus on foreign policy in the United States, but also because of an immobilising uncertainty over the problem of succession in the Soviet Union. I may be permitted to begin with the latter, because it has been hardly touched upon in either Mr Kennan's or Professor Pipes's contribution.

Every recent report from the Soviet Union or the Soviet bloc stresses a widespread belief that the days of Mr Brezhnev's rule, and of the collective leadership headed by him, are numbered. I have no means of knowing whether this belief is well-founded. But its general prevalence in the Soviet power sphere is itself a relevant political fact, because it means that the political élites throughout that sphere are lining up for a succession struggle. The fact that almost half the Soviet Politburo consists of men who, like Brezhnev himself, are over 70 makes a major changeover likely as soon as the man who has been holding the balance for the past decade retires or dies. During the same time, changes on the middle level of Central Committee members and provincial secretaries have been so few that renewal at the top may well entail a considerable shift of personnel lower down as well. Brezhnev's collective leadership has largely been a régime of postponed decisions and of uneasy compromises. In the circumstances, it would be almost a miracle if the struggle for the succession at the top and for the attending renewal of middle-level personnel did not link up with a policy struggle between different tendencies within the ruling party.

We have some evidence of this line-up going on in the East European ruling parties under Soviet control. In recent months, a new attack in the Czech Central Committee was launched, so far unsuccessfully, by the neo-Stalinist "ultras" around Vasil Bilak against the leadership of Gustav Husak, whose repression of the persistent civil rights campaign of "Charter 77" is still not considered tough enough by his accusers. In East Germany, the popular and much discussed "Manifesto" of an anonymous group of critical Marxists probably does not represent a significant grouping within the party apparatus, but there seem to be some indications that neo-Stalinist elements in the security services deliberately did not prevent its getting out in order to discredit the allegedly too "soft" leadership of Erich Honecker. Most significant was the highly critical memorandum signed with their names by a number of important Polish Communists (including the former head of Party and State Edward Ochab, and some of the exponents of the 1956 upheaval), harshly criticising the state of Poland under Gierek in the name of Communist principles and

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demanding a "pluralist" liberalisation just short of a true multi-party system. In all cases, the attacks were directed against Brezhnev's men—and were unsuccessful as he is still in power. But they must be seen as harbingers of things to come.

In Russia itself, the coming alignments are not equally visible to the outsider's eye; but no inside information is required for forming an idea about what the major undecided issues are. Clearly, there must be differences on the extent of priority to be given to the needs of the armed forces and the arms industries in relation to the efforts to raise general productivity and the standard of living; on the relative importance of obtaining long-term credits and technology transfers from the West in a climate of *détente* in relation to achieving territorial expansions of Soviet influence in conflict with the West; on improving economic and scientific communication with the outside world in relation to tightening internal security. There must, of course, be a to-and-fro of marginal decisions on this type of issue all the time—but major strategic decisions on them are likely to be taken in the context of the generation change.

NOW THE DANGEROUS FACT is that this period of probable pre-decision line-up in the Soviet leadership coincides with the lack of foreign policy consensus in the United States that George Kennan has described. For this means that *possible major Soviet decisions are being prepared in a situation in which the Soviets have the impression that they have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the United States, and indeed from the West in general.* Contrary to what Mr Kennan seems to think, this is not only due to the "harassment" of American policy-makers by rigid opponents of *détente* from the "Right", but also by the opponents of any active policy in crisis areas or of any major armament effort from the "Left." For just as the Soviets may come to the conclusion that it is not worth while to meet American negotiators halfway in the hope of economic advantages, because those will be blocked in Congress by the opponents of negotiation, so they may also conclude that there is no need for restraint in crisis areas from fear of American counteraction, because that would equally be blocked by the opponents of foreign commitments.

THE DANGER to a constructive negotiating relationship may appear less serious to those who see little scope for substantive negotiation, because they believe that the Soviets are determined on a race for military superiority and can be deflected from that course only by ever-new proofs that they cannot win. Those who hold that view—as Professor Pipes, Mr Labedz and their political friends seem to do—have accumulated an amount of evidence about Soviet armaments which to me, as a layman in military matters, looks impressive. I certainly would not suggest that this evidence should or could be kept out of the effort to reach a consensus by responsible debate which Mr Kennan has proposed. On the other hand, I believe that it should be examined not in isolation as a series of "pure" military facts, but in the context of all we know about the nature of Soviet policy. In other words, I do *not* believe that evidence of military capabilities is the *only* clue to an adversary's military intentions: an effort must be made to interpret those capabilities in the context of the policies they are intended to serve.

In a recent Task-force Report for the Trilateral Commission of which I acted as drafting rapporteur,[2] my colleagues and I came to the conclusion that, contrary to earlier Western assumptions, a race for nuclear superiority might indeed appear to make political sense to the Soviet leaders in certain conditions, though not for the purpose of conducting actual nuclear war. With all respect to Professor Pipes, I do not regard morale-building Red Army literature that such a war could be "won" as evidence that the present Soviet leaders believe in a holocaust as a means of policy—so far I agree with George Kennan that they are not adventurers. The real political purpose of a Soviet effort for nuclear superiority is clearly to deprive the threat of American nuclear retaliation against a conventional Soviet attack of all credibility—a goal the Soviets have long pursued by many other means, such as their propaganda for an agreement against "first use" of nuclear weapons. Nuclear superiority would thus be a means to secure the political fruits of Soviet conventional superiority where it exists—be it by conventional military action or by political blackmail.

IT SEEMS PLAUSIBLE, then, that the disquieting Soviet armament effort is not part of a blind race for total annihilation, which Mr Kennan rightly regards as out of character for the Soviet leaders, but is intended to serve further steps in a policy of expanding their power sphere with limited risk—which I regard as perfectly compatible with their record. But if this effort is made within a "rational" calculus of power, there is no reason

[2] *An Overview of East-West Relations.* By JEREMY AZRAEL, RICHARD LOWENTHAL and TOHRU NAKAGAWA. Triangle Papers, No. 15 (published by the Trilateral Commission, 1978).

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to think that it could not be stopped by a concerted Western policy that would make new factors enter that calculus. These could be both factors making a continuation of the arms race and of expansionist policies more costly and risky, and factors making its abandonment more rewarding.

PROFESSOR RICHARD PIPES ARGUES that "there is no historic evidence that the Soviet Union responds to toughness with toughness and to conciliation with conciliation." But the political question is not whether the Soviet Union has done that, but whether *we* should do so. It is time to get away from the sterile argument whether a policy of unconditional "toughness" or unconditional "conciliation" is preferable for the West. Clearly, neither "conciliation" alone nor "toughness" alone is a promising way of dealing with a global power, since the former may lead to appeasement and the latter ultimately to war. Instead, we need a policy of influencing the choices of our opponents by shaping their alternatives—of discouraging expansionist behaviour by a demonstrated capacity for counteraction and encouraging cooperative behaviour by our own readiness for cooperation.

It will be seen that this amounts to a plea for the diplomacy of "linkage." In particular, I believe that an inherent linkage exists, at least in the long run, between certain forms of economic East-West cooperation and Soviet willingness to exercise restraint in the arms race and in violent action in crisis areas. If there are no fruits of *détente* to be obtained by the West on the vital issues of security, the Soviets should not be able to count on those fruits in the economic field for which they care most, such as long-term credits and technology transfers—and this applies not only to the United States. Conversely, responsible and constructive Soviet behaviour on security matters should be encouraged by a readiness for economic cooperation on the part of the West, including the United States. There are similar inherent linkages between economic cooperation and communication across the bloc frontiers—as was indeed recognised in "Basket III" of the Helsinki agreement.

Lest I be misunderstood, let me add a final word of warning. I do not believe that "linkage negotiations" can be successfully used as a means to achieve internal changes in the Soviet system, beyond some easing of international communication. Of course, there have been many ups and downs in the degree of internal Soviet repression and relaxation, and some of them have taken place in response to changes in the international situation. But at no time has the Soviet leadership been willing to make the core issue of human rights—that of the right of criticism of the régime—a subject for international negotiation. The object of American diplomacy in dealing with the Soviets should be to ensure security and to promote cooperation for mutual advantage, and to influence Soviet policy in directions favourable to both—not to change the nature of the Soviet system by external pressure. Any change in the latter can at best be a long-term, indirect result of successful *détente*.

THE POLICIES that have been suggested here all require, to be effective, the consensus on the direction of American policy towards Russia the absence of which was George Kennan's starting point. No American policy towards Russia can be implemented without a considerable measure of consensus between the executive and legislative branches of government and indeed the bulk of public opinion. Indeed, consensus is needed with the allies of the United States as well—consensus, for instance, on the defence effort or on the framework for economic cooperation with the Soviets. Without such consensus to back it up, promises of "conciliation" or warnings of "toughness" will be equally ineffective, because in its absence American promises will create no hope and American warnings no fear among its recipients.

I thus conclude where I began: by expressing my urgent support for George Kennan's plea for an effort to try and prepare such a consensus by serious and fair debate—and, I may add, not only among Americans.

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LETTERS

Child Destruction

IT MAY BE worth pointing out that the footnote on p. 31 of Mr L. P. Wilkinson's interesting article on Classical Approaches to Population & Family Planning [ENCOUNTER, April] is quite wrong in stating that our present British law "fixes" at 28 weeks the gestation period after which the foetus is capable of surviving delivery.

Although this misunderstanding of the law appears nowadays to be widespread, what the *Infant Life (Preservation) Act 1929* (explicitly confirmed by Section 5-(1) of the *Abortion Act 1967*) actually says is firstly:

> "*1.*(1) . . . any person who, with intent to destroy the life of a child capable of being born alive, by any wilful act causes the child to die before it has an existence independent of its mother, shall be guilty of felony, to wit, of child destruction, and shall be liable on conviction thereof on indictment to penal servitude for life"

unless this is done "in good faith for the purpose only of preserving the life of the mother." And secondly that:

> "*1.*(2) For the purposes of this Act, evidence that a woman had at any material time been pregnant for a period of twenty-eight weeks or more shall be prima facie proof that she was at that time pregnant of a child capable of being born alive."

But it neither says nor implies that at under 28 weeks the child can be presumed *not* to be viable ("capable of being born alive"); and it is of course well known that from at least about the 24th week a healthy child delivered of a healthy mother has increasingly good chances of surviving, provided that it is given all proper care from the start.

The question of viability is a matter of biological fact, not of legal definition; and to bring about the death of any viable child constitutes the serious crime of "Child Destruction", whatever its gestation age is supposed to have been.

C. B. GOODHART

Gonville & Caius College
Cambridge

Legends Spies Tell

GUY BURGESS was the producer of the BBC radio programme "The Week in Westminster" when he became friendly with Hector McNeil. McNeil was one of the three favourites in the programme with Megan Lloyd George and Quintin Hogg (Hailsham). Burgess also produced "John Hilton Talking" on Forces problems and "Can I Help You?" (which I did for the first 150 broadcasts under Burgess).

Robert Cecil's intimate account of the subsequent course of the life of Burgess (April) is of great interest to me, particularly at the point when he ceased to be personal assistant to Hector McNeil and was transferred to Washington. Burgess had left the BBC and returned to the Foreign Office (News Desk) while the War was still on. It was Hector McNeil's arrival as Minister of State to Ernest Bevin that put him on his way.

When the break came between McNeil and Burgess, McNeil's humorous account of it to me was "I told Guy that the trouble between us was that we were never both sober at the same time. . . ." Having worked closely with Burgess on my programme for three years the point of McNeil's remark was obvious enough. Yet Burgess was made an established Civil Servant, and he went to our Embassy at Washington. There were none so blind as those who would not see.

HOUGHTON OF SOWERBY

House of Lords

Heilbroner's Error

ROBERT HEILBRONER says [ENCOUNTER, January] that

> "the market system—stressing, again, its productive rather than distributive aspects—seems to be steadily creating new problems that require intervention from 'above.' Economic instability and inflation—dangerous new products and processes—resource depletion—pollution—international economic dependencies—all originate in the powerful productive drives of the market system, and all create pressures for government intervention."

Andrew Shonfield does not challenge this assertion in his reply. This may be because Mr Shonfield is defending the mixed economy and is willing to equivocate between that and the market system.

In fact, however, numerous excellent treatises on economics demonstrate that the market system creates none of the problems Mr Heilbroner blames on it. For example, economic instability is a consequence of central (i.e., impossible) planning. Inflation is the result of deficit spending and government creation of funny money. Dangerous products and processes are created by irresponsible individuals who could, without legislative and executive usurpation of tort law, face the responses of the courts to their negligence if it is demonstrable. Pollution is most assuredly the consequence of governmental decisions favouring public versus private property rights in lakes, parks, oceans, rivers, and the air (not to mention the waste-disposal practices of public utilities). International economic dependence is the result, mainly, of government foreign-aid programmes which have prevented the development of productive and suitable economies in various countries.

In short, a free market, with a proper respect in the law for private property and the resulting individual (or corporate) responsibility for violation of others' rights, has not been permitted to operate in most countries. (An excellent account of this in the US may be found in J. R. T. Hughes, *The Governmental Habit*, Basic Books, 1977.) On the whole, however, places where markets have been relatively free have always managed to face up to the problems Heilbroner cites better than those with closed "market" systems.

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But for utopians, who cannot tolerate the risk of liberty—which requires that the existence of some problems be viewed as part of human life—the dream of a coerced citizenry will always have appeal. That it is an impossible dream, with not a shred of good history and logic to support it, seems not to disturb these people, however erudite they might be. One can, then, only hope that enough supporters of liberty will be around to counterbalance the dreamers' influence.

TIBOR R. MACHAN

Department of Philosophy
State University College
Fredonia, N.Y.

WHAT CAN I SAY to Professor Machan? He sees history through different lenses than I do. For me, the problems of our time arise out of the workings of the market system, despite—or perhaps intensified by—our efforts to correct them. For him, the problems arise solely from political intervention: the free market would work very well, which prompts one to ask how we got into the fix we now find ourselves in. In disagreements such as this, one can shrug, sigh, or scowl. I think I shall opt for the first.

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

New York

Orwellian Lies

IN HIS MOST perceptive update on the ideological travails of Wolfgang Harich, author William Treharne Jones (ENCOUNTER, August) concludes by quoting a remark Wolf Biermann made about his friend Reiner Kunze.

I recall having heard that "immortal remark" (it was also carried on German television) and if my memory serves me well, it was slightly different from Mr Jones's version of it. As I remember it, Biermann said, "Even when telling the truth one can lie against socialism (*auch mit der Wahrheit kann man gegen den Sozialismus lügen*)."... A small difference perhaps, but a nuance that seems quite relevant in Mr Jones's intended context.

KARL REYMAN

Falls Church
Virginia

Jacobins & Bolsheviks

MY RESPECT for the perennial perceptions of Raymond Aron, author of "My Defence Of Our Decadent Europe", (ENCOUNTER, September–October) is second to no one.

Professor Aron states that there is a direct linkage between the Jacobins and Soviet ideologues. Indeed, the French Jacobins were of the middle class; so were the initial Soviet communists. Both relied on the construction of a political machine; propaganda was writ large. There was the devotion to centralised, bureaucratic state. The concept of cosmopolitanism was abandoned for national expansionism; functionaries of government were a substantial component. There was a reluctance to admit that experience modifies theoretical notion; intolerance characterises both groups; anti-clericalism was poignant.

However, any meaningful differences? Yes!

To the Jacobins, the predicate of law is morality; for the Communists, power is the root. Jacobins had a great predilection for individual competition; Communists insist that competition is decadent. Most important, the Jacobins believed in a republican form of government—with no individual having a vested right to office. Contrast this with Soviet practice of electing officials exclusively from one party—the Communist party.

If Soviet Russia allowed for a genuine republic in governmental form and the competitive spirit to prevail, such modification would go far in assuaging both political and philosophical fear.

ELLIOTT A. COHEN

Pomona, N.Y.

Kennan & Solzhenitsyn

DISCUSSING immorality in political and social life, a student told me the other day that such things have disappeared where Marxism rules (e.g. in the Soviet Union, in Cuba). To such a statement, there is no possible answer in 1978. There is none either to George Kennan's affirmations (March). I had hoped that after expressing his ahistorical and apolitical views in the interview with George Urban [ENCOUNTER, September 1976], Kennan might return to history, politics, and common sense. Instead, he has ensconced himself further in commencement-address piety, and pens sentences like America should "move forward boldly, confidently and imaginatively . . . we should learn a little more before we shout each other down . . . the solution lies in a common act of humility", etc. Thirty years later, "Mr X" has not become a wiser statesman, only a political Billy Graham.

Is this a case of latter-day Puritans ageing badly? Whatever the meaning of the Kennan phenomenon, no political thinker of *any* stature is permitted to confuse the *totalitarian system* with the *authoritarian state*. No philosopher is permitted to regard political conflict as a "cognitive" issue, on which "men of good will" ought to agree. No observer of Moscow may say that consultation between Soviet and American leaders will lead to satisfactory solutions in Southern Africa or in the Middle East. Washington shared such illusions in Viet Nam; we saw the results.

I am all for the quieting of ideological passion in man's breast as experience teaches wisdom. But I question the political sanity of affirmations that Brezhnev is a "man of peace." At the same time I am relieved that when it comes to weighing influences, Solzhenitsyn's is infinitely, perhaps decisively, greater than Kennan's.

THOMAS MOLNAR

City University
New York

Grass' "Flounder (Der Butt)"

MAY I congratulate you on the genuinely fascinating article about Günter Grass's new novel *The Flounder* by Hellmut Jaesrich in your February issue.

Perhaps your readers on both sides of the Atlantic might like to know that the English edition translated by Ralph Manheim will be published by us in

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England in the autumn of this year and simultaneously in the United States by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich under the imprint of Helen & Kurt Wolff Books.

T. G. ROSENTHAL

Secker & Warburg
London

Distinguished Question & Answer

PROFESSOR H. J. EYSENCK claims in your January issue that the behaviour therapy which he advocates "works in a large number of cases." Would he care to specify how large—20%, 40%, 50%?

He states in the same paper that apparent successes of psychoanalytically oriented therapies can be explained in terms of spontaneous remissions. "Neuroses", he says, "are self-terminating disorders." Would he care to give us an estimate as to the number of patients who have been "successfully treated" by behaviour therapists but who, in fact, represent cases of spontaneous remission?

LEWIS A. COSER

Distinguished Professor of Sociology
State University
Stony Brook, New York

THE DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR of Sociology asks a number of questions which he must know perfectly well do not as such admit of a straightforward answer. When I say that behaviour therapy "works in a large number of cases" I had something very much higher in mind than the figures he suggests. But, of course, as behaviour therapy is applied to a large number of different types of disorder, percentages would vary depending on the disorder in question. The use of "flooding" in cases of obsessive compulsive neurosis seems to be successful in well over 80% of the cases, whereas aversion therapy in cases of alcoholism or homosexuality would have a rather lower success rate—possibly around 50%. The bell and blanket treatment of enuresis is probably successful in something like 95% of all cases, whereas treatment of anorexia nervosa is much more difficult and much less successful.

The second question really suggests that much of the success of behaviour therapy, like that of psychoanalysis, is due to spontaneous remission. This is certainly not so, for two reasons. In the first place we have studies comparing behaviour therapy with "no treatment" or placebo treatment, showing that the former is much more successful than the latter. In the second place, behaviour therapy does not usually last longer than a month or two; and over such short periods spontaneous remission does not effect much of an improvement. Where behaviour therapy lasts for six months or longer, of course spontaneous remission has to be considered as a possible cause.

H. J. EYSENCK

Institute of Psychiatry
Maudsley Hospital
London

Baldwin in America

NOW THAT James Baldwin has decided to return to the USA, I wonder whether anyone will take the trouble to ask him about some of the statements he made about his country and the inhabitants thereof, and the dire predictions he uttered not too long ago about the future of the American Black. Let me quote from the *New York Times Book Review*, (2 June 1968, p. 2) his article on "A Question of Commitment":

> "The truth can no longer be ignored—white America appears to be seriously considering the possibilities of mass extermination."

Baldwin accepted as a possibility that he might be "dismissed as paranoiac" for saying that America plans mass extermination of everybody but

> "so were those unhappy people (shortly to be reduced to corpses) who saw the real significance of the *Reichstag* Fire. (We may already have had ours.)"

In his book, *No Name in the Street* (Dial Press, 1972, pp. 191–192), Baldwin wrote that Americans are "the most dishonorable and violent people in the world" and went on to say:

> "It is not necessary for a black man to hate a white man, or to have any particular feelings about him at all, in order to realize that he must kill him."

Just one quote more from James Baldwin. In a "rap session" with Margaret Mead published as *A Rap on Race* (Lippincott, 1971, p. 11), Baldwin said that

> "what this generation [of blacks] . . . is saying, is they realize that you, the white people, white Americans, have always attempted to murder them."

And now after all this rhetoric and oratory, James Baldwin returns to genocidal America. Welcome back, Mr Baldwin!

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

University of Massachusetts
Boston, Mass.

Unfair to Wolfe

HAVING READ your September issue, I must express disappointment with Christopher Booker's views of Tom Wolfe. Articulate, yes, but unfair—who *could* read the whole *oeuvre* of a constantly-growing author and not emerge "slightly sick"? Even the more ancient work of Bellow can do that to me, and I have no mean regard for his ability. Wolfe has his faults, but the West would be poorer without him. And two of his "serious" pieces may well be masterpieces—his article on what he dubs "O'Hare Intellectuals" that first appeared in *Harper's*, and the one praised by Booker (and so many others), "The Truest Sport: Jousting with Sam and Charlie."

BARNETT SINGER

Department of History
University of Alberta

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Ideology, & No End

IN YOUR January issue, Dr Gerhard Goldberg comments on The March of Statism by listing 12 indications of (as he puts it) "the political dangers to a free society, and its subversion by certain alarming tendencies in government and economy." His conclusion reads that the "crisis of Statism on the March" has grown bad enough to warrant a return to "hard realistic discussion" and "the impassioned cry . . . for an End to Ideology."

This is a remarkable conclusion. Not only are such terms as Statism and Free Society 100% ideological in nature, but how does one discuss the issue in question without accounting for the *a prioris* implied in the interpretations of the State's proper (!) role *vis-à-vis* Society?

Take for instance Milton Friedman's ENCOUNTER article (November 1976), to which Dr Goldberg refers in corroboration of the Statist tendencies he fears. In this article, Mr Friedman presents Chile as a likely model of the dictatorial future in store for democratic welfare states like Great Britain. Chile, as much as Great Britain, has a long history, dating back to the early decades of this century, of so-called Welfare Statism. Today both countries are in deep trouble, economically and otherwise. In Chile, being a much poorer country, the process has progressed further. Yet Mr Friedman would not be surprised to find British freedom and democracy destroyed, too, within the next five years. The financial burden resulting from welfare services exceeds the nation's capacities. The critical line no nation can afford to cross is perilously close in Britain's case where total government spending today amounts to 60% of the national income. Crossing this critical line means ever-expanding, all-embracing government interference, resulting in loss of freedom and, eventually, subordination to dictatorial government powers.

The uncanny fact is that Mr Friedman's thesis may well contain a substantial element of truth. In addition to Chile, one might cite another example: Uruguay. Not too many years ago this country was believed to be a show case of democracy and social services. Today Uruguay suffers from the worst possible type of suppression by a ruthless Junta.

Thirty or more years ago, John Gunther, in *Inside Latin America*, already wondered whether the dream state of Uruguay could last. Mr Gunther's concern at the time, as much as that of Mr Friedman's today, no doubt reflects central elements of the typical belief of the American liberal-capitalist system. It is a belief in private initiative and the free market as the best safeguards of economic as well as political freedom. There is nothing wrong with this belief, nor does it necessarily make the diagnosis of Mr Friedman less plausible. Yet it surely is a belief, an ideological point of view which certainly affects the suggested therapy.

As I say, there may be a lot of truth in the diagnosis. Democratic welfare-states run a real risk of crossing the critical line beyond which chaos and dictatorship lurk. But does it imply the remedy of a return to the basically 19th-century free market system of which Milton Friedman is, and always has been, the indefatigable advocate? The 20th-century democratic welfare states have their origin in the *failure* of this very 19th-century system. How, then, can the failing democratic welfare state be remedied by something which so obviously did *not* work?

The failure of the democratic welfare state requires *new* solutions. The painful, if not dangerous, problem is that such new solutions are not yet known. Today's failing welfare states muddle through by applying, for better or worse, the Keynesian and Beveridgean approach—which doesn't seem to work, or even aggravates the ills. Precisely as the classical cures for the classical economic crisis, especially after 1929, did nothing but worsen the situation.

Being right, diagnostically speaking, does not qualify Milton Friedman, or Gerhard Goldberg, to present their remedies as the correct ones—and as evidence of hard realism, devoid of any ideological passion. Pointing back to 19th-century conceptions doesn't seem much help in solving a specifically 20th-century problem. It removes from reality's present-day facts (whatever they are) and their *un*prejudiced observation (if ever such can be the case).

PAUL E. KRAEMER

Interuniversity Institute
for Value Research
Rotterdam

Brecht as Icon

ALTHOUGH an academic, a Germanist and therefore, I confess, a member of that monstrous guild which has been responsible for the most flagrant hagiography and Brechtolatry, I am something of a reluctant member and thoroughly enjoyed Martin Esslin's bold sideswipe at the meretricious Brecht industry in East and West (ENCOUNTER, December).

Mr Esslin might, however, be gratified to hear that an increasing number of students are showing a growing reluctance to accept Brecht's genius as a received Truth, and question both the techniques and the tendentious content of his plays with a healthy critical scepticism. An icon he may be, but a somewhat tarnished one. Perhaps the fact that Brecht is now an established classic in the Pantheon beside Goethe and Schiller has something to do with a lack of piety which would have been unthinkable ten years ago.

DAVID HEALD

Darwin College
University of Kent
Canterbury

1583, and Obs

WHOEVER may be master of the word "anathematical", Jan Morris (in "Words are for Us, not Us for Words", April) has missed being its inventor by about 400 years. The *OED* dates its first cited use 1583 and (pedantically?) declares the word obsolete.

PETER INGRAM

Belfast

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AUTHORS

Dominic Cooper was the winner of the 1976 Somerset Maugham Award with *Dead of Winter*. His second novel, *Sunrise*, appeared in 1977, and this summer his publishers, Chatto & Windus, will bring out *Men at Axlir*.

Elias Canetti was born in Bulgaria in 1905, and received his education in England, Germany, and Austria. He is the author of *Auto-da-Fé* (1946, n.e. Jonathan Cape, 1971), of *Crowds and Power* (1962), and of *Kafka's Other Trial: The Letters to Felice* (Calder, 1975), which is issued in paperback this spring by Penguin. *The Voices of Marrakesh*, from which the vignettes in this issue are extracted, was translated by J. A. Underwood and will be published on 25 May by Marion Boyars at £3.95.

James Preston O'Donnell is an American journalist and author (born 1917, in Baltimore). He covered the Nuremberg trials for *Newsweek*, having set up their Berlin bureau in 1945, and was for 15 years European correspondent for *The Saturday Evening Post*. His most recent book, *The Bunker*, already published in various European languages, will be brought out by Houghton Mifflin this autumn. His most recent article in ENCOUNTER was "Conversations with Speer" (October 1976).

Judy Adamson teaches English Literature and Film Studies at Dawson College, Montreal. She has published in *Sight and Sound* and *Cinema Studies*, and is currently at work on a book about Graham Greene's politics. **Philip Stratford** is Professor of English Literature at the University of Montreal. His writings include *Faith and Fiction: Creative Process in Greene and Mauriac* (University of Notre Dame Press, 1968) and many articles and translations. Most recently he has edited *The Portable Graham Greene* (Viking Press, 1973).

Jenny Joseph's volume of poems, *The Thinking Heart*, will be published this summer by Secker & Warburg.

Max Beloff was Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford University, from 1957–74; he is now Principal of the University College at Buckingham. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are "Jean Monnet's Europe, & After" (May 1977) and "The End of the Raj" (May 1976).

Philip French is a BBC Radio Talks Producer (specialising in the Arts and American affairs), and is also Film Critic of *The Observer*. His books include *The Movie Moguls* (1969), and *Westerns* (1973), which has just been re-issued by Secker & Warburg in a revised version. **Morris Dickstein** is a contributing editor of *Partisan Review* and Professor of English at Queen's College, New York. Before that he taught at Columbia University, where as an undergraduate in the late 1950s he had studied under Lionel Trilling. He is the author of a study of Keats (University of Chicago Press, 1971). The conversation about his *Gates of Eden* (Basic Books, 1977) was recorded in New York in November last year, and was broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

Tom Paulin is a Lecturer in English at Nottingham University, and the author of *Thomas Hardy: The Poetry of Perception* (Macmillan, 1976). His volume of poems, *A State of Justice* (Faber), was the Spring 1977 Choice of the Poetry Book Society.

Jan Morris has three books coming out this spring: *The Oxford Book of Oxford* and a new edition of her own *Oxford* (both Oxford University Press), and (writing as James Morris) *Farewell the Trumpets*, the final volume of the Pax Britannica trilogy on the Victorian Empire (Faber).

Robert Wistrich is the author of *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky* (Harrap, 1976) and editor of *Communism, Israel and the New Left* 1917–77, which Vallentine Mitchell will publish this autumn. He is editor of the *Wiener Library Bulletin*, and has edited special issues of the *Journal of Contemporary History*, notably *Theories of Fascism* (Sage Publications, 1976).

Herb Greer is an American playwright who has lived in Europe since the early 1950s. He is an occasional contributor to BBC Radio's *Kaleidoscope*; his new play, *Roger, Bart and Mackie*, will be included in the Royal Shakespeare Company's programme of readings later this year.

We regret the unfortunate error which crept into the "Author's Note" on **Michael Josselson** ("The Poet & the General", April). Both the author and his protagonist—Prince Barclay de Tolly—were born in Estonia, not Lithuania. The parenthetical reference to Barclay, who should (as Josselson's full-length biography argues) have been credited with the strategy of Russia's magnificent defence against Napoleon's armies of invasion, as "one of Russia's (and Scotland's) greatest field-marshals", was, of course, jocular; his Scottish ancestors had left for the East in the early 17th century, and Barclay de Tolly was a third-generation Russian when Tsar Alexander I gave him his marshal's baton.

"Nudism in Deed and Word", the third in **L. P. Wilkinson**'s series of articles on "Classical Approaches", will appear in the July issue of ENCOUNTER.

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Paris

SIMENON'S WOMEN: Your reporting of writer Georges Simenon's 75th birthday, listing among his accomplishments the sleeping with 10,000 women, means for the twice-married author, who claims to have had his first sexual experience at 13, an extra-marital relationship every 2.26 days for the past 62 years.

One ponders where he would have found time to write his 229 books. I, for one, tend to put Simenon's count of women down to senility, rather than virility.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Virginia

ATROCITY: *The school board in rural Goochland County, Va., voted Tuesday to fire an elementary school teacher on grounds of incompetence because her grammar is "atrocious."*

The 41-year-old teacher, a veteran of 12 years in the Goochland school system, will be discharged at the end of the current school year.

Goochland School Supt. Roland Clement acknowledged the teacher was dismissed after a parent complained about the grammar in a third- and fourth-grade Social Studies guide she had prepared for her students. The teacher has not been publicly identified.

Among the questions the teacher had prepared in the study guide, were these (reproduced verbatim):

"What did the sculpture told the archologists?"

"Why did the Maya sailed to other ports?"

"How many names did each Maya had?"

Goochland County has a school system of about 2,400 students.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Cornwall

BLACK BOOKS: A Black Magic fanatic broke open a coffin, removed the head of a corpse buried five years earlier, washed out the brains in the sea and took the skull home, magistrates (at Bude, Cornwall) were told yesterday.

It was found six months later by police investigating a break-in at a library from which a book entitled "Magical Record of the Beast" had been stolen.

Mr John Evans, prosecuting, told the magistrates: "A more macabre story may never again come your way and a more weird offender may never be before you again."

Police who visited Bolitho's flat found the skull in his bedroom and 50 black magic books.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

VIRGIN AUTHORS: *Pan Books held a reception to celebrate the sale of the millionth paper-back copy of "The Virgin Soldiers" by Leslie Thomas.*

The major selling point of Thomas's books is their sexual content—a fact which Thomas accepts, but rather sadly. He does not think he has ever written a really sexy book and what is more he does not really enjoy writing the sexy bits he does write. "It is quite a relief," he says, "when I don't have to write about sex. Perhaps it is my non-conformist conscience, you never know. Having been born in Wales, maybe I don't like sexy books myself. Do you know, I have never seen an X film—I mean an X for sex film . . . I've never seen a blue film, do you know that, never. There's not many blokes who can say that. I mean I hated 'Myra Breckenridge' and all those kind of books. I got half way through 'The Carpet Baggers,' and when they start cutting off women's breasts for tobacco pouches, that's when I quit."

He has not seen "A Clockwork Orange" and has no intention of doing so and he will be avoiding "The Devils" too. He thinks perhaps he is a puritan at heart. The sex in his books, he thinks, is very acceptable, never anything to be ashamed of and mostly funny.

But what about the times the critics have accused him *of being too explicit over sex?*

Well, yes they were probably right, but that was because the day has gone when you can excite people merely by describing sexual intercourse in detail. When Auberon Waugh once wrote that Thomas's books "gave him no sense of sexual anticipation," Thomas replied that he was a novelist and not a miracle healer.

THE GUARDIAN

Vienna

SHELFMANSHIP: In my church library [writes the Reverend Bruce Duncan] I eventually discovered the book I was looking for on "Christian Deviations" carefully classified under "Sex Education."

THE TIMES

London

TIME LAG: Seeking a vivid way of conveying to his readers the British capacity for muddling through, a European correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times* has fallen back on a comment made 150 years ago by Heinrich Heine, the German poet and philosopher.

After Heine had lived in London for a spell, a friend asked him where he would like to be on Doomsday. "Why, in England", he replied, "because it will take at least a hundred years longer."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Milan

LAID LOW: A regrettable error slipped into our literary section last week in the article devoted to the Correspondence of Marcel Proust.

The reference to the emotional state of Proust's mother, "lo stato di prostituzione", should, of course, have read "prostrazione."

CORRIERE DELLA SERA

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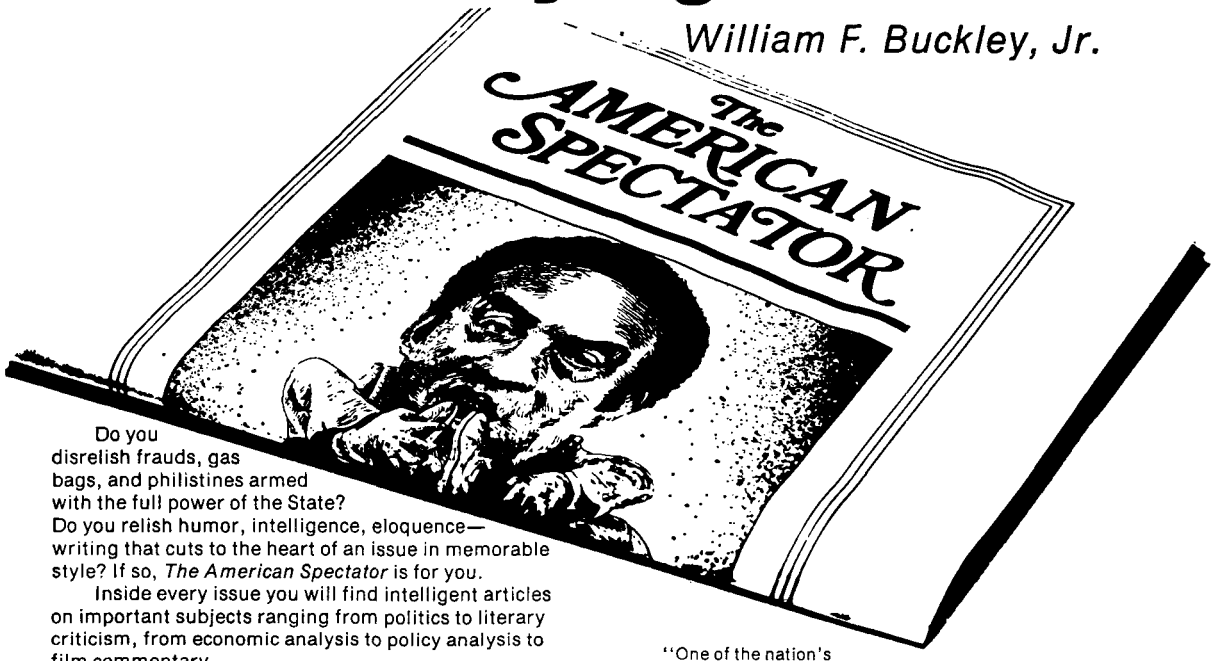
William F. Buckley, Jr.



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